Everybody's

Magazine

December
1917

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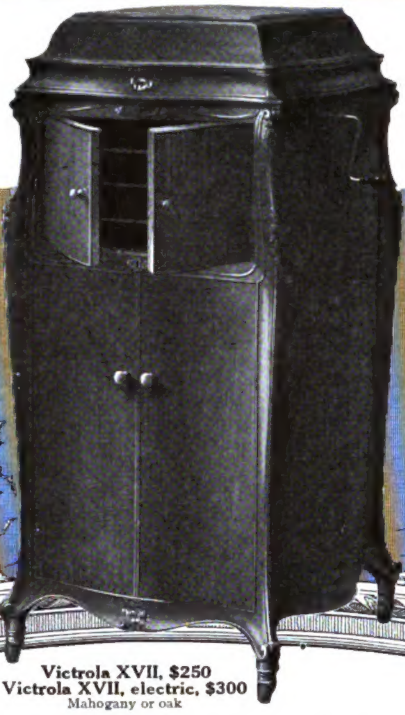

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NEW YORK

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 6 DECEMBER, 1917 Vol. XXXVII

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W. B. MAXWELL

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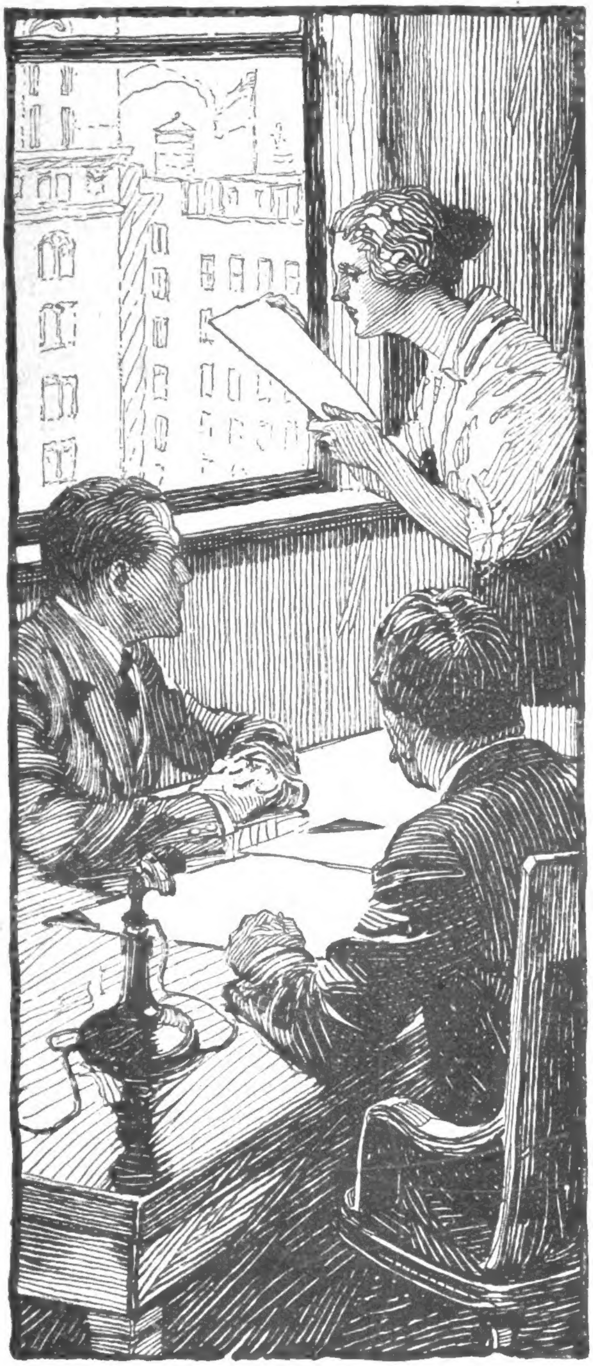

John Gordon, Printing Salesman, talks about psychology and stenographers

MR. HARRISON was still unconvinced.

"Then there's another thing, Mr. Harrison," said John Gordon, "about having your letter-heads printed on Old Hampshire Bond."

"What's that, Gordon?" questioned the president of the Consolidated Sales Company.

"The psychological effect of Old Hampshire Bond on your stenographers."

"I—I—don't quite get you, Gordon."

"It's something like this—a stenographer feels little pride in her work when she writes letters on poor paper.

"No matter how beautifully she types her letters; how artistically she spaces them and lays them out, she is bound to feel that what she has done is not a perfect piece of work.

"To her it is a good picture badly framed. She loses interest.

"Now, give the same woman a sheet of Old Hampshire Bond, well printed, and her whole attitude changes.

"Then she has something beautiful to work up to."

"Now, Gordon," interposed Mr. Harrison, "do you really believe that?"

"Believe it, Mr. Harrison? I know it. I could name a dozen men who have told me that same story.

"As soon as they began to use Old Hampshire Bond, their stenographers began to turn out letters to match. Letters that were indeed works of art."

"It sounds reasonable, anyway—but, Gordon, do you mind if I call in Miss Jansen?"

"Not at all," answered Gordon confidently.

Mr. Harrison pushed a button.

"Miss Jansen," he said, when his chief stenographer entered the room, "look at this sheet of letter-paper and tell me what you think of it."

"It's beautiful," said Miss Jansen, without a moment's hesitation. "It feels good, too. Sort of snappy."

"Now, Miss Jansen, tell me the truth: Do you think you and the other girls would do better work with this paper?"

"Yes, I am sure we would; the girls often complain about the looks of our present paper, and I believe that's the reason why they have to do so many letters over."

"All right, Gordon, I guess that cigars are on me this time," laughed Mr. Harrison.

"We will have the new letter-heads on Old Hampshire Bond."

Miss Jansen's face was a study as she went out to tell the other girls.

Old Hampshire is the paper for the business organization that aims for perfection in its business letters.

It has beauty, it has the crackle and feel of quality, it has the body and strength to make it stand up after a trip through the mails.

It reflects as truly as a mirror, the strength and reliability of the business house it represents.

Its obvious advantages cause the slightly higher cost per letter to fade into insignificance.

Better Business Letters—Sent FREE

A series of experiences, suggestions and recommendations on the more profitable use of the business letter. The first edition is now ready, and more are to follow shortly. Any man writing on his business letter-head may have the entire series as each edition is ready.

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The only paper manufacturers in the world making bond papers exclusively

With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS.

AMERICAN BUSINESS ANSWERS "PRESENT"

NO CHANGES which this war will bring to America, we think, will be greater or more enduring than those which will take place in the structure and conduct of American business.

They are under way now, but their manifestations and significance are obscured by the great drama of battle in France and Belgium.

Take, for example, the abandonment by the average American business man of his stoutly maintained resistance to interference with his business affairs.

You could tell him there was poison in the food he ate, shoddy in the clothing sold to him, and quick-burning material in the house rented to him, and he would bear the disclosures with surprising cheerfulness.

If you as an individual or association insisted upon some form of action by him he would patiently join—some of him at least—a "poison squad," ready to eat anything labeled "suspect," or he would dwell at your behest in "model flats," "community groups," or whatnot.

And then, misled by his docility in these matters personal to him, you would try to tell him about something wrong in his business, or suggest in it a modest improvement, and —he would go stark, raving mad.

We know here in Everybody's office how mad—we tried in our diffident way to point out certain things that were wrong in American business, with just the result described. And for this reason it is perhaps plainer to us than to most folks how great a change has been wrought by six months of war.

THE American business man is submitting to dictation in things which had been to him almost sacred.

He accepts cheerfully a Government-fixed price for his copper, for his steel, for his ships, and if he is a retail dealer in coal, perchance, he suffers a mere college president to tell him that he shall sell to his customers at the 1915 margin plus an increase of thirty per cent.

He acknowledges the principle of priority in shipments by the railroads, knowing that his own goods must remain indefinitely in freight houses or on sidings while war materials go swiftly to their appointed place.

He submits to a scale of taxation so drastic that if it had appeared to him in the course of a nightmare a year ago he would have awakened himself with his own laughter.

He turns over parts of his plant for the making of this or that which the Government requires, and diminishes by so much the output of his own pet product.

He bears with fortitude contact with a score of "Boards" and "Committees" which a year ago he would have thought impertinent meddlers. He listens while they tell him how inadequate is his cost-accounting system; nods acceptance when they tell him that he must standardize his product on a model which his competitor has evolved; bows to the dictum that he must turn over to them his ships or his factory, or must build at their prices, with labor and cost conditions fixed according to their ideas.

If he is the president of a Produce Exchange, he tells his members that they had best not speculate in cottonseed-oil futures, or a "Board" will close the trading in it.

Something very like social ostracism greets the professional bear operator in stocks—upon whom also the Exchanges visit their official displeasure.

And yet it seems like yesterday that Everybody's suggestion along this particular line fell in Wall Street with all the effects of a high-explosive shell.

The truth is that American business needed something bigger than itself to jar it out of its ingrowing consciousness, to burn off the dross of self-interest from the pure gold of Patriotism, the presence of which no one has ever questioned. This the war is doing.

WE DO not mean that business men everywhere are foregoing their judgment of the measures which are being enforced, or blindly accepting as of permanent value many of these which must, in the very nature of things, be emergency methods. But we do mean that in the mass there are measures of permanent value, and that these will prove their true worth in the course of this experimentation.

It is for this reason that we doubt seriously if many things will ever be exactly the same with American business when the war is ended.

We doubt seriously if men like Henry P. Davison, Frank Vanderlip, Daniel Willard and scores of other able men who have accepted positions of great responsibility in this emergency, can come into intimate touch with the needs of the people of this country in times of stress without carrying away a vision of a work to be done in times of peace.

We doubt if official Washington can come into touch with these leaders of American business under the same conditions without permanent advantage to our whole structure of government.

We do not mean simply a gain on the side of efficiency in the conduct of government. We do mean an increased confidence in the real purposes of men to whose hands Fortune has committed the welfare of millions of workers.

And we believe these men will prove absolutely worthy of that confidence.

How can any one believe otherwise, when, in their great gathering at Atlantic City a few weeks ago, representatives of above a half-million business men and industries, all associated in the United States Chamber of Commerce, adopted a set of war resolutions which include the following declaration:

"UNDISMAYED at the prospect of great taxes, facing the consumption of its accumulated savings, American Business without hesitation pledges our Government its full and unqualified support in the prosecution of the war until Prussianism is utterly destroyed.

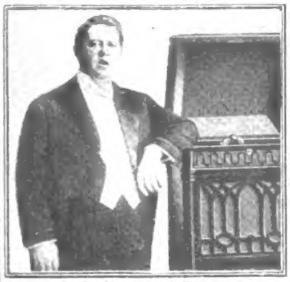
"Assembled on the call of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and representing more than half a million business men and every industry in every State in the Union, this Convention promises to our people that Business will do all in its power to prevent waste of men and material and will dedicate to the nation every facility it has developed and every financial resource it commands on such terms and under such circumstances as our Government shall determine to be just."

American business men have answered "*Present*" to the country's roll-call.

Margaret Matzenauer
of the Metropolitan Opera

Marie Rappold
of the Metropolitan Opera

Anna Case
of the Metropolitan Opera



Arthur Middleton
of the Metropolitan Opera

Thomas Chalmers
of the Metropolitan Opera

Wouldn't you like to have these Metropolitan Stars as your Christmas Guests?

WOULDN'T it be a pleasure to be able to sit down amidst the comfortable surroundings of your own home and listen to Anna Case, Marie Rappold, Margaret Matzenauer, Arthur Middleton, Thomas Chalmers, and the other great singers of the world? That would be a privilege, wouldn't it?

We said *would* be a privilege. But thanks to the genius of Thomas A. Edison it is a privilege which is now within your grasp. So far as the enjoyment of their voices is concerned you *can* actually have this distinguished group as Yuletide guests. You *can* sit in your own home and revel in the beauty of their magnificent voices.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

reproduces the human voice with such fidelity and accuracy that no human ear can detect a shade of difference between the living artists and the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices—or instrumental performances.

You will, very naturally, feel skeptical about so strong a claim. But before hundreds of audiences we have conducted our famous "tone tests" in which the instrument was pitted against the artist and invariably the verdict was the same; *no difference could be detected.* In a "tone test," the artist sings in his natural voice; then suddenly ceases, leaving the instrument to continue the song alone. Thirty different great artists have made these tests.

More than one million people have attended the tests and not one of them has been able to tell, except by watching the singer's lips, when the living voice left off and when the New Edison began. With the lights lowered not one could tell when the change took place. 500 unprejudiced newspaper critics who witnessed the recitals unite in this assertion. In this new instrument Mr. Edison has actually succeeded in ***re-creating*** the human voice.

We have never heard of any sound-producing device whose manufacturer dared to risk so relentless a trial. Until the New Edison was perfected such an achievement was undreamed of.

The actual photographs reproduced on this page depict five Metropolitan Opera Stars singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices. No listener could detect the slightest shade of difference between the living voices and their Re-Creation.

A ROYAL GIFT
It Means a Richer Life

As a Christmas gift what can surpass this wonderful instrument? It is like a permanent pass to all the operas, all the concerts, all the music of the whole world. It does actually add something real and vital to life.

Have you ever considered the New Edison as a family gift? Nowadays many families are eliminating the smaller individual presents to one another and are pooling their holiday funds for the acquisition of "the phonograph with a soul."

We believe that you'd find our literature of interest. It's different from the usual catalog style. Drop us a line and we'll send you copies of our musical magazine, "Along Broadway," of the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and of the booklet, "What the Critics Say."

Or call at the nearest licensed Edison merchant in your vicinity and receive a demonstration of the New Edison. He advertises in your local papers.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.

A GORHAM CHRISTMAS

THERE are a thousand transitory offerings which may serve to remind the recipient of your sentiments this Christmas, but it is the peculiar charm of a gift of Gorham Silverware that it remains as a permanent reminder, not only of this Christmas, but of many Christmases to come, renewing the sentiment annually regardless of whether you supplement it with future giving.

GORHAM STERLING SILVERWARE is sold by leading jewelers everywhere and bears this trade-mark

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NEW YORK

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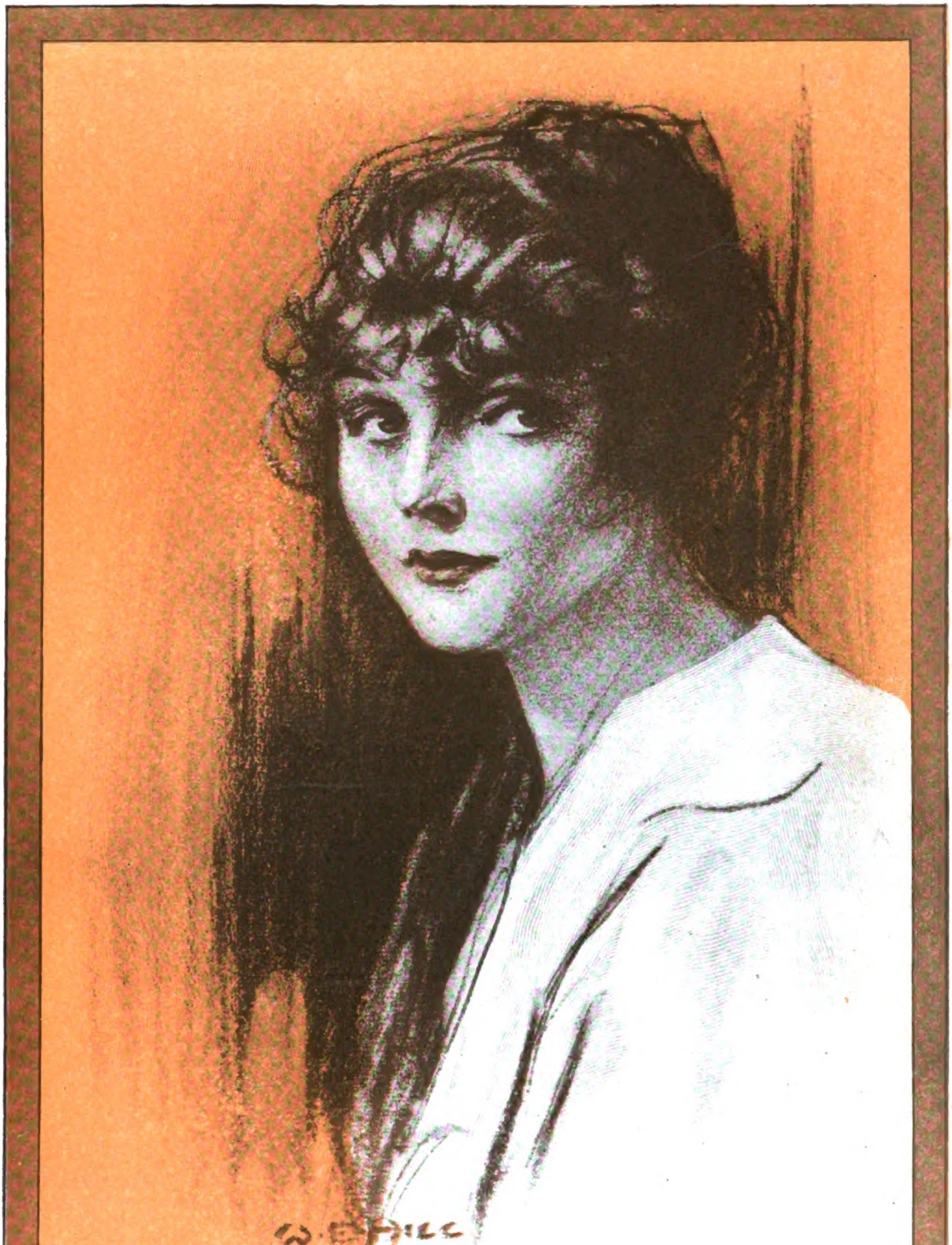
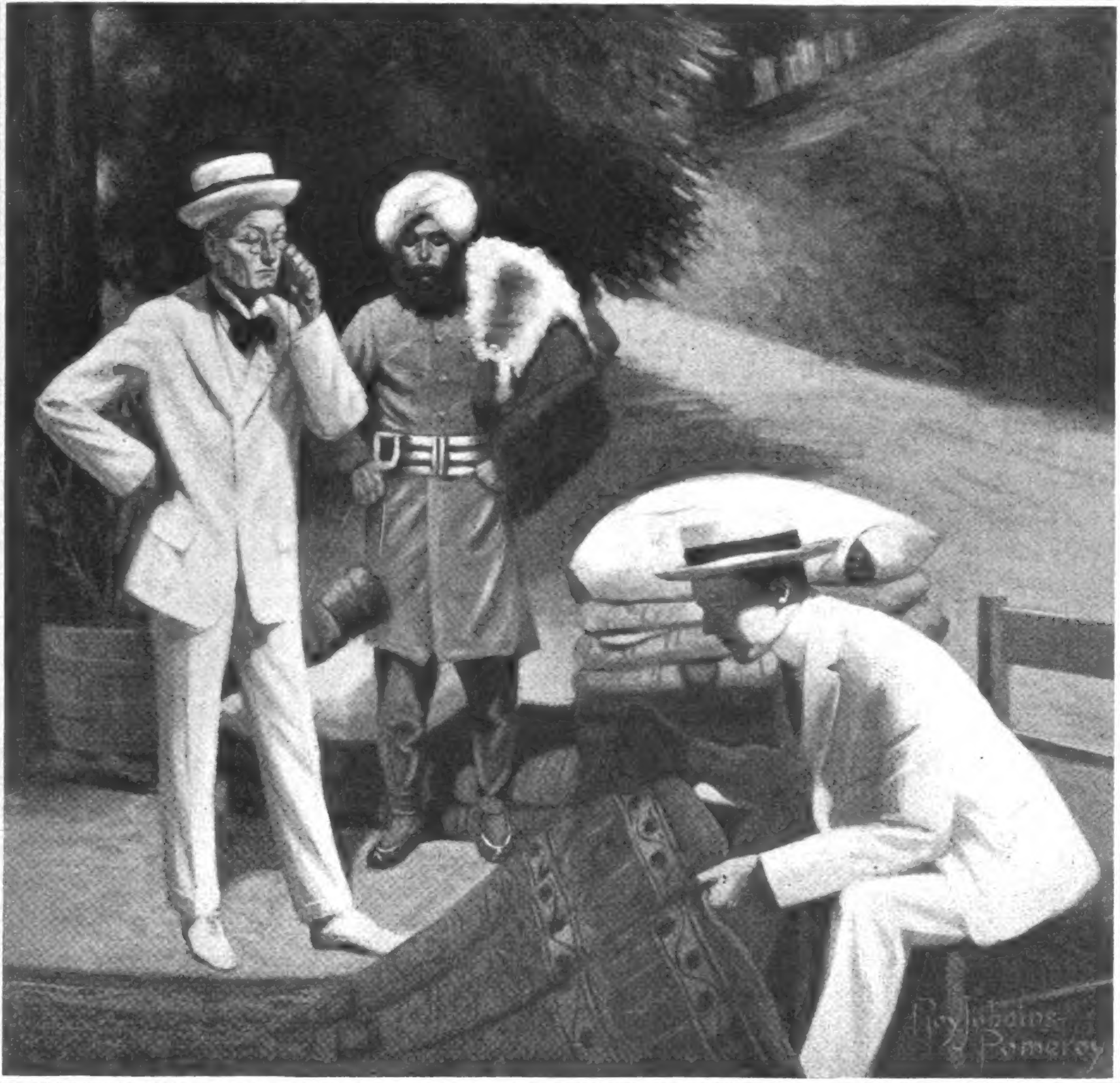


DRAWN BY W. E. HILL.

"THAT IS PRONOUNCED 'CWIX-OT-IC,'" SHE CORRECTED.

From "Pronounced Cwix-ot-ic," by Wilbur Hall. Page 34



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PERHAPS no article in home furnishings is selected with such care, thought and deliberation as a rug. And it is equally true that no article receives so little worth-while attention after it comes into the home. Sweeping, or at the best, vacuum cleaning, must suffice while almost everything else not only is dusted but kept as bright as new with soap and water.

Most people hesitate to clean rugs because they think the work requires special skill and secret methods. This probably is true if the rug is dirty through and through. Usually, however, only the surface is soiled. Then, as with numerous other seemingly impossible tasks, the cleaning can be done at home as often as necessary without professional help and at nominal cost by the judicious use of Ivory Soap.

To Clean Carpets and Rugs

Sweep thoroughly. Then, beginning at the corner farthest from the door, scatter Ivory Soap Paste (see directions inside wrapper) over not more than a square yard at a time. Scrub vigorously with a stiff scrubbing brush. Scrape off the paste with a metal-edged ruler or a piece of zinc. Wipe thoroughly with a cloth wrung out of clean, lukewarm water. Work with—not against—the nap. Use water sparingly.

No matter how delicate the colors may be, this treatment can do nothing but restore them to their original beauty. For water, used sparingly as suggested, will not injure them, and Ivory Soap cannot harm anything that water itself does not harm.

IVORY SOAP . . . . . IVORY IT FLOATS . . . . . 99$\frac{44}{100}$% PURE

Everybody's Magazine
Number Six December 1917 Volume XXXVII

INVADED AMERICA

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

I.

Poisoning the Press

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DO YOU REALLY KNOW HIM?

> **"Our best allies will continue to be, as heretofore, German-Americans. Their services to the German cause can be underestimated only by people grossly ignorant of American conditions."**
>
> *"Die Kölnische Zeitung," A German Government-Inspired Organ.*

HOW German is the United States of America? Where do our eight million residents of German birth, upbringing, or extraction really stand on the question of this war?

Where they stood before we took part, is indubitable. Ninety-nine per cent. of them favored the Fatherland. To any unbiased mind this is a matter for sympathetic comprehension; not for resentment. The Germans are a passionately patriotic race. Those of the blood in America saw the nation from which they had sprung, fighting against tremendous odds, with a quality of skill, self-sacrifice and courage which it would be fatuous to deny or belittle. They did not stop to reason as to the political right and wrong of the conflict. They accepted their opinions and prejudices ready-made from Germany, and with all the ardor of an emotional and sentimental people, gave her their whole-hearted support. That, with a heavy preponderance of public opinion against them, they were subjected to so few manifestations of bitterness, seems to me strong evidence for the charity, tolerance, and restraint of our composite polyracial public.

With our participation in the world struggle, the internal status abruptly altered. Heretofore any man's war-sympathies were his own private business, now they became a matter of possible public moment. The pro-German, if he retained that habit of mind, of necessity and almost by fiat took on the aspect of anti-Americanism. He was a proper object for suspicion and watchfulness, as a possible channel of hostile activity. This country had already been invaded by Teutonic propaganda in various phases. Vital questions were now to arise which called and still call for answer. Are we being continuously and systematically invaded, despite our closed boundaries, by the route of disloyalty among our fellows of Teutonic extraction? Are our German-Americans truly German-Americans? Or are they Germans in America? Is the *Kölnische Zeitung's* boast well-founded?

This is the first in a series of articles about the war that is actually going on right here in America. In this series Mr. Adams will search out and bring to the light the various forms of American disloyalty and of German plots and propaganda throughout the country. Mr. Adams is a seasoned investigator, of authority and reputation. Next month he will present a study of a certain Middle Western state and the enemy within its borders.

In this first article I am going to put the Teutonized press on the witness-stand and prove—No; I am not going to prove anything. I am going to let it prove itself. Out of its own testimony will stand forth one salient fact: Generally speaking, and with a few exceptions, there is left in America no German-American press. What we have to face is a German press in America, doing the work of Germany, and responsive to the necessities and the political machinations of the Kaiser's government, whether it be lifting high the banner of Deutschtum or crying aloud for a peace of the made-in-Germany brand.

As a preface it should be clearly understood to what extent this country is involved in the war. We are perhaps too prone to think of the world-conflict as something providentially separated from us by three thousand miles of ocean; an affair of foreign trenches, to which we can send our soldiers when convenient. That is a misconception of fatal potentialities. To-day the whole United States is in the trenches. The Germans have put us there. They have brought the war to America—had brought it, indeed, long before our formal declaration—by

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plotting, by intrigue, by sabotage on the grand scale, by slaughter of our people on land and sea. It is in vain to prate of "America first" and urge that our men be held in this country, in case the Germans come across and attack us. They have already done it. They are doing it to-day; and their continuing systematized propaganda of poison for the American mind, distilled through their press, is aiding in the work.

Consider, for a moment, what was going on under cover before war was declared. An "advertising bureau" on Wall Street is raided, and there in a safe, behind the seal of the Imperial German Government, are found papers naming a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York in a suggestion to raid defenseless English cities; other papers recording the purchase of venal war correspondents and lecturers; revealing a subsidizing of the press; noting an offer of high explosives by that tainted American, George Sylvester Viereck, and betraying spy activities in a dozen diverse lines.

An innocent-pretending Information Bureau of the Hamburg-American Line is investigated, and its activities are found to bear upon the projected planting of bombs in the coal-bunkers of merchant vessels. Inquiries are made into the purposes of a philanthropic Austro-German Labor Employment Bureau, and lo! it reveals itself not as providing labor, but as alienating it; not as promoting employment, but as fomenting strikes, and all in the interests of the Central Powers.

Later on, while the United States is absorbed in war-energies, it develops that a German firm in New York has been betraying the details of our transport service through supposed commercial cablegrams to Spain; that even the Red Cross is made the innocent medium of treasonable correspondence; that our munitions factories, chemical concerns manufacturing high explosives, yes, our armories themselves harbor alien enemies; that at least a part of von Bernstorff's fifty-million-dollar slush fund remains and is active in this country.

Their Master's Voice

SO THE invaders work. And the invasion has its own voice: the voice of Germany in America—the disloyal foreign-language press.

Lest what follows should be construed as a broadside directed against all German-Americans, let me at once make clear my conviction that the best element of our Teutonic citizenship is truly and unreservedly faithful to the United States. Unhappily, this element has no representative voice in the press. Here and there is to be found a Yiddish publication, such as *Miller's Weekly* in New York, which is not excelled in patriotism by the sturdiest exponents of undiluted Americanism. Here and there is a German paper which exercises an honorable and conscientious restraint, such as the *New Yorker Herold* or the *Deutscher Herold* of Sioux Falls, South Dakota. But the great mass of their fellows, with varying degrees of caution, are disloyal, heart and soul. They are part of the German invasion of America.

Weakening Our War-Will

THESE invaders have done much by their methods, subtle or direct, to set in an equivocal and unfortunate light those Americans whose fundamental loyalty to American ideals can not be fairly suspected of taint from German sources, but who, nevertheless, have deemed it fit or necessary to voice views in opposition to the war or the policies of the government, or to make organized efforts to bring about a general discussion of peace. Though these Americans and their motives would not receive just treatment by being included in what follows, it is clear that their position not only lends itself to such confusion, but is the same in its immediate effect on the successful attainment of our objects in the war as the frankly and unquestionably treasonable and disloyal activities of the German propagandists. The reason is clear.

Some gullible dim-wit, in the early days of our war, started a strange rumor circulating: German agents were scattering broadcast the germs of lockjaw through the agency of infected court-plaster! Considered as a scientific fact, the report is hardly worth laughing at. But as a parable it could not be bettered. The Germans *have* been spreading a subtle and potent infection throughout the country. Sedulously and expertly they have been poisoning, not the bodies but the mind of a nation. Printer's ink has been their medium. Through it they have infected and weakened our faith in our allies, our faith in ourselves, our loyalty and patriotism.

Something more than this, too, I think.

In every truly great enterprise there must be the will to succeed. In war it is a composite thing, of infinite complexity, subtlety, and importance; an impalpable combination of the mind and souls of all of us in a will-to-win. It is the solidarity of a nation, comparable to the solidarity of a regiment which advances to the assault, each component part inspired by a reciprocal faith. Lacking this faith, a regiment, an army, or a nation goes into battle heavily handicapped. It is this which the Teutonic propaganda in this country cunningly attacks. It seeks to undermine and disintegrate the war-spirit of America. For this all the hundreds of thousands of dollars known to have been poured into this country, and the millions which may be surmised, are money well expended, for a national spirit divided against itself can not prevail in a conflict such as this.

Before our entry into the war, there had been carried on a determined campaign in the German-American press, supported by the sympathetic Yiddish papers and many of the Scandinavian-language papers, to prevent our being drawn in. This was fair and natural, though the methods employed were, at times, open to criticism.

Pacifist American newspapers, and publications which, while disdaining the implication of pacificism in its derogatory sense, still believed that a way of avoidance not incompatible with honor could be found, assumed the same attitude. Therein there was no impropriety, though here again the means employed were often repugnant to fair play and honorable journalism. To the general principle of the right to strive for peace so long as hope remained, no just mind could take exception. Therefore I shall not touch upon the ante-war propaganda, except as it may throw light upon subsequent events.

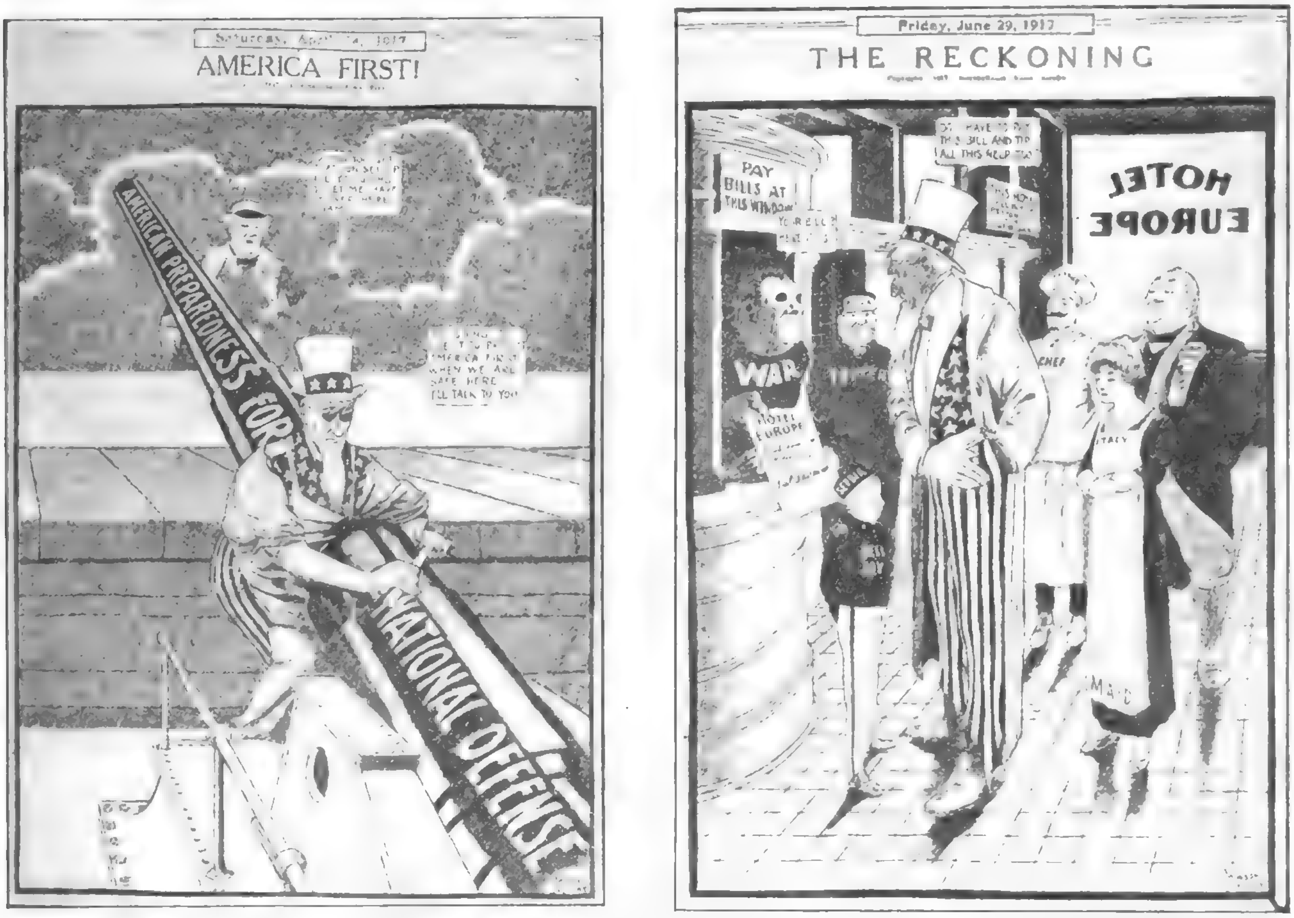
Once this nation had elected to take up arms, the choice was no longer between war and peace; it was between the United States of America and Germany. The man who now spoke for Germany or acted in opposition to the war, acted and spoke against this country. From hundreds of thousands of German-Americans came their instant assurance of loyalty. Their press joined in, with but a few discordant voices. For a time it seemed that the Teutonic propaganda, so carefully established before the war, had been swept away by the wave of patriotism which covered the country. But the spirit of Teutonism is not so easily dislodged. Prudence suggested, indeed, that activity be veiled until the first enthusiasm should dissipate itself. But the system was never seriously affected. Within a few weeks the poison-disseminating mechanism of Teutonic press-work was in full swing.

The Team-Work of Treachery

OF THE precise method employed I can not speak with knowledge. It may be that there is a central and secret bureau, a German official press agency, which plans each separate campaign and issues instructions or even syndicated matter. Suspiciously accurate team-work is at times observable in the hyphen publications.

But proof is lacking of any definite supply-station of news or editorials. This much is certain, however: that general lines of "press-work" in favor of the nation with which we are at war have been laid down and faithfully followed out, and that these lines are traceable through practically the whole field of disaffected journalism.

The general scheme of undermining



THE CARTOON ON THE LEFT ILLUSTRATES THE RAMPANT "AMERICANISM" OF "THE NEW YORK AMERICAN"; THE ONE ON THE RIGHT, "THE AMERICAN'S" CONCEPTION OF OUR RELATION TO OUR ALLIES.

American sentiment and manufacturing German sentiment through control of the foreign-language press in this country, as it exists to-day, may be roughly divided into these departments of endeavor:

1. Exaltation of German aims, arms, and character as compared with American.
2. Attacks, more or less veiled, upon our national solidarity through (A) incitement to internal troubles by attacks upon the Government, and charges of usurpation of power by the authorities; (B) the fomenting of race or class prejudice and hatred.
3. Efforts to alienate this country from its allies.
4. Hostility to measures calculated to promote our war efficiency, such as conscription, Liberty Loan, and the sending forward of our fighting men.
5. *Deutschtum;* the propagation of the German war-spirit in America through organization.

Flying the Enemy's Flag

IN ALL the citations which follow, the reader must bear in mind—it will be difficult at times—that the German matter was published and disseminated by newspapers published and circulated openly through the mails *after we were at war with Germany*. In spirit these publications are flying the flag of the enemy inside our lines.

To begin with an extreme instance, read this impassioned apostrophe from the Glencoe, Minnesota, *Freie Presse:*

> **"God stand by you, beloved German Fatherland! Do not allow yourself to be devoured by your foes."**

Of which foes, note well, the United States had been one for nearly three months at the time when this astounding piece of insolence was published.

As if that were not sufficiently strong testimony to its traitorous sympathies, the same sheet, a month later, employs the editorial first person to this effect:

> **"We want a strong Germany in steadfast union with Austro-Hungary."**

Eulenspiegel, a humorous weekly published in New York (not Berlin), goes on record with this Biblical characterization of German news from the front: "As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

Open and contemptuous defiance of the United States is expressed by the *Sonntagsblatt*, of Philadephia, which spreads itself across seven columns of headline to announce triumphantly:

> **"Germany's answer to America: Two Million More Men Called!"**

and then proceeds to cheer Germany on to the battle against this country, in this militant Kultural adjuration:

> **"There is nothing left but to drive this illusion"** [the intention of the Allies to defeat Germany] **"out with the hardest blows ever."**

For the alien resident who is loyal to the United States, the Teutonized press has nothing but scorn.

The *Vorwärts*, of Milwaukee, reprints from the *Deutsches Journal* of Mexico an article savagely derogatory to the German-Americans who do not adhere to the forepart of the hyphen, and sets the seal of its own approval upon the treasonable matter by heading it: "Tell the German-Americans the Truth."

The Propaganda of Pessimism

EXPLOITATION of the bogy of Germany's formidable military power is part of the poison-campaign; a sort of reflex frightfulness tending to intimidate the weak-spirited. No one is cleverer at this form of suggestion than William R. Hearst, who, because of the numbers and reach of the newspapers controlled by him, is one of the most powerful forces in the United States in influencing public opinion. And this is a specimen of the provender that Mr. Hearst feeds his readers:

> **"The plain truth is that without the intervention of some unknown mechanical invention, the Allies can not conquer Germany with the means at their disposal, and with such reinforcements as we can promptly send them, and may be defeated and brought to sue for a humiliating peace before we can put the millions of men on European soil necessary to affect the military operations."**

"The plain truth is," that Mr. Hearst is here playing an important part in the Teutonic propaganda.

The same theme is multifariously and variously handled in the German press throughout the country. "That so far, Germany has been gloriously victorious, neither friend nor enemy can dispute," boasts the *Iowa Reform*, a German paper published in Davenport, Iowa.

The *Missouri Staats-Zeitung* chimes in to this effect:

> **"The *Chicago Examiner* published on Saturday a leading editorial based on the report of nine American officers. England, France and Italy are beaten and done for."**

Hark again to Mr. Hearst's tremulous voice of warning:

> **"By declaring war on Germany we . . . make the defeat of the Allies as sure as sure can be."**

The Danville, Illinois, *Herold und Zeitung* suggests jovially that our cause is lost, anyway.

> **"'If the Allies make peace now, the Central Powers have won,' is the wail that comes from Washington. 'And if the war continues, the Allies are lost,' says Hearst. Children, don't quarrel; you may both be right."**

This irrepressible hero-worship of the country's enemies, by the way, crops out in strange forms, as in the *Lincoln Freie Presse*, which signalizes its loyalty on the Fourth of July by giving out souvenir spoons—of Pershing and President Wilson? No; of von Hindenburg and the Emperor William!

"After all, though," queries the German poison propagandist, now administering opiates, "why should we war on Germany?" Whereupon the warlike hyphenates, abruptly turning pacific, argue with smooth words that we are under an unhappy misapprehension. Germany has been wickedly misrepresented by her conscienceless enemies.

> **"For one who really knows Germany and the Kaiser it is inexplicable why this genuine friend of America is now treated as a criminal in this country,"**

mournfully reflects the *Illinois Staats-Zeitung*.

> **"Germany is not at war with America, and never has been our enemy,"**

announces the *Washtenaw Post* of Ann Arbor, Michigan, in June, in *June*, mind you!

From which one follows the unerring Teutonic mind to the conclusion that sinking our vessels in the Atlantic, murdering our citizens by sea and land, betraying the protection afforded to diplomatic officials by making them agents of bomb-plantings, inspired strikes, and passport forgeries—all these were but examples of the Kaiser's sprightly and affectionate playfulness.

The propaganda-led press is equally ready to excuse that playfulness elsewhere; in Belgium, for example, which is the subject of much inspired, exculpatory editorializing, exemplified by the following from the Missouri *Staats-Zeitung:*

> **"There was no violation of Belgium's neutrality; there have been no German atrocities,"**

asserts this paper in a passage, not the least amazing feature of which is that it is published in English.

"Emphasize the growing peril of autocracy in this country," was another signal of the alien propaganda. Immediately the handling of political news from Washington gave evidence of this trend. Cunningly contrived head-lines laid stress upon the alleged tendency of Congress and the Executive to enact burdensome laws, and the editorial columns teemed with such matter as the declaration by the *New England Rundschau*, that the German government is

> **"far more democratic than certain other governments held up as models."**

The *Philadelphia Tageblatt* (since raided by the Government) sneers with all the insolence of a superior toward an inferior race, that American assumption of ability to teach standards of democracy to Germany is

> **"as if a monkey wanted to teach manners to a human being."**

If the *St. Louis Arbeiter-Zeitung* is to be credited,

> **"A new despotism has grown up in the land, a despotism which misuses the language of democracy to kill democracy itself."**

All this, of course, in connection with the necessary centralization of power to carry out war measures, the hostility being in reality to the war measures, not to the means by which they were achieved.

"Hold the President responsible" was another happy inspiration of the Kaiser's press manipulators. Mr. Wilson, who had been held up as an idol so long as he bore with Germany's aggressions, is pictured in Germanized print as a conscienceless and militaristic autocrat as soon as he moves for war defense. To the *Detroit Abendpost*, the Chief Executive becomes

> **"The War-Lord in the White House."**

To *Iowa Reform* he is

> **"an overgrown child (grosses Kind) or a hypocrite."**

The *Lincoln Freie Presse* obligingly sends out an S. O. S. call for

> **"the safety of our nation, which is not endangered by Germany but by the President himself."**

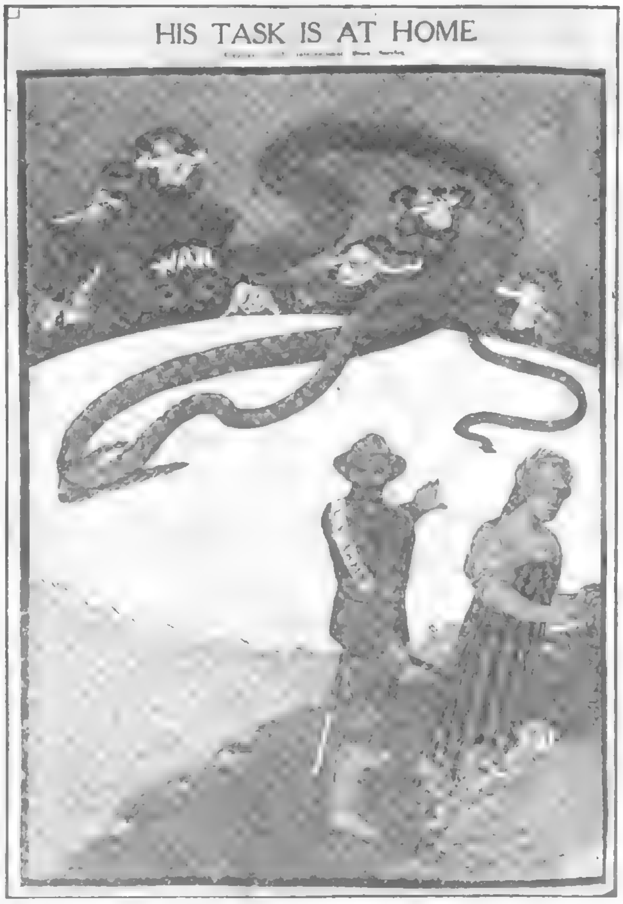
> **"Wilson wishes to prolong the war,"**

announces the openly seditious *New Jersey Freie Zeitung* in a headline, and quotes with a foreword of obvious sympathy the opinion of the *Morgen-post* (a German paper published in Germany) that

> **"Besides being a liar, the President of the United States is also a hypocrite."**

Now develops a curious and subtle phase of German subdiplomacy. "See what can be done with the negroes," was the general nature of the directions to the press and other propagandists. The Houston negro soldier riots and the East St. Louis lynchings were the themes prescribed.

Throughout the disaffected foreign-language press, these were seized upon, played up in sensational headlines, made the topic of editorials, some of which expatiated upon the hollow pretense of a democracy which had been unable to eradicate race prejudice. Others pointed scornfully and sneeringly to the outbreaks as proof of a civilization still raw and undeveloped.


HIS TASK IS AT HOME

ONE OF THE WAYS IN WHICH "THE AMERICAN" EXPRESSED ITS OPPOSITION TO SENDING OUR TROOPS ABROAD

No honest person can claim that our hands are clean so far as the race question goes; but in this instance there is a suspicious identity in some of the editorials, as if they had been issued for use by some central organization. The *Cleveland Wächter und Anzeiger* and the *Detroit Abendpost* published an editorial on the East St. Louis riots, almost, if not quite, word for word the same, calculated to stir up race hatred, while the *Vorwärts*, of New York was playing up the news of lynchings, and striving to create the impression that a general "pogrom" against Afro-Americans was in prospect.

Scaring the Negro

MEANTIME, in the South, a word-of-mouth propaganda was conducted among the blacks, with a view to prejudicing them against the war and in favor of Germany. Commercial agents, supposed or real, selling sewing-machines, crayon enlargements, household utensils, and the like, went from cabin to cabin spreading the report that the equality denied to the negroes by the United States would be theirs when the Kaiser came into power; therefore any colored man taking arms against Germany would be fighting his race's best friend. To what extremes this campaign was carried may be judged from the incident which follows. A young, "foot-loose" negro came to the postmaster and storekeeper of a southeastern Missouri town for information:

"Boss, I want to ask you-all sumfin'. You-all got any Gehman soap in yo' sto'?"

"No, Jake; haven't got such a thing. What do you want with German soap?"

"*I* do' want any!" cried the negro. "Lawdee! *I* do' want any. I jes want to know."

"Well, now, you know," said the postmaster, and as the young man still hesitated, "What else is on your mind, Jake?"

"Boss, do them Gehmans make soap?"

"Certainly. They have to if they want it."

"An' they sen' it over heah foh weuns to use?"

"Why, I reckon they used to before the war."

"An' they goin' to sen' some mo' afteh the wah?"

"Likely they are."

"Nossuh!" vehemently declared the youth. "Nossuh! Dey do' git me to enlis'. I'se go'n' to light out, I is! And dey'll be plenty go with me."

After some persuasion the postmaster extorted an explanation of the caller's obvious horror. Some German agent, having devised or had furnished to him a means of turning the famous "kadaver" rumor to local uses, had been sedulously working upon the fears of the negroes. It will be remembered that the Germans were accused—and subsequently denied the charge with heat and probably with truth—of using the dead bodies of friend and foe in their reduction plants and deriving animal fats therefrom. Having passed through the manipulative processes of German-American propaganda, this legend, duly fortified by newspaper clippings (which always bear conviction to the mind of the ignorant black whether he can read them or not) had been borne through Missouri by a wandering propagandist in the form of a horror-tale, with a conclusion somewhat to this effect:

"And when your old mother goes out to her washing after the war is over, she will pick up a bar of soap—and that will be *you*, her boy, that was killed!"

Imagine the effect upon a ghost-ridden race!

In no department has the propaganda of treachery been worked out to more effective purpose than in the incitement to hatred and distrust of our allies, all of them, but England especially.

Great Britain we have always with us, held up as the wicked bogy-man by Mr. Hearst. We were put into the war, he declares specifically, to

"Feed and finance bankrupt and hungry England,"

and not, as many ignorant Americans have believed, to crush out the monster of ruthlessness and imperialism.

"Are we to go on squandering our resources in money, men, materials, munitions and ships in England's defense?"

inquires Mr. Hearst, and answers his own inquiry by observing that

"We must go without our normal food supplies to pay for their (the English people's) folly and stubbornness, and keep them alive at our cost in hardship."

Hear, now, how the echoes course through the prepared hyphenate columns. The *Philadelphia Tageblatt* bursts forth into headlines exposing the

"Scoundrelly Plans of the Allies"

—our allies, of course—and follows it up with a reference to

"The robber gang of the Allies."

The alleged fact that

"the war solidarity in England and France has been broken,"

it welcomes with the headlines:

"At Last—Happy News."

A singular species of happy news for the American public—that its allies are weakening and its foes winning.

Not less frank is the *New Jersey Freie Zeitung*, which, in its captions, refers to the British and French as "enemies.". With equal patriotism John Devoy's *Gaelic American* exults in headlines that

"Russia's Collapse Insures Defeat of Allies."

The *Illinois Staats-Zeitung* delves into unsubstantiated (and, I suspect, unfounded) history, and cites an unnamed booklet as authority for the statement that John Hay concluded a secret pact between England and this nation against Germany.

Because of this mysterious and vague agreement the United States "deliberately participated" in the present war. On the other hand, the *Aurora Volksfreund* of Aurora, Illinois, accuses President Wilson of plotting

WOLF VON IGEL.

PAUL KOENIG.

CAPTAIN FRITZ VON PAPEN

WOLF, PAUL AND FRITZ—THE KAISER'S "THREE MUSKETEERS" IN AMERICA.

an Anglo-American world-control. Further, it demands rhetorically:

> **"Why should the people give their blood and lives for England?"**

One looks for intemperate language about England from a Fenian paper under normal conditions. But a sense of loyalty to America might have withheld the *Irish World* from such extreme expressions of hostility to an ally as reference to "England's piratical design," the statement that Great Britain has "picked up the loot while others have been fighting," and the query, "Are we in the war to hold Ireland under English rule? It is time we knew definitely."

All this, of course, is merely playing the game of an enemy whose diplomatic official in this country plotted and supported the Sinn Fein uprising in Ireland.

In the hope of arousing enmity between this country and its neighbor on the north, the *Chicago Staats-Zeitung* indulges in prophecies of the coming independence of Canada, and adds for good measure:

> **"Western Canada, if not all of it, must in due time become a part of the United States."**

Meantime, the editor observes, we are lending ourselves to England's plans and warring under England's leadership.

The *Charleston American*, which appears to have become inoculated with antipatriotic virus, delivers a tirade against the press of the country in general for its friendliness to the Allies.

Germania, published in Elgin, Illinois, has its own theory of our national course.

> **"Lies have been the favorite weapons of the Allies against the Teutonic powers," "It was lies which finally brought the United States into the war."**

We were deceived on the U-boat effectiveness. Had we been told the truth we would have been scared out completely. Such is the flattering theory of the rightly named *Germania*.

As a useful backfire against war-efficiency in this country the hidden press-agency of the Kaiser hit upon the device of stirring up anti-Japanese feelings. Apropos of which here is a bit of unpublished history:

In the fall of 1914, Maximilian Foster, well-known as a fiction writer and with some experience in the dramatic field, was approached by a go-between with an offer to write a play on the order of "An Englishman's Home," Americanized.

The financial consideration was liberal, not to say generous: five thousand dollars on the completion of the scenario, and an equal amount upon the delivery of the finished manuscript.

"What's the idea?" inquired the author.

"Anti-Japanese," explained the go-between. "It's to be the Japanese invasion of California: yellow peril and all that sort of thing."

Suspicion began to dawn upon the writer's mind. "Who's paying the money?"

"That'll be all right," he was assured. "Any sort of guarantee you want."

"But I want to know where the money comes from."

"What difference does that make so long as——"

"See here! Does this offer originate in the German Foreign Office?"

The other denied it, but so haltingly that Mr. Foster's suspicions were confirmed. With considerable emphasis and disgust he bade the agent tell his principals to go elsewhere with their offer—and even specified a decidedly uncomfortable elsewhere.

Later the go-between turned up as the recipient of German propaganda money; he was a suborned pro-German "accelerator of public opinion."

Now the point of this story is this: the play as outlined has never been put on the stage. It has appeared and is appearing as a motion-picture drama. It is the Hearst production of "Patria," which, even as now censored because of threats and protests endangering its financial success, is an extraordinarily efficacious excitant of race-feeling.

From this it must not be inferred that the author of the film drama succumbed to the temptation which Mr. Foster rejected.

I understand that the offer to write the motion-picture drama came to him direct from the Hearst organization and that he accepted it in good faith. The fact remains this movie is essentially the play for which, three years ago, the Secret Service of the Kaiser was ready to make an initial expenditure of ten thousand dollars.

The *Peoria Sonne* calls any association with Japan a "perilous friendship" and gloomily observes:

> **"Let us hope that we are not cherishing a serpent in our bosom."**

The un-American *Charleston American* contributes a bitter attack upon our Far Eastern ally and her aims; the *Amerikanische Turn-Zeitung* follows suit, *Amerika*, of St. Louis chimes in, the *Seattle Staats-Zeitung* lends its voice, and the *Aurora Volksfreund*, querying "What Does Japan Want?" hints that the yellow empire is really hostile, not to Germany but to England.

> **"We may very soon need our soldiers,"**

darkly forebodes the *Iowa Reform*,

> **"to fight an enemy which is yet counted among our allies."**

As the editor obviously doesn't refer to the German-Americans, he must mean Japan.

No room for doubt is left as to the meaning of the *Washtenaw Post*. Unfortunately, this paper designates only by the obscure term "Exchange" the source of certain information about Japan which might reasonably be described under the time-honored characterization, "Important if True." The mysterious "Exchange" has become possessed of a pamphlet, alleged to have been issued by the "Japanese National Defense League," from which it quotes:

> **"The hearts of sixty million Japanese are aching to fight America. The war-power of the American Union is but bluff"**

—which is bold, bad, rude language for as polite a race as the Japs.

Further, Chugai Shimpo is quoted to the effect that a Japanese alliance with Germany would be preferable to one with England; because:

> **"There can be no doubt that Germany will be victorious in this war even if more foes should oppose her. This nation of heroes has amazed the world."**

In some way the *Lincoln Freie Presse* appears to have confused its signals, for it foresees not the peril of a German-Japanese combination, but—

> **"our one real danger which threatens us, from the Anglo-Japanese alliance."**

A pleasing Hunnish prevision is that of the *Milwaukee Vorwärts*, which sees our supposed allies rejoicing in our coming bankruptcy, which is due, it reckons, in two years.

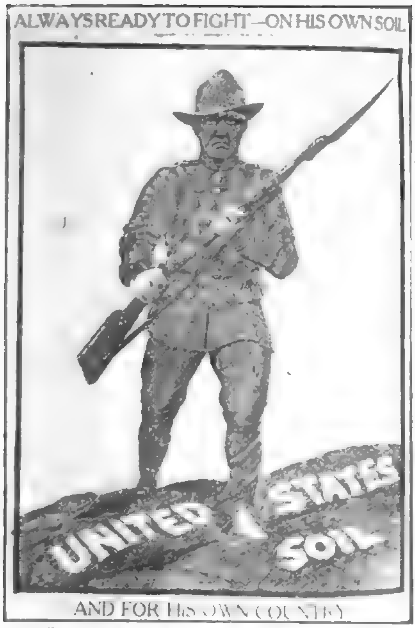
> **"Germany settles herself, meanwhile, firmly in her position of defense, sinks busily our ships and those of our allies, for which, of course, we must also pay, and lets us sink nicely and gently into bankruptcy—to the inward rejoicing of England and France, and to the scorn and laughter of Japan."**

In a nation more sternly habituated to the rigor of warfare, propagation of doctrine calculated to hamper the effectiveness of the war machinery would perhaps be regarded as treason. In this country we deal tenderly with it, if indeed we deal at all.

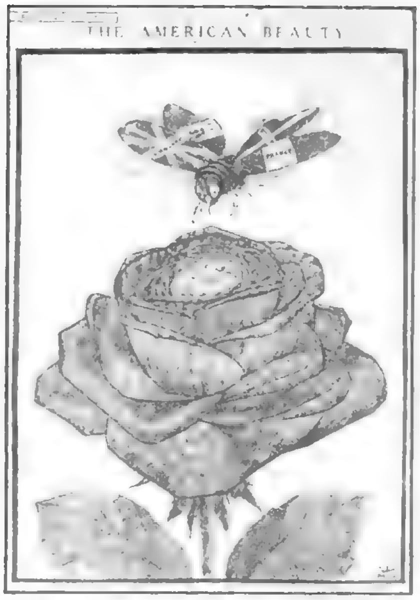
A favorite theme of the Associated Friends of Germany in America is that the United States must keep its hands off the actual fighting and let its allies shift for themselves as best they may. Herein, as in the anti-Japanese campaign, William Randolph Hearst is conspicuous. Hark to his preachments:

> **"There is only one possible course that is sensible...to keep every dollar and every man and every weapon and all our supplies and stores at home for the defense of our own land . . . We say that every shipment of food and military supplies from this time on is a blow to our own safety. . . . Now our earnest suggestion to Congress is that it imperatively refuse to permit the further drainage of our food supplies and our military supplies and our money supplies to Europe."**

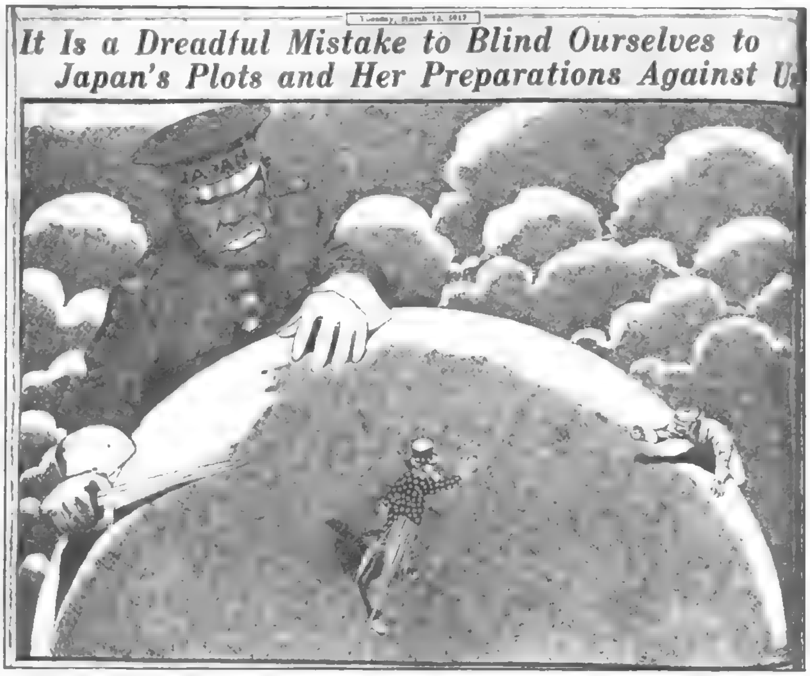
Surely that doctrine bears the imprint


ALWAYS READY TO FIGHT—ON HIS OWN SOIL
UNITED STATES SOIL
AND FOR HIS OWN COUNTRY

New York American



New York American


Tuesday, March 13, 1917
It Is a Dreadful Mistake to Blind Ourselves to Japan's Plots and Her Preparations Against U
JAPAN

New York American

THESE CARTOONS ARE EXAMPLES OF PROPAGANDA WHICH WEAKENS OUR WAR-WILL. THE SOLDIER VOICES THE DESIRE TO PREVENT OUR ARMY BEING SENT TO EUROPE; THE HONEY-BEE REPRESENTS SUSPICION OF THE MOTIVES OF THE ALLIES; THE MENACING FIGURE OF JAPAN, THE HOPE OF DISTRACTING ATTENTION FROM THE EUROPEAN FOE.

"made in Germany." What possible course could the Central Powers prescribe more favorable to their plans? Swift, indeed, is the Hunnish press in America to spread the poisonous suggestion of "no help to the Allies." The *Illinois Staats-Zeitung* argues against sending an army abroad, raising the astounding objection that this would be solely for the purpose of encouraging the Allies in their fight against Germany! With a sweet, Teutonic ingenuousness it seems actually to assume that we ought not and do not wish to assist France against Germany! To do so would be, in some undefined manner, to injure ourselves.

> **"It would be sinning against the interests of America to bring further help to the Allies."**

The *Westliche Post*, of St. Louis, discovers another reason for keeping our men at home: to "sacrifice" two million soldiers for the Allies would be, it asserts, un-American. By what logic it arrives at this truly German conclusion is not divulged. The *Lincoln Freie Presse* announces with assurance that

> **"We do not want to squander our strength in the European war."**

Between quotation marks the *Boston Anzeiger* reproduces this gem of patriotism mounted in a setting of caution:

> **"We must sacrifice the lives of our young men to carry on a war in which England and her allies and**

> **not the United States have most at stake. We are told that we may have to keep on doing this sort of thing from two to four years. This assertion is based on the belief that the American people are so lacking in common sense that they will submit patiently to having their country made a tool of by England."**

Anything which promises aid to the cause of America or the Allies is fair game for the hyphenates. Does the Hoover food campaign look favorable? Out comes the *Milwaukee Vorwärts* quoting Senator Reed's vicious and baseless assault on the food controller and holding Hoover up as an English agent through whom

> **"the American people are betrayed and sold,"**

—which is an illuminating example, if not of Satan rebuking sin, at least of Judas reprehending treachery! Is the embargo found to be a valuable prospective weapon against the foe? Behold the *Charleston American* taking a leaf from Hearst's paper and asserting that this measure will involve us in war with the neutral nations. Steps are taken to withhold Russia from a disastrous separate peace, whereat the *Herald und Zeitung* foams at the mouth to this purpose:

> **"No lofty phrases about national honor and faithfulness to allies are able to lessen the dreadful blood-guilt which must be shared by every one who has once more led the Russian people to the slaughter. And it must also be shared by the United States, which, through the Root Mission, set all forces in motion to hurl into unspeakable misery a people torn by revolution and yearning for peace."**

The *Philadelphia Tageblatt* loses its temper and its sense of caution simultaneously, and roundly denounces Russia for not making a separate peace.

But it is against conscription and the Liberty Bond issue that the heathen do most Hunnishly rage. On the latter topic the *Peoria Sonne* pokes heavy, Teutonic fun at the bond campaign, and sneers at the Americans as "dollar worshipers." The *Philadelphia Tageblatt* exultantly points out that

> **"You can't kill the Germans with dollars."**

The *Volkszeitung*, of New York, actually rejected the advertising for the second loan. The *Glencoe Freie Presse*, without formally committing itself, published a signed letter advising the public not to subscribe to the bonds; while the *Iowa Reform* came out flatly in opposition to the loan and to conscription as well.

In the latter adventure in sedition, it has extensive support. Indeed, assuming that there exists a central distributing-point for the Germanic views of disloyalty, in no instance have the results been more successful than in this. Funds to fight the conscription law in the courts are called for by the *Chicago Arbeiter-Zeitung*. The *Missouri Staats-Zeitung* takes evident pleasure in announcing:

> **"At home the draft goes on very badly. About seventy-five per cent. claim exemption: the best proof how thoroughly unpopular the war is here. The gentlemen in Washington should take heed."**

In the election of Congressman Baer by the Non-Partisan League, *Amerika*, of St. Louis sees an "unambiguous defeat" for conscription and the war. It also essays to stir up religious rancor by pretending to find in the war an anti-Catholic trend, on the absurd assumption that conscription would take more soldiers from the Catholics, proportionately, and so weaken them at home. In its accustomed sardonic vein, *Eulenspiegel* prints a cartoon representing an orator addressing an audience, which includes President Wilson and his cabinet, on the draft. He is saying:

> **"Gentlemen, the fact that only seventy per cent. of the conscripted men asked exemptions is the best proof of the war enthusiasm of the great American people."**

As usual, the *Charleston American* does its bit against America by crying—quite needlessly—that we must not force our German residents to go to the war. Though the Jews bore their part loyally, the Jewish papers of New York took to sackcloth and ashes, like their prototypes of old, when enforced service was projected. The *Jewish Daily News* yelled:

> **"East Side Will Fight against the Unjust Conscription."**

(But it didn't.) *Der Yiddische Kaempfer* comments:

> **"One hundred and forty-one years after the wonderful Declaration of Independence, we are being drawn into a war against the will of the people . . . forced to accept the conscription law . . . robbed of freedom of speech and press."**

The *Neue Welt* demanded—but did not obtain—a referendum on conscription and an explanation of the country's reason for entering the combat. It finds a good deal of an uncomplimentary nature, to say about "murder-patriots." Holding up Wall Street as the fomenter of slaughter for its pocket's sake, the *Milwaukee Vorwärts* observes that,

> **"The money of these gentlemen is only loaned. The lives of the conscripted men, however, if they are destroyed in the trenches, can not be replaced."**

Knowing the power of news to arouse the public, *Die Wahrheit*, of New York, proceeded to manufacture some. Under the caption,

> **"Men Drafted in East New York Branded Like Horses,"**

it solemnly stated that the conscripts' numbers were written on their backs in a kind of ink that will remain forever. If any such ink has been discovered, a considerable number of tattoo artists are waiting eagerly to buy it at any price that can be asked. The same paper fulsomely praises the work of two judges who labored for days aiding men in the dubiously patriotic pursuit of getting exemptions from military service, adding that one of the pair "wrote personally affidavits for hundreds of applicants!"

All this radiating propaganda—pro-Germanism, anti-Americanism, anti-war feeling, hostility to our allies, incitement to measures for hampering our activity—proceeds from and comes back to one focal purpose, *Deutschtum*. This is one of those untranslatable words whose roots go down into the depths of national and racial psychology. It may be defined as the universal scientific system for Germanizing the world. It is the multiform implement of Kultur.

The destruction of a Flemish orchard, the sinking of a helpless Norwegian fishing-boat, the establishment of a German school in Uruguay, the financing of a Red Cross lecture with pro-German sidelights, the subornation of an American war correspondent—all these are *Deutschtum*. In time of peace there is nothing to be done about it but observe, and perhaps admire. Now that this nation is at war with Germany, however, it is as surprising as it is disconcerting to find the banner of this world-absorbing movement openly displayed as it is by the *Missouri Staats-Zeitung*, which carries the motto above its editorial page:

"POLITICAL ADVOCATE OF DEUTSCHTUM"

Not all the hyphen press is as frank; but many others do the work of *Deutschtum*, not alone by propaganda, but by actually recruiting for organizations whose loyalty is at least open to suspicion.

Here I must turn aside, for a moment, from the direct line of my subject, to point out that in almost every American city of considerable size there are German organizations and clubs. Some of these have professed loyalty to this country. Others have remained silent. Still others are overtly sympathetic to the Fatherland. Let me give two examples. The German-American Alliance of Kansas, in convention five months after this country had entered the war, passed certain resolutions, published in the *Missouri Staats-Zeitung*. First declaring the loyalty and patriotism of the organization (a measure of safety and hypocrisy), the resolutions proceed:

> **"We therefore contend that the United States should have kept out of this European war. . . . We say it was the bounden duty of the United States to have abstained from all interference or meddling with this European war on either side."**

The document then goes on to admonish the United States Government, in the tone of a superior instructing an inferior, that it should have refused to issue licenses to ships carrying munitions, or passports for Americans to travel on the vessels of belligerent countries. "We want peace—and we want an honorable peace, but we do not believe it the duty of our Government to fight the battles of any European power."

To appreciate the monstrous impudence of this, imagine an American organization in Munich or Dessau formally notifying the Kaiser that his war is all wrong and that it is his duty to stop it! The end of that vision is seen through barred windows! Now turn to Holyoke, Massachusetts, where the Unity Lodge of the Hermannssöhne, which, I am informed, is a wide-spread organization, holds sway. According to a local German paper: "In the constitution is a regulation in accordance with which a member who voluntarily enlists in military service or who enters the Federal naval service, forfeits all claims on the order."

Here, then, we find two organizations, presumably not untypical, one of which formally repudiates the war, while the other practically forbids its members to offer military service to this country on pain of forfeiture of benefits. These, too, are a phase of *Deutschtum*.

How intimately they are bound up with actual German activity, and how extensively the sentiment which they represent permeates German-American clubdom, is known probably only to the von Bernstorff-Dumba-Hamburg-American cabal, now dissipated, or to what secret representatives thereof may still remain in this country.

But here is a significant fact: the Teutonic press propaganda has been preaching solidarity through German-American organizations. Like a watchword there ran through the Teutonized papers, last summer, the phrase,

> **"Deutschtum is bent but not broken."**

Far and wide it cropped out in editorial paragraphs, in quotations, even in casual verse. It was sometimes credited to *The Wanderer*. If there is a publication in this country of that name, the Government's special investigators have no record of it.

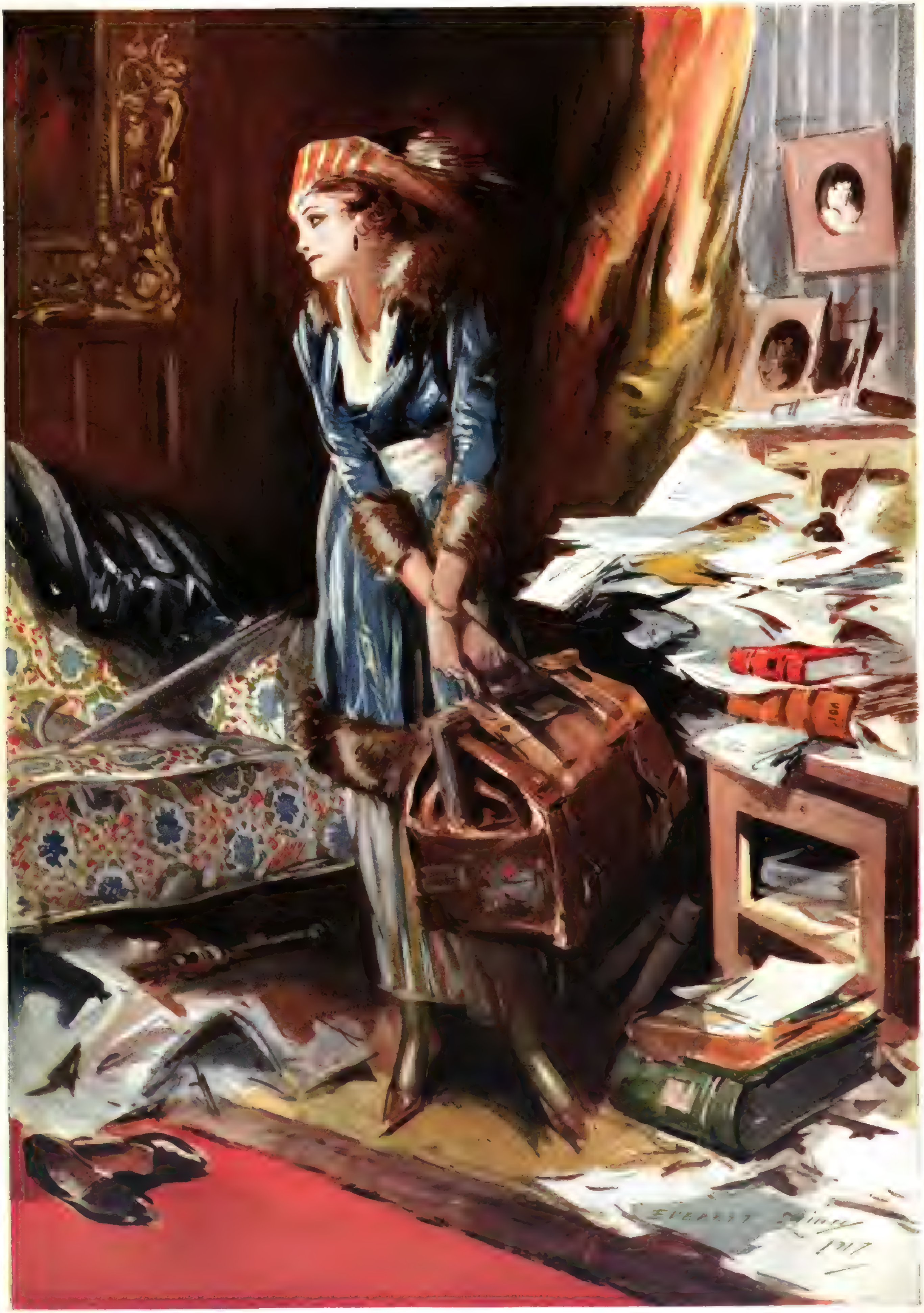
Nevertheless, it is *The Wanderer* which *Iowa Reform* purports to quote in doing its little part for German solidarity. It urges all Germans in America to keep up their organizations better than in the past.

> **"Deutschtum is bent but not broken."**

"Deutschtum is bent but not broken." The echo comes now from the *Connecticut Staats-Zeitung*, which adjures the German Americans to close up the lines of their club system.

> **"Deutschtum is bent but not broken. It depends upon each one of us that it shall rise again in all strength. The storm from without will not destroy it unless it dies of weakness and its own pitiful conditions. The German-American should cut out this advice and paste it in his hat."**

(Continued on page 86)


EVERETT SHINN
1917

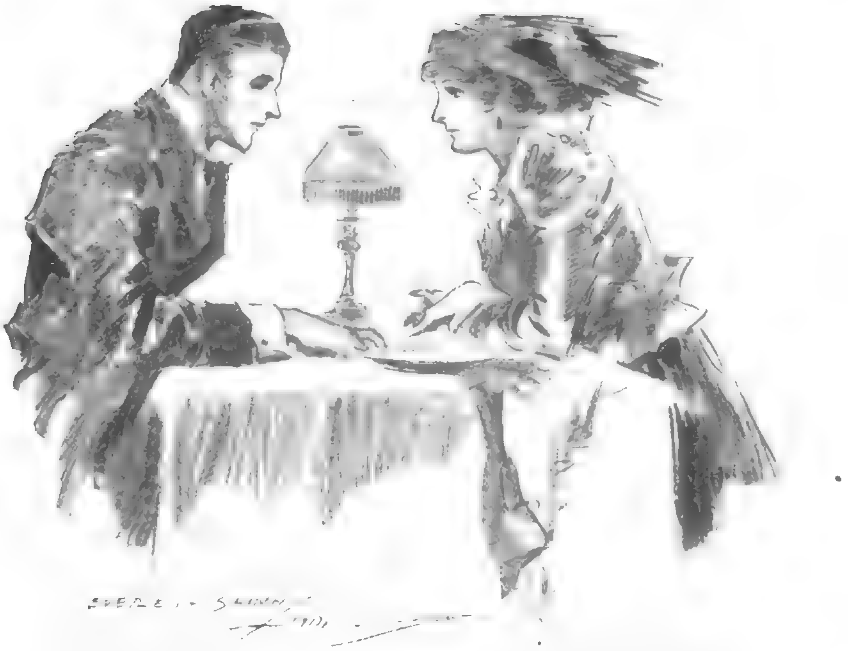
PAINTED BY EVERETT SHINN.

"AND ALL THE WHILE I'M LOVING YOU."

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

By Louise Glosser Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT SHINN



THEY BOTH LAUGHED. THEY LEANED ACROSS THE TABLE TO LOOK INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES.

PITMAN STOUGHTON entered the office of Mr. Emsworth in the expectation of finding there his sister, Helena. She had not yet arrived, and while this made her late for her appointment and was reprehensible, he showed a relieved mien to their old family lawyer.

The attorney who had been the guardian of the young pair as well as the trustee of the modest funds left them by their parents, lifted his head from his papers in the expectation of Helena's being the first arrival. He was also relieved. Yet she would surely come along in a moment; then they would have to face her.

He pushed cigars toward Stoughton and bit one off sternly himself. Each lighted a fortifier in nervous silence. The visitor was the first to speak—too nervous to keep quiet.

"We're going to have an awful half-hour with her, Mr. Emsworth—aren't we?" He was hoping Emsworth would say no.

But he did not. He assented by a movement of the head. "I wish she were a little younger; it would be easier," sighed the old gentleman.

"Younger? That would mean more tears, more protestations, more reproaches——"

"It isn't that," broke in Emsworth. "But Helena is old enough to know, or, at least, to feel, that she knows a good man when she meets one. She has had the experience of all beautiful women: refused some good offers, been cut up over that Jack Donnat affair—but learned a lot, and is pretty well fitted to tell us that she is no more likely to be bilked than we are."

"You mean," asked Stoughton anxiously, "that it's going to take a long time to convince her he's no good?" Stoughton had a luncheon appointment.

"Yes." Their guardian was grave. "And it's going to be a shock to her. Young girls can get over anything—they need to be shocked. It is their foundation for building up a decent ideal. They are hurt by the wrong ones, and in this way they instinctively seek and welcome the right ones. But Helena has reversed all this. She——"

He did not complete his thought, for a clerk opened the door, and Helena passed radiantly into the room with a little burst of apologies and enthusiastic greetings. She kissed both of the men and patted her brother's cheek, for she had but that morning returned from a visit in Virginia after a stay of some weeks. It was there she had met him—Calhoun Hunter, the author. She had written of her engagement, and the present congress was convened for the purpose of declaring, by the men closest to her, that Calhoun Hunter was undesirable.

But she did not know of this, apparently, and her brother marveled that she had no inkling of the tragedy hanging over her head. She had always been the sensitive one of the family—had "felt things" ahead. "Mean pig!" was what she said. "Why didn't you meet me at the train?"

"Couldn't make it, Sis; just came up from a week-end on Long Island, to see you here. Going right back."

Helena turned to Emsworth. "His whole nature has changed since he went into bachelor apartments. Auntie and I get only the scraps of his life."

"Wasn't auntie at the station?" asked Pitman.

"No—neuralgia; but it was all right." A rich happiness deepened her eyes. It was evident that she had been met by Calhoun Hunter. There was a momentary embarrassment—for them, not for her—as she settled down in her chair and looked tranquilly at the pair. She even reached for the scissors as though summoned to the office for the pleasant purpose of clipping coupons from long-forgotten bonds. It was passing through the minds of both of the men that by the power of words, words of one syllable—any mean choice of words—the happiness which was possessing her was to die out of her eyes, possibly, since she was no longer a slip of a girl, never to return. Pitman was wondering if this Hunter was such a bad fellow after all, but the older man did not stray, by any easy avoidance of truth, from the business at hand.

"Helena," said he gently, "you have written us that you have decided to marry. Well, your auntie will hate to have you leave her, and I don't like passing you over to the best man alive, but you're twenty-five, and I suppose I can't go on much longer feeling that you're a little girl."

Helena abandoned the scissors and laid her hand on his as it rested on his desk. "I want you always to feel that I'm your little girl, dear Mr. Emsworth, and always let me come to you to get scolded."

She was swimming prettily into his net. He almost regretted her simplicity. "The scoldings take different form as we develop, Helena. It's no longer too many frocks or not enough music-lessons, nor fear of your breaking down from your charity nursing in the settlement. But the same impulsiveness which I have always had to curb may get you into a more serious complication."

"You mean getting engaged to Mr. Hunter so quickly?"

"Not 'so quickly.'"

"Well?"

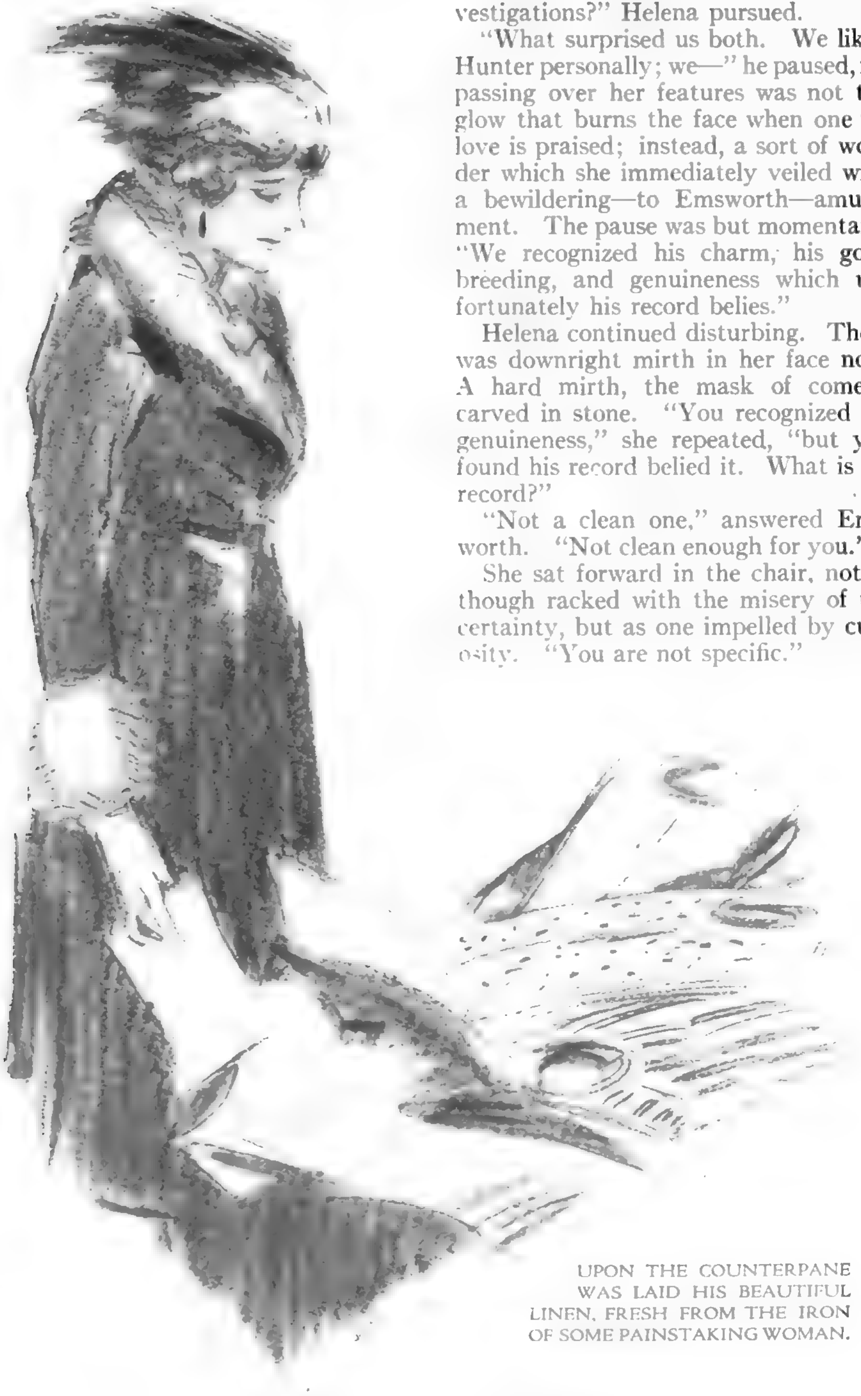
"I mean getting engaged to Mr. Hunter—at all."

She withdrew her hand. Pitman rose and walked to peer out of the window, barely refusing to be part of the plot. Emsworth would have none of this. He was willing to be spokesman, but he appreciated that it added force to his arguments to have her nearest of kin on his side. "Your brother and I have both met him, as you wished. We have dined with him and he with us, and we have——"

"Done some investigating of your host—and guest?" came the cool voice of the young woman.

"Yes," said the lawyer bluntly. Pitman came back and sat down. The affirmative of their guardian was the tossing of the ball into the diamond. The affair was opened, anyway. It would seem by the controlled voice of his sister that she was not going to cry, and he didn't so much mind a fight.

To Emsworth her query bespoke greater subtleties than gross battling. A master, through his long court-room experiences, of the shadings of the human voice, her mild sarcasm warned him of a defensive line of action which he could not believe she had suddenly adopted. Rather, she had entered upon the scene with mental powers drawn up in battle array. And behind her gay affection, behind the serenity of one who is loved, the exaltation of one who loves, lay a well-developed hostility.



UPON THE COUNTERPANE WAS LAID HIS BEAUTIFUL LINEN, FRESH FROM THE IRON OF SOME PAINSTAKING WOMAN.

For the moment, lacking a better hypothesis, he put down this unwelcome form of preparation as woman's armor buckled on to meet her natural enemy, man. She wanted something very much; she feared, inversely, they would not want it for her.

"And what did you find in your investigations?" Helena pursued.

"What surprised us both. We liked Hunter personally; we—" he paused, for passing over her features was not the glow that burns the face when one we love is praised; instead, a sort of wonder which she immediately veiled with a bewildering—to Emsworth—amusement. The pause was but momentary. "We recognized his charm, his good breeding, and genuineness which unfortunately his record belies."

Helena continued disturbing. There was downright mirth in her face now. A hard mirth, the mask of comedy carved in stone. "You recognized his genuineness," she repeated, "but you found his record belied it. What is his record?"

"Not a clean one," answered Emsworth. "Not clean enough for you."

She sat forward in the chair, not as though racked with the misery of uncertainty, but as one impelled by curiosity. "You are not specific."

"I'm going to be. I've been talking with the writing men I know, and while they grant him a brilliancy of style, I have been given to infer that he is troubled with a paucity of plot."

"But I've read his things. You haven't, probably. His stories are—how do they say—deeply plotted."

"Yes, but with plots not his own."

"Ah!" It was only a sudden intaking of the breath, not a quick expulsion forced from her by the blow the truth had dealt. She was obviously far from suffering; she was not even surprised; and there was nothing to be gathered from her exclamation save that the result of Emsworth's detective work had, in a measure, satisfied the curious unconformity of her mind.

Yet she combated him. "They were writers who told you this? They might be jealous. I hear there's a lot of it among those people."

"Some were editors. They like his work, yet are fearful of taking it—old plots rehashed, I believe."

PITMAN broke in, his voice petulant with concern. "It's a funny way for you to talk about writers, anyway, Sis, since you want to marry one of them. 'I hear there's a lot of it among those people.' As though they were a flock of strange birds."

"I'm glad you said that, Pit,"—flashing at him quickly. "Authors *are* strange birds—to us. What do we know about plots and getting them? We are of the business world. But I can understand some of it. I can understand how ten writers can read the same news item, and all of them see the possibilities of a story in it. And perhaps one story will come out in a magazine earlier than the others—earlier than Cal's, for instance. Some magazines make up months in advance, and he will have to suffer the deadly parallel."

Her brother regarded her solemnly. She was already getting the lingo: "deeply plotted"—"made up in advance"—"deadly parallel." If she were going to argue in a tongue strange to him he would have no chance at all.

Emsworth was not dazzled by her patois.

"I heard some writers in the Era Club speaking of that not long ago. A story based on an incident already given in news form to the public, or told at a table, might very well be honest material for any one who wants to use it. But the presentation of an idea as yours, of a psychological deduction, evolved by the brain of another writer and presented as your own, is a different matter."

"Have you a sample at hand?" she asked.

"I have. A young woman who writes for her living, and doesn't have a very good time of it, presented a synopsis of a story to Hunter for criticism. It contained a remarkable theory worked out from her study of life conditions. It was undoubtedly too subtle for her to handle with skill. She could never put it into salable form, and Hunter knew it. He told her this, advising her to stick to simpler themes. Later he asked her if he could use the idea for one of his novels."

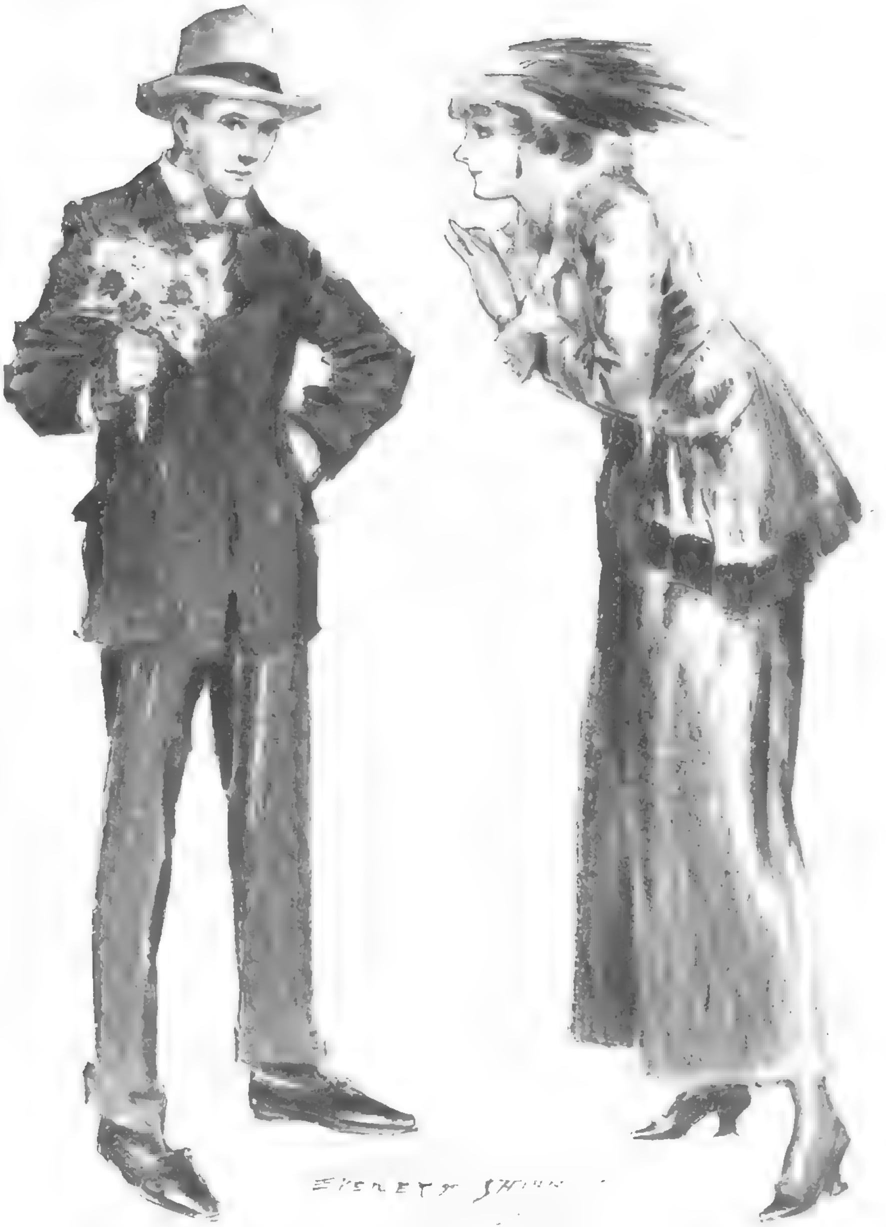
"And did she give it to him?"

"Yes."

"He must have paid her—she shouldn't have told on him," was her answer to this.

The two men did not look at her. They were a little bit ashamed for her. They were wondering, rather smugly, if the sex they cherished really enjoyed their own high principles. They did not know that she had strayed from the ethical problem. She was wondering who the woman was—and had they quarreled. Yes, they must have quarreled. They had to, that he might go to Virginia—and find her there.

"As a matter of fact," responded Mr. Emsworth, "she didn't tell. She had already shown the synopsis to a literary agent, and he recognized the plot. He challenged her with the gift to him and in her first confusion she admitted her generosity. Later, he congratulated Hunter on his novel theme and his congratulations were accepted." There was silence in the room. "I didn't mean to tell you this, Helena dear."



HE WOULD HAVE BEEN RIDICULOUS IF HE HAD NOT BEEN A LOVER.

SHE did not answer. She was deciding that it was all over between the man and woman writer. The woman's sufferings were spent. A dull little ache of a wish passed through her that it might soon be over for her. She did not define the "it," even to herself. The wearisomeness of this colloquy perhaps. She remained outwardly composed.

"Don't you get it, Helena?" cried her brother, impatient with her unresponsiveness. "He presents something smashing as his own, and everybody thinks he's a wonder. It's not like writing about three sheep and finding some one else has written about three sheep. It's—it's like stealing a patent, and getting all the praise for it."

Helena set her lips. "She gave it to him," was her answer.

"All right," said Emsworth briskly, as though overruled by the judge and passing swiftly on to his next attack. "Here's something else. He did a lot of investigating into business evils a few years ago—wrote some fine articles and exposed some bad spots to the sun. The magazine had announced in advance the various cannonadings he was to make, reserving the biggest bomb for the last, an enterprise most needing the attack. It was never written—at least, some one else did it, for the magazine had to make good its announcement. I heard from the editor that Hunter refused to complete his work, and—he bought a fine country place that year."

The color came to her cheeks now, a soft suffusion, not the blush of shame. She was thinking of this house of which he had told her. It was to be their haven. But she remained defiant. "Isn't that the history of many enterprises that have to do with business—or courtroom—life, for that matter? Aren't scandals always being hushed up, and aren't there a lot of people who think it's better to hush up scandals? And if he loses the price of a big article, shouldn't he be recompensed?"

YOUNG STOUGHTON bounded to his feet angrily. "Helena!" he exclaimed. "What's come over you? What makes you talk like this? I'm almost glad father is dead. He always took such pride in the integrity of our family and our associates. Why, why, you talk like a jailbird, Helena!"

The fierceness of the attack—upon her, not upon her lover—brought the late tears to his sister's eyes; but she did not abandon herself to them. With her hands, from which she had nervously stripped the gloves, clasped tightly together, she turned to the older man. "You know it is natural for me to make a fight for him. You know I've got to do it."

"I understand, my dear." Indeed, he was glad to see her moved by an emotion bare of all complexities. "But Pitman, in spite of his vehemence, has hit the nail on the head. The 'integrity of your associates,' he said. You have been brought up in an environment of honor, there are generations of worth back of you. You are not the woman who could be happy for any length of time with one whose record is not as stainless as were those of your forebears."

He pushed back his chair, which, the young couple knew, was his manner of closing an interview. There could be little said after the casters had rolled into the worn groove of the carpet. But Pitman felt it incumbent upon him to voice his approbation of the older man.

"What he says is true, old girl, and I hope to the Lord you'll get the clear view that we have of this man before it's too late."

It was the last rasp of the flint upon the stone. The three were standing now in a little triangle of opposition. The truth in Helena's heart blazed out:

"Now, I'm going to tell you something, something that will amaze you and shock you and make you sick for me—but it needn't. I'm going to tell you two, who are so clever in hunting up records, that I didn't have to hunt up his record. I knew about him all along."

"Ah." It was from Emsworth now—the intaking of the breath. This solved the oddity of her grim amusement. She knew, and they hadn't been clever enough. She knew intuitively. The younger man made no attempt at anything. He only stared at her. She swept on:

"I knew the minute my eyes met his for the first time that he wasn't perfectly straight. That somewhere, somehow, there was a kink in his moral nature. It was a warning as plain as the writing on the wall. It seems awful, but I've been interested rather than horrified at what you have managed to dig up."

HER brother had by this time decided that it was really a situation provocative of joy. "Then you're not in earnest about marrying him, Nellie?" He was very glad indeed it was coming out that way.

She shook her head at him and made a little forward gesture of sympathy with her hands. He wasn't so much younger than she, but he would never be as old. "No, dear, I'm going to marry him just the same. He's my mate—there isn't any getting away from it. I'm wise enough to know. He's my natural mate. What you said about him doesn't seem so terrible to me. Some because I was expecting revelations that would make me sorry. And some because it is out of the province of my complete understanding, these things he has done—and may do. They will never come into my life at all. They aren't the offenses that our own people might commit—our business acquaintances. There will never be a detective at the gate of our house waiting to take him away. It won't be like that."

She made as if to leave the room without further words, but Emsworth laid a hand upon her shoulder as she passed him. "All right, Helena; we can't stop you. But remember this: Hunter is not relieved of the necessity of coming up to the measure of a man because he is of a circle alien to you. There is but one yardstick for all of us. The inches missing in his height are of the same old system that we learned, when we were children, at school."

"They use the metric system, these geniuses." She was trying to brave it out. "I'm not familiar with it."

"One and all the same," responded Emsworth gravely.

The poor smile died from her lips. "I almost hope I'll find it so, but until then—I'm his."

It was Pitman who was crying. She kissed him and went out.

She was not as moved by the scene as those whom she had left. She had been prepared for the startling dénouement. More than that, uppermost in her mind was the dominant necessity that she must get away, for she was to lunch with Hunter. The men who chanced to descend with her in the elevator of the office-building smiled as her hands groped among the laces at her throat for the watch on her neck-chain. It bespoke an eagerness that had to do with a tryst of lovers. They were sympathetically relieved when she found the time not alarmingly advanced.

The interview had been so much shorter than it had seemed that she walked to the subway as slowly as her spirits would permit, and took a local up to the Grand Central Station. She would have time to think, to go over it all. She was breathing deeply from anticipation even as she reviewed her unhappy situation. It was a part of her being now. She told herself at times that existence might be flat without the whip of this complication. Yet she could never be deceived for long with the sophistry.

She was just an ordinary girl. She would have had him just as good as any man; not as ordinary, but as good. She recalled her first mental arrangement with life. It was all going to be so smooth. It was going to be quite as she said. In the first place, she would never love a knave—she was a lady. And she would never fall in love with a man who was not in love with her. She wouldn't, that was all.

WHILE she was saying this she had met Jack Donnat. She was eighteen then, and possibly because his name was Jack (all girls must fall in love with a Jack some time or other) she had offered in every timid yet insistent fashion within a young girl's book of modes, her sweet little self. And he would have none of her. It was a long time before she could believe that he did not care for her when she cared so much for him. His attitude was so outside the program of her life.

But she had to accept the corrected bill. There was a little fading, and a trip to Europe, and now at twenty-five she could see from what handsome and dull Jack Donnat had saved her when he philandered and rode away. He would never have done at all.

After him, agreeably blended with her enthusiastic nursing among the poor, came other young men as part of the day. Men who played tennis and were good; men who read books and were good; who danced and were good. But none of them possessed any combination of pleasing qualifications. It seemed to be an age of specializing in attributes, and as Helena believed in the composite young man, although she could not find him, she went on her graceful way alone, always with the confidence which never dies, that around the next corner she would find her romance.

She was in the Virginia woods when she turned the corner one afternoon and found her hostess confronting her in company with the latest guest. She looked up and the warning came: A wrong one—go slow.

But she had not gone slow. In spite of the curriculum arranged in her youth, in spite of the generations of worth back of her, in spite of the intuition which had been her unsolicited reward for earlier suffering, her heart went out to his.

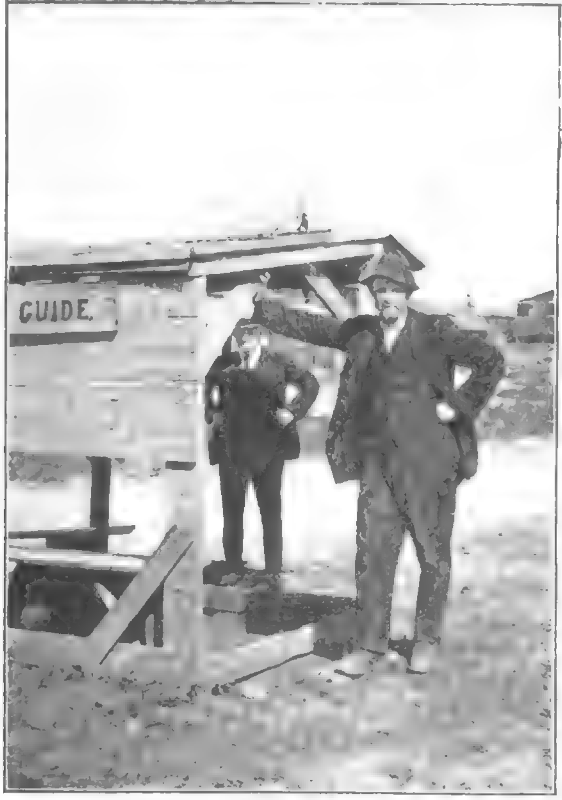
AT FIRST, after hours with him, hours of rich commune, easy laughter, and exquisite silences of love, she had gone to her room and wept passionately that the gods had withheld from him the grace of goodness on which she had laid such stress as the essential to her mate. Later, she had endeavored to deceive herself into the belief that she had been falsely apprised. He was so utterly without guile, so spontaneously kind, so gaily sacrificial. Failing in this, for she had looked once, at least, through the windows to his soul—and that vision was not to be forgotten—she had managed to blunt herself to the acceptance that, whatever his crookedness, it could have naught to do with her. She had been warned, had not heeded the warning, and that was the end of it. And with this for her platform she had gone to Emsworth and her brother.

Calhoun's first words to her bespoke an unashamed simplicity which but confirmed her that her choice was not to be questioned. She could see him standing on the platform as the express discharged its passengers. She crossed from the local to touch him upon the shoulder. He was looking for her. Every nerve in his body, every string in his heart was taut with watching. He was smiling eagerly, so that people turned to look at him, and smiled too. But he was unconscious of them. In his hand he carried a little bunch of flowers twisted in paper. He was holding them out from his fine body that his warmth might not lessen their beauty. He would have been ridiculous if he had not been a lover.

He turned and laughed aloud when she discovered herself to him. He did not seize her hand. He made no pretty

(Continued on page 88)

"THEY'RE COMING, KAISER WILLIAM, TWENTY MILLION STRONG."



THE CAMPS OF THE FIRST HALF MILLION

By Edward Hungerford

YESTERDAY this was a wilderness; a sweep of plain, a bordering group of hills, sentinel pines against the sky; in the bottoms a miasmic swamp with stripling trees burying their roots in the muck. A wild place indeed; a resort for berry-pickers or men and boys with dogs and guns, out from the neighboring town. To-day a city; a place of a thousand buildings set in regular rows and housing 40,000 men, boys full grown. A silent, busy community making its residents ready for the most serious business of their young lives—the saving of democracy for the world.

There are sixteen of these new military cities—technically they are known as cantonments—in the United States to-day. Together they constitute the most important construction problem that this country has met—and solved—since the Panama Canal was finished. And even that master work was not subjected to the time test that went into the building of the cantonments. For this is September, if you please, the fifth day of September, 1917. And the cleared hillock-top, upon which you stand and see the orderly pattern of the new cantonment, in the first week of June of the same year faced the tangle of underbrush and young pine-trees that had stubbornly remained wilderness ever since civilization first came to the land. Yet here in the first week of September—a space of a bare ninety days—the cantonment is practically finished. And these young men who come marching up the fine new road, their worldly goods in hand, are the advance guard of America's new National Army—the first of the selected half-million. Or, to be technically correct, the first five per cent. of the 650,000 young men of the land, chosen by the exemption boards to form the great main line of offensive against the distant fighting powers of autocracy. And the cantonment is the camp where they are to be made fit and ready for the great task just ahead of them.

IN THE first week of April, war against Germany was declared, and the United States began to gird up its loins for the struggle. Preparations were started to place both the Army and the Navy upon a war footing. The first of these two arms of the service was roughly divided into three great divisions: the Regular Army, as increased by voluntary enlistment to the existing standing army; the division builded up of the National Guard of the several states; and the still greater division—the National Army drawn from the young men of the land, all physically fit and between twenty-one

CAMP ZACHARY TAYLOR, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY. THESE BARRACKS, MADE OF TIMBER CUT AND SHAPED IN NUMBERED PIECES, SPRANG UP IN AN AVERAGE OF AN HOUR AND A HALF EACH—SEVEN DAYS FROM TREE TO FINISHED BUILDING!

and thirty-one years of age. Most of these had previously seen little or no military service. The regular establishments of the first division—the standing army of 350,000 men—were sufficient for its needs, trained as it was and practically ready for immediate action. For the federalized National Guard, some 350,000 more men with considerable military experience, it was estimated that only a comparatively short training period would be necessary. For these men large training-camps were opened in the South, where the climate is mild. It was felt that by Christmas time, or a little after that, they would be ready to go to France. Their camps, therefore, are of a comparatively temporary type. The men sleep in tents, and building construction is limited to mess-houses, hospitals, remount stations, warehouses and the like.

The real camp problem was for the National Army, the great body of more than a half-million untrained and undisciplined men, who must be molded into a compact and efficient fighting army before the beginning of another summer. The training of these men would be an all-winter problem. Therefore it was seen that, save in our extreme South, it would be impossible to house them in tents. It was necessary, then, to build barracks and many of them. And with the barracks came a multitude of allied problems—food, heat, sewerage, sanitation of every sort. Then followed the lesser problems—amusements, canteens or post-exchanges, as they are known, stabling or remount stations—a hospital big enough to take care of all the present or future needs of the army.

A New and Gigantic Problem

TO HAVE planned and builded one great permanent camp of this sort would have been a full man-sized job. But one camp for 650,000 men was out of the question. Then it was suggested that thirty-two of these camps be builded. This, in turn, was rejected. It was found that the transportation problem alone of bringing the many million feet of lumber required for the building of the camps was far too great to impose upon a railroad system weakened by long and continued neglect, and in 1917, struggling, as never before, to carry the burdens of the United States, involved in a real war for the first time in half a century.

In the long run, sixteen camps of approximately 40,000 men apiece were decided upon. It was planned to call them cantonments, in distinction to the more conventional form of military tented camp. A special bureau of the quartermaster's department of the Army was created for their planning and construction, and Colonel I. W. Littell, an experienced officer and graduate of West Point, was entrusted with the problem.

How thoroughly and well Colonel Littell and his staff worked is shown by the results. With a very few exceptions, the entire sixteen cantonments were practically finished by the first of September and ready for the first quota of the new National Army. And on the first day of June, work had not even been begun upon a single one of them.

To plan these cantonments, Colonel Littell drafted the services not only of architects and experienced building engineers, but of city-planners, too. For each of these cantonments was to be not only in effect, but actually, a city of some 40,000 men—of approximately a thousand buildings of fairly permanent construction. For the cantonment to be efficient, it was fundamental that it be well planned. And while the military necessities were ever to be recognized as the prime factors of the problem, there were many features of it that called for the experience of a new profession in America—the laying-out of communities with a view to both their beauty and efficiency.

Building Sixteen New Cities

THERE was nothing haphazard about the planning of the cantonments. Time was a tremendous factor, but neither the planners nor the builders could afford to go so rapidly that they went wrong. It was recognized that this was the biggest camp problem that the United States had ever faced.

The memories of army camps in previous wars were not pleasant ones. There were still too many men in the army who had been through the camp horrors of the Spanish War twenty years ago—who remembered all too keenly the blunders of rations, of transportation and of disease at its mobilization points. It was not forgotten that more men had died of disease in that small, short conflict than had met death at the hands of the enemy. And the privations and the fearful illnesses that others suffered because of a lack of intelligent thought at the beginning of that war, will never be fully known.

So it was that Sanitation came forward and has played a tremendous part in the building of our new cantonments. It was Sanitation that insisted that plumbing should be as fundamental a part of the camp as cots, and that all lavatory facilities should be in separate buildings from those in which enlisted men and officers slept and ate. It was Sanitation that decreed that the fly and the mosquito should be as tabu in the cantonment as snake or lizard or scavenger animal of any sort. No matter how big the cantonments; no matter how many of them—size only increased the responsibility. Sanitation was adamant. And Sanitation won.

Sixteen new cities for America! Sixteen cities, each the size of Easton, Pennsylvania, or Elmira, New York, or Kalamazoo, Michigan; each built to a definite and fairly common plan and all completed within from a hundred to one hundred and twenty days. Here, then was some slight measure of the problem. To measure it in still another way, consider the building of a community of wood equal in population to Cleveland or Pittsburgh or St. Louis; then the division of that great town into sixteen separate communities or cantonments—an average of one for each three states—and spread all the way across the face of the land from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to the State of Washington.

The question of location of the sixteen was not the least vexatious of the many phases of the huge problem. There were many ambitious, hungry towns who were not only willing but exceeding anxious to have the honor of a cantonment thrust upon them. Some of them did not hesitate to make their wants known through their senators and congressmen. But the War Department was completely deaf to such appeals. It tried as best it might to locate, quickly but efficiently, the sixteen great permanent camps.

It was argued, and not without reason, that the South offered the most logical sites for the cantonments whose first great work would be through the hard months of the coming winter. It is known that even southern California hardly offers a more equable climate than the great sloping plateau that sweeps from the base of the Appalachian chain down to the Atlantic.

Two of the cantonments—Camp Gordon, near Atlanta, and Camp Jackson, at Columbia, South Carolina, were placed upon this plateau, while two more—Camp Lee, at Petersburg, Virginia, and Camp Meade, at Annapolis Junction, Maryland, are contiguous to it. Besides, the majority of the federalized National Guard camps, anticipating the few short autumn months under canvas, had been placed in the South. Transportation plays an enormous part, not only in the building, but in the life of an army camp; and the railroad facilities of the South already were being taxed to their uttermost. Moreover, there were distinct advantages to be gained by avoiding long hauls of the men selected by the draft and in keeping them in training within reasonable access of their friends and relatives.

Their Location

BEYOND all this there were some men—most of them Northerners—who argued that training in the arduous winters of the North would better fit these new soldiers for life in the trenches of France during a full half of the year, to say nothing of the necessities of the Russian front, should it ever be decided to send our boys there. They called attention to the remarkable

THE NEWCOMER'S TEETH ARE INSPECTED BEFORE HE SITS DOWN TO HIS FIRST MEAL AT CAMP.

vigor and vitality of the men raised upon the New England hillsides. And in the end, Camp Devens was located at Ayer, Massachusetts—just thirty-six miles northwest from Boston. Other camps placed in the North were at Battle Creek, Michigan, at Rockford, Illinois, and at American Lake, Washington—although the last has no rigorous winter whatsoever and is generally ranked as a Far Western instead of a Northern cantonment.

TO GET FROM THESE BARRACKS, HIS FIRST STATION, TO BERLIN HE WILL NEED GOOD YANKEE FEET. THAT'S WHY HE IS BEING MEASURED IMMEDIATELY FOR THE RIGHT SHOES.

The fairness and the impartiality with which these camps were located may best be seen by a reference to the following complete list of them:

Camp Devens, Ayer, Massachusetts.
Camp Upton, Yaphank, New York (Long Island).
Camp Dix, Wrightstown, New Jersey.
Camp Meade, Annapolis Junction, Maryland.
Camp Lee, Petersburg, Virginia.
Camp Jackson, Columbia, South Carolina.
Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Georgia.
Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Michigan.
Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky.
Camp Pike, Little Rock, Arkansas.
Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois.
Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa.
Camp Funston, Fort Riley, Kansas.
Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas.
Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington.

Please notice "Camp Zachary Taylor." Originally that was "Camp Taylor," in full keeping with the short titles of the other cantonments. But a number of Louisville folks objected. And their objection was voiced by the *Courier-Journal*, which allowed that there were a lot of Taylors in and around Kentucky and admitted that some of them had been "ornery folks." There must be no mistaking the fact that the Kentucky cantonment was named for old "Rough and Ready." And so potent was the pleading of the veteran editor of the *Courier-Journal* that even the War Department reversed itself; and Camp Zachary Taylor it has become and Camp Zachary Taylor it will remain.

Transportation, as I have intimated, has been a mighty factor in the placing of some camps. In every case but one it has been the endeavor to place them at or near a large railroad center.

Poor Yaphank!

THE exception is Camp Upton, at Yaphank, on Long Island, which stands upon a single railroad and is in a large sense isolated from all but one of the trunk-line railroad systems. But Camp Upton is designed solely for the reception and training of troops from the city of New York. And its railroad connections with that city are entirely adequate. In fact, transportation, bad as it may be, is the least of the evils at Yaphank. For, as a result of Long Island indifference—to say nothing of Long Island avarice—Yaphank stands as a sort of Cinderella among her sister cantonments. Not only is the site—a dreary expanse of sand, scrub-oak, poison-ivy—apparently by far the poorest of all chosen for our army camps, but on the first of September, when three of the cantonments reported themselves "one hundred per cent. complete," and a dozen others almost so, Yaphank answered the roll-call thirty-three per cent. complete.

From the beginning, her record has been one of constant troubles. It had become known in May that a cantonment was to be placed upon Long Island. There had not been such a fever of excitement among land-owners since the days of the big real-estate booms, a full decade ago. Then they had seen their worthless sand acres transformed into city lots and streets of communities suburban to metropolitan New York. Now was another such opportunity. Prices on the scrub acres rose overnight—fabulously. And the government agents were forced to take refuge at Yaphank—the center of the island and its least desirable section.

Labor troubles followed on the heels of the land troubles. There were times when it looked as if Camp Upton would not even be thirty-three per cent. ready by the first week in September—the date set by Washington for the coming of the first of the selected men to each of the National Army cantonments. There were troubles in making the place sanitary—making it even decently fit for human habitation. Sanitation, which holds the whip-hand in the making of these cantonments, has not forgotten that one of the Spanish

War camps was situate upon Long Island.

But Camp Upton has been placed in charge of one of the ablest of American military experts—Major-General J. Franklin Bell. You may be assured that General Bell is fully aware of the obstacles under which his charge has labored at the start. And you need not be astonished if, at the end, there is not one of the sixteen cantonments which exceeds Upton in comfort, in the thoroughness of its work or in the good health of its men.

Taming the Land Sharks

A WHOLE book might be written on the trials of the government agents with land sharks. Long Island has had no monopoly of the genus. There is, in the very heart of one of the Southern cantonments, a tract of from forty to fifty acres, uncleared and untamed, standing in sullen contrast to the cleanliness and life and activity round about it. When I visited that cantonment in September, I asked the commanding general about that tract. He explained that its owner had refused to consider any reasonable figure from the Government for either its sale or lease.

"Will he do anything with it now?" I ventured.

"He may put up some shacks for stores—or a moving-picture house," was the reply.

"Won't he make more that way than he would by letting his land go to the Government?"

The answer was prompt.

"He will *not*. For as soon as he puts up anything of that sort I shall order it closed and kept closed. My authority is absolute roundabout this camp."

And into the old fighter's eyes there crept a grim smile—the grim smile of satisfaction that the older army men have borrowed from the Indians.

It is only fair to add, however, that cases such as these have been the exception. There have been many abominable forms of extortion, but as a rule the land-owners at the sites selected acted in a splendid spirit of cooperation. In several cases the Chambers of Commerce of adjoining towns proved themselves of great assistance. They were able to bring the right sort of pressure and at the right moment—when it became necessary.

With the locations finally selected, the work of planning the individual cantonments began. In general the plans for all of them were alike. At the railroad—an inevitable and invaluable accessory of the camp—were placed its warehouses and its freight-houses and, in the cases where it was necessary to generate its own electricity, its power-houses as well. Railroad sidings also were placed to serve the remount stations or corrals, each capable of accommodating from 8,000 to 12,000 horses, and, while quite distinct from the camp, still a most important part of it.

One other function of the cantonment stands in a similar separate relation—the base hospital. It, too, is to a degree remote, in order to gain quiet, and yet near enough to share its advantages. And in practically every instance it has been possible to locate the hospital upon the highest portion of the camp-site, thus ensuring the very best of drainage.

The design of these hospitals is uniform; an administration building surrounded by from twenty to forty wards, nurses' homes, and structures of various other functions. The entire plant is but one story high, and wide-spread. And between all of the wards and the operating-rooms are covered passageways whose maximum grades must never exceed three-and-one-half per cent., for the easy transferring of patients in wheel-chairs or litters. The entire establishment is equipped with from 800 to 1,200 beds, as well as with the most modern of medical and surgical equipment. And it is only in these hospital wards that plumbing of any sort is permitted to enter the sleeping quarters of the camp.

For the normal, active, busy men of the cantonment it was recognized that the two primary living problems would be the furnishing of food and of beds. At the time that Colonel Littell was first planning his cantonments, the strength of a United States infantry regiment was fixed at ten companies of 120 men each. The plan then resolved itself into providing an individual barracks building for each company, with separate quarters close by for the officers, and the bringing of ten of the barracks buildings into a single regimental block, which in turn would contain its regimental office and living quarters.

Making the Camps Fit the Men

SINCE that plan was adopted and the cantonments practically completed, the organization scheme of the United States Army has been radically changed in order to make it conform to the infantry regiments of our allies overseas. Trench warfare has become so exact a military science as to demand companies and regiments of absolutely uniform size and organization. And so today our infantry regiment is three times the size of the regiment of a very few years ago—with 3,600 enrolled in its ranks, 250 men to a standard company.

The change came too late to adapt the cantonment plans to it. But provisions are under way to rearrange the regimental blocks so as to provide for the new organization with a minimum of change or upset. And by the time these words come to your eye the thing will be done. With the construction methods of the modern cantonment building a barracks building is only a little more than the raising of a tent.

In order to bring a company unit of 200 privates, with a petty commanding officer in immediate charge, under a single roof, and still keep a camp of 40,000 men from being unwieldy it was found necessary to make the standard barracks a two-story structure. And in order to remain within the sharp time limits which the situation had placed upon the raising of our backbone army, it was necessary to adhere to the simplest forms of construction.

Good architects designed the standard cantonment barracks. But they were not allowed to exercise any of the flights so dear to the professional house-planner's heart. Instead, they were ordered to a most rigid simplicity. In this they have succeeded—decidedly. The buildings uniformly are forty-three feet in width and from 200 to 250 feet in length. Upon their ground floor, a broad hall, with a door at each end, divides them across the middle. At one side of this hall is the mess-room—its backless benches designed to seat the entire company at a single time. There is an open kitchen at one end of this room with a serving counter, which helps keep the hungry rookies from completely overwhelming friend cook and his helpers.

Simplicity and Speed

UP TO this counter three times a day march the soldier-boys, meat-pans and drinking-cups in hand. When both are filled, it is back to the stiff benches and the long pine tables which front them. The tables are bare, of course. Simplicity and speed. And yet there has been no lack of forethought.

"Do you see those half-inch cracks between the planks?" says the constructing quartermaster of one of the cantonments as he shows it to you.

You see the cracks and prepare to hear some poor contractor damned for his carelessness. But not so.

"My idea," grins the quartermaster. "I beat the old sanitary officer to it for once. If we had built those tables with the green boards close together, they would have spread apart as they dried out and there would be cracks to catch the food-crums. That is worth as much as all of his fussing about covering every knot-hole to shut out Mr. Fly."

It is your turn to grin.

"Sanitary officer's sort of a bogy-man around here?" you venture.

But he is entirely serious as he replies:

"He's somebody to talk about. But every last one of us believes in him. He's done wonders. He's got some more to do. If he can get rid of the mosquitoes next summer up at Yaphank he will be a wizard. And that is the very thing he is going to do."

You may be sure of that. And if it is your boy that is to be one of the 40,000 at one of the big cantonments, the benefit is going to be his—in more ways than can easily be put down here.

The rest of the ground floor of the barracks, the entire second floor in addition, is given to sleeping quarters for the 200 men it holds. In three great rooms the boys are bunked, their neat iron cots close together as in a fire-house. For a time the use of "double-decker" cots, such as are installed in many college dormitories and fraternity houses, was considered. But the same stern old sanitation board demanded that each man be given 500 cubic feet of air for his very own—and the "double-decker" plan was abandoned.

The dormitories, as well as all the rest of the barracks, are lighted by electricity and, except in the South, where great stoves are used, are heated by steam from a central heating-plant. The buildings may be plain, but they are comfortable and entirely suited to their purpose.

The officers' quarters, although but a single story in height, are similar in general construction to the barracks of the men. Their furnishings are brought to the barracks standard. The army, in its planning at least, is exquisitely democratic. Your boy and any other boy will be sure to have the same treatment, the same housing, the same fare, when they go to the cantonment. There are neither bulldogs, nor privately kept motor-cars there. It is theoretical democracy reduced to plain, hard practise.

The Plans

AFTER the locations and after the plans, the biggest job of all—the work of actual construction. It was decided to have the clearing and the building of the cantonments let, in each case, to a single contractor. And because of the fact that rough plans had barely been drawn and because it was known that they would have to be frequently revised before the completion of the work, it was out of the question to have bids received on the competitive or "lump-sum" basis.

Contrary to the ordinary building practise, design and construction proceeded side by side all summer at each of the cantonments. This was comparatively simple under the method adopted in the contracts. In these, the contractor agreed to do the work at actual cost, plus an additional percentage large enough to cover his "overhead" and allow him a decent profit. This last was fixed in the neighborhood of seven per cent. Therefore, as long as he received his plans far enough in advance to order his materials and to keep his men employed, the work could proceed without delay. And the army sharps and the expert city builders could plan and change to their heart's content.

The order of procedure was laid out as carefully and as definitely as that of—let us say a circus, which steals into town at dawn, erects a canvas city, tears it down, and sweeps out again at night.

First the site was to be cleared, graded in some places, if necessary, although obviously this heavy work was to be kept at a minimum. After that, the trenches for the water-pipes and sewers and the railroad and highway construction. And, of these early stages, this last by far the most important. I rode in September in a stout "sea-going" automobile over an abominable road that led to the division headquarters of one of the cantonments, and found my only comfort in listening to the cursings that came from the mouth of the division quartermaster.

Roads First

"ANOTHER time—if ever there is another time—our contractor will know better," he said. "It has been his loss more than ours. He has been compelled to send out his trucks with half-loads, and then to have the exquisite pain of seeing them racked to pieces under his very eyes. If he had only taken a little time at the beginning, put in solid foundations and upon them builded real highways, he would have saved not only time but many thousands of dollars at the end."

In contrast to this was Camp Zachary Taylor, at Louisville. Its contractor had real forethought. He put in his highroads at the beginning, and they were real highroads. That is attested by the fact that when I saw them in mid-September they were still surfaced like park drives—and this despite the terrific punishment that they had received for three months. The saving in equipment and efficiency, to say nothing of the nerves and tempers of time-pressed men, was something to be measured in many dollars.

After the roads, the barracks and the latrines, headquarters, warehouses—finally the base hospital and the remount station. In addition to all of these, many smaller utilities. For instance, there are the water-works in places where water is not procurable from some neighboring city.

The maximum water-use of the cantonments for both men and horses is variously estimated at from 1,500,000 to 2,500,000 gallons a day. And even in the case where some near-by city—such as Louisville, with its newly completed and admirable water-works and filter system—or Little Rock or Columbia—is able to supply the water, there must be local storage, for pressure and against emergency. Invariably the water is stored in great casks—really huge affairs of redwood bound with steel; thirty feet in diameter, each holding approximately 200,000 gallons. The building of these casks was in itself no small task.

Sewage disposal was a special problem that had to be met and solved—in some cases, as in Atlanta, by the construction of elaborate septic and purifying tanks. Old man Sanitation had a large day in these things.

Fire protection was another problem. It was not enough that the blocks of infantry barracks and the other buildings of the cantonment were separated by wide open spaces and that there were hydrants at each important corner. Motor-driven fire apparatus had to be purchased and fire departments organized at each of the cantonments to operate it. At Camp Devens at Ayer, there have been, since almost the very formation of the camp, four fire stations, as complete as one might find in any city of 40,000 inhabitants.

The social life of the cantonment has demanded many buildings—canteens or post-exchanges, in some cases motion-picture theaters, and in every case not one but a dozen structures given over to the use of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Knights of Columbus, painted a bright and conspicuous green. These buildings are also of the simplest construction.

Major-General E. F. Glenn, commanding Camp Sherman, at Chillicothe, has devised a central post-exchange which is much more elaborate than the regimental post-exchanges common to most of the other cantonments. This ample, two storied building, with a double gallery or porch running around about it, is founded upon the success of a similar institution at the Officers' Training-Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison, at Indianapolis, which General Glenn conducted during the early part of the present year. That post-exchange, by an ingenious letting of its privileges, cleared $20,000 as its season's profit. And he expects, with a central post-exchange, to have as ingenious and efficient a method of centralizing his camp life as could well be devised.

Efficiency and Convenience

CAMP SHERMAN also boasts a community laundry—the only large brick building which I have seen at any of the cantonments. In theory, the soldier, particularly the private, washes his own clothes. Facilities have been provided at the latrines for this. In practise, he rarely does. And at most of the cantonments, arrangements have been made with near-by laundries for the granting of special rates to the soldiers. General Glenn, located just outside a small and rather overburdened town, made the laundry a concession, and leased it under a contract which will enable the average soldier to have his entire "wash" done at a cost of hardly more than two dollars a month.

Here, then, the plan. How was it made effective. Take Camp Devans, at Ayer, Massachusetts—a most excellent example. Devens came into

THE FIRST LINE-UP OF THE "N.A.'S" FOR THE PROCESS OF REMOVING THE KINKS OF CIVIL LIFE.

existence in the last week of May, when Captain Canfield and Major Jones and Captain Taylor, all experienced army engineers, but assigned to the Quartermaster's Department, stepped off a Boston and Maine train at that junction town. With them was associated Frank A. Barbour, an experienced civilian who had charge of the engineer corps during the construction.

These men completed the reconnaissance survey of the camp-site, approximately two by three miles in size.

The Building of Camp Devens

THEY supervised the contractor in his preliminary clearings, in his digging of trenches for water-pipes and sewers and in his opening of the first rough roads that preceded the coming of far better ones. And upon the heels of these men came Sanitation—in the person of Major Glenn I. Jones, of the medical corps of the Regular Army. With Major Jones was associated a young reserve officer just out of Plattsburg—Captain Arthur F. Brown.

Major Jones and Captain Brown tackled their task with enthusiasm. They drilled new wells upon the campsite and then went to all the farmers' wells for miles around, tested them, and when there was the slightest suspicion of taint, either filled or sealed them.

A larger problem confronted them, however. The cantonment was being builded partly by Italians—many thousands of them. The Italians, true to the traditions of their race and native land, refused to eat at the big central commissary which the contractor had erected for the convenience of his workmen. They preferred to do their own cooking. And Brown, with the shrewdness of a Yankee trader, made a dicker with them whereby he established a grocery for them on the condition that they would abandon one pet Italian tradition and would burn every scrap of their garbage after each and every meal. Brown kept his contract. He saw to it that they kept theirs.

So much for the sanitation. Now consider the construction. Building first meant materials, then labor. The greater portion of material was, of course, the lumber. The Washington authorities, in cooperation with the lumbermen all the way across the land, had arranged for this. The railroads, acting through their big central organization, the American Railway Association, had promised expedited transportation for the timber. And the contractor had chiefly to see to it that he had men ready to handle it as fast as the cars might bring it to his sidings.

In a somewhat similar way the chief problem of this labor situation had been anticipated at Washington. To build, not one great cantonment, but sixteen in a hundred days, and to have it known that time was so pressing a factor, would be bound to excite the cupidity of the local labor leaders and make the contractors' life one strike after another.

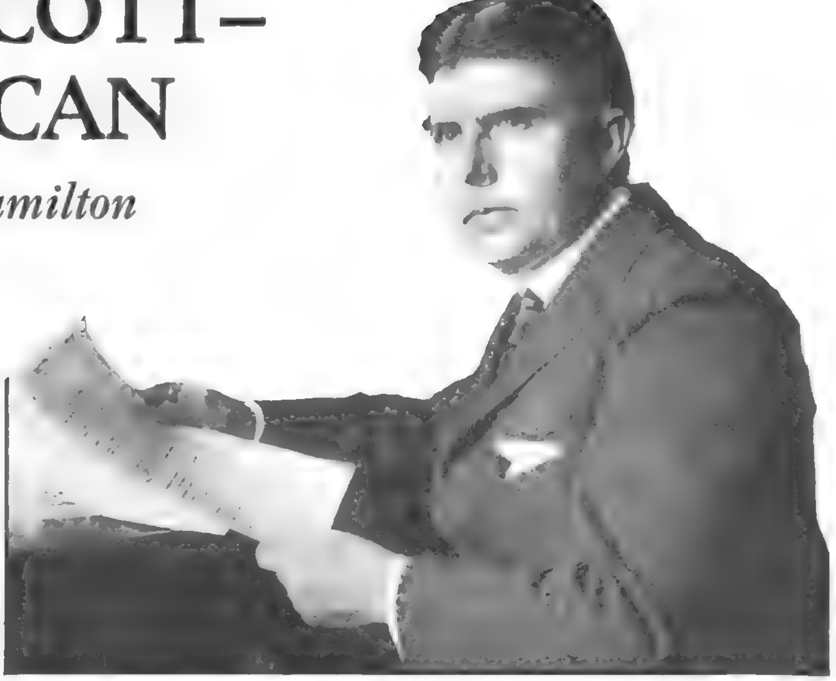
The Labor Problem

WASHINGTON recognized the bigness of such a possibility and squarely took hold of it. Lewis B. Wehle, a keen young lawyer, associated with the United States Shipping Board, was chosen to take the first steps. He acted promptly. Before the middle of June he was in conference with both the Secretary of War, representing the cantonments, and one Samuel Gompers, who sits in Washington not only as a member of the Advisory Commission of the

(Continued on page 98)

FRANK SCOTT–AMERICAN

By Allen Hamilton



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FRANK A. SCOTT, Chairman of the War Industries Board, comes close to being a perfect expression of that intangible, yet very real thing that we call "the genius of a free people." A poor boy, robbed of a chance for schooling by his bitter necessities, and facing life without the aid of friends or influence, he rose to wealth and position, and to-day, in an hour of national need, stands among America's elect in a place of tremendous power.

The War Industries Board is the Government's answer to the situation's demand for concentrated authority. Seven men compose it: Admiral Frank F. Fletcher, representing the Navy; Lieutenant-Colonel Palmer E. Pierce, for the Army; Hugh Frayne, of the American Federation of Labor; Bernard M. Baruch, the New York financier; Robert S. Brookings, of St. Louis; and Robert S. Lovett, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Southern Pacific Railroad. *And* Frank A. Scott.

From this body flows a vast stream of administrative activity. Colonel Pierce and Admiral Fletcher present the needs of the war-making branches of the Government, Mr. Baruch's province is the world of raw materials, Mr. Brooking looks after the finished product, Judge Lovett is master in all questions of priority, and Mr. Frayne is the expert in dealing with the human element in industry.

It is the job of Frank Scott to keep all these strings in his hands, to see that full effectiveness is gained by an absolute coordination, and as from a watch-tower, to guard the country against the sly approaches of greed and rapacity. For, mind you, in the War Industries Board is centered the answerable responsibility for the purchase of America's war supplies—a business running high into the billions.

AND Frank Scott started as a newsboy in the streets of Cleveland hardly more than forty years ago! His father died when the son was ten, and in order to aid a mother left penniless, the youngster got a job delivering papers. Getting up long before daylight, he trudged over his route, and after a day in school, he sold papers on the streets until his tired little legs carried him home to his dinner.

At twelve he left school definitely for work in a telegraph office, and he is still remembered in Cleveland as the one messenger boy who "never loitered," who did not read dime novels, and whose mouth was minus a cigaret.

A railroad office, liking his looks, gave him a place as office boy, and before his majority he was a specialist on freight rates, and a highly prized employee. The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, deciding to fight for community growth instead of waiting for it, looked around to find a freight-rates expert, and Scott was elected by acclamation. From that post he went to the assistant secretaryship, and then into the secretary's office.

Everybody admired Frank Scott because of the ability that he was always demonstrating, but more than that, everybody *liked* him. He was clean of mind and clean of mouth without being priggish, he worked all the time, yet never lacked time to be human, and in an atmosphere of intense competition, he made kindness his principle of life. No one ever heard him say an ugly thing or saw him do one!

Naturally enough, business reached out for him. He went from the Chamber of Commerce to be secretary and treasurer of a trust company, and made good there just as he had made good in his other jobs. So much so that the City of Cleveland turned to him in the day when the powers of High Finance schemed Tom Johnson's three cent street railway into disaster. As receiver, Mr. Scott restored the company to solvency and success, and made it a going concern that justified a people's faith in the radical idea.

A great Cleveland firm, eager for a pair of younger shoulders to shift the burden, asked Frank Scott to come over and be its vice-president and general manager. Instead of sitting in an office the new official took to the road, explored every corner of the civilized globe, studied world trade, and as a result, that which had been a big business became an international business.

Shortly after the declaration of war, when the whole munitions business was getting into a sad tangle, Secretary of War, Baker, sent a hurry call to Cleveland for Frank Scott. "Come and straighten things out," he ordered.

At once, and without thought of the sacrifice entailed, Scott came and "straightened." Under his direction a General Munitions Board was formed to coordinate the various purchasing activities of the Government, to the end that order, economy, and efficiency were brought out of chaos. Naturally enough, when the Administration decided upon a War Industries Board, the last word in concentrated drive, Frank Scott was chosen chairman.

A big man, this Scott person, but better than that, a *good* man. He believes in all the old-fashioned virtues like honesty and honor and good faith and patriotism, and what is more to the point, he *practises* them. As yet, no such scandals have broken as cursed the Spanish-American and Civil wars, but, nevertheless, to Washington have come some men who seem to see in America's crisis nothing more than an opportunity to add more dirty dollars to their grimy hoardings.

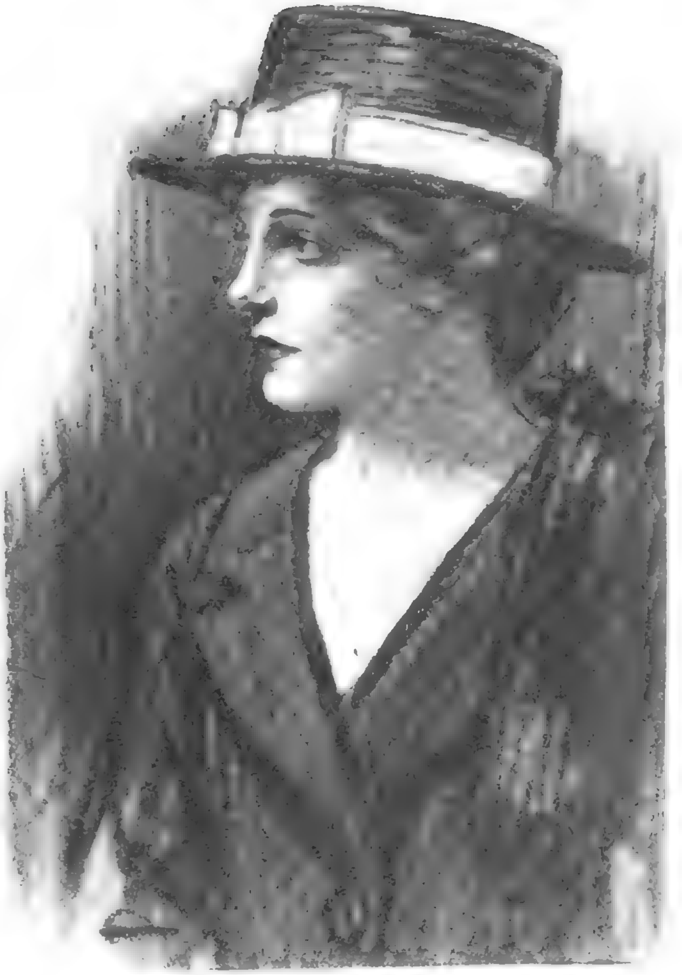
Against these Frank Scott stands like solid granite. They can't buy him, they can't fool him, they can't frighten him; and when the smoke of his daily battles clears away, it is seen that the forces of greed have met with another defeat.

Taken all in all, Frank Scott stands for the thing that has made America and that will *win* for America—the capacity to work practicality and idealism in double harness.

PRONOUNCED CWIX-OT-IC

By Wilbur Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL



THE DOOR OPENED. "YES?" THE GIRL SAID IMPERSONALLY—AND THEN RECOGNIZED HIM.

FOR the first time in his orderly life Wayne found himself moved to do an irrational, spontaneous thing.

His disciplined mind told him he was mad, but he clung to his impulse stubbornly. It concerned the girl riding opposite him, a total stranger, and, apart from its debatable logic, was simple enough: a driving desire to afford her an opportunity for dressing up to her beauty. The coldest logic would have been compelled to admit the inadequacy of a scheme which denied her that opportunity; Wayne's unwonted mood went farther, and indignantly demanded that the scheme be amended. His disciplined mind blushed for him.

The car was crowded and close. Wayne had boarded it as the easier alternative to telephoning for a taxi and waiting for it in the rain, elbowed by the crowd of boys who had swarmed from nowhere when his roadster, skidding, had lurched down drunkenly with a broken wheel. Simpson would attend to getting first aid, but in the meantime there was the Forresters' dinner. He gave the chauffeur a bank-note and ran for the car.

He was not habitually a patron of street-cars, although he had nothing against them, unless it was that they *were* so often crowded and close. But he was sensible enough to appreciate the human limitations which accounted for them and their passengers, and put up with their inconvenience good-humoredly, mildly wondering, as he often did, why the Waynes had always been permitted to avoid all inconvenience when there were many other millions just as worthy, so accustomed to it that they scarcely recognized it as such. Thus cogitating, he had looked up as the man above him loosed hold on a swaying strap to turn his newspaper, and had caught sight of the girl.

Her eyes attracted him, partly because they were so glorious, partly because by chance they met his. He looked past her quickly, with inbred courtesy, and the damp newspaper of his strap-hanging neighbor closed down before him. Wayne contemplated the impression he had gotten of those eyes across the way. They were brown, but that was not all. They were a living brown. He tried to recall exactly what was meant by the adjective "lambent," found his memory vague on the point, but accepted the word as euphonious and probably applicable. Like most healthy young men who are neither artists nor moon-calves, he had only the sketchiest capacity for the details of beauty, and on the question of this particular pair of eyes would have been hard put to explain why he recognized them as the most distinctive and glorious he had ever seen.

A large, motherly woman next him rose, at this point, and left the car, and the newspaper reader sat down, with scarcely more than one glance from the paragraph that absorbed him, and grunting a little. Wayne found himself looking into the brown eyes once more, and felt that he was coloring. But the girl was not, apparently, conscious of him at all, for she continued to confront him steadily with a little pucker of abstraction that was, to say the least, eliminative. Seizing this moment, he tested his former fleeting appraisal of her eyes, and in doing so discovered that they were adequately framed by her face and hair.

Her complexion was—exceptional and unexceptional. Her mouth and chin (specific adjectives failed him again!) were irresistible. If she had a facial fault it was that her nose might be criticised as a trifle broad at the base, but it was tiptilted enough so that a carping critic might find himself forewarned against saying so. Her hair was almost hidden, but straying strands and locks promised generously for it. Wayne looked at her hands, hurt to see how red and worn they were, and gave one glance at her feet. It was then, as his eyes fell, that he became suddenly irrational.

More than anything he had ever desired in his life, he wanted now to make it possible for this little mortal body to put on the immortality of apparel worthy of her! Perhaps there was something of the artist in him after all—he remembered hearing Alfredo Ianelli shriek in public once or twice at a color scheme unmarked by casual others, and seeing the painter tear a hat from Doris Meade's head at the Somerset and trample on it, in a perfect rage, because it was unbecoming. What Ianelli would say about the pitiable incongruity across the car Wayne could only imagine. At any rate, the artist was some justification for himself and his sudden irrationality. Unquestionably there was never human body crying aloud for the fine, that bore so much of the common.

Wayne's impression, here again, was vague. The hat hiding that lustrous hair was an amorphous, colorless something with a brim and a crown and a ribbon. Ianelli would certainly have required a straight-jacket on glimpsing it! Below it there was a coat of dull and seedy brown (Wayne was certain enough of his adjectives now!), the age of which could be approximated even by male stupidity in such matters. And it was too small, and too short. Luckily it was too short, or Wayne would have had nothing as to dress to go on. But from beneath the coat two or three inches of lifeless, cottony-looking cloth appeared; a white that Wayne thought must be gingham or calico—marked with irritatingly formless blotches of gray, and with lines of tiny dots. These blotches and dots annoyed Wayne exceedingly—they were so senseless and silly and yet so blatant. They seemed to say, quite plainly, "We are part of a pattern that came whirling out of a machine by the thousands of yards. There is nothing exclusive about us; we trademark cheapness and are proud of it!" Wayne damned the pattern violently under his breath.

COTTON stockings, of course! and not even shiny cotton, imitative of something better!

Uncompromising, heavy, thick, and but washily black! Faded black cotton stockings on the girl with the lambent brown eyes! Wayne damned the stockings. Shoes that were insults to a Creator who could make such a woman—once patent leather, with tops of some nameless color, and material probably sold as suède; altogether shapeless and obviously sizes too large! Wayne was choosing an expletive for the shoes when one of them was moved quickly forward, and the girl rose lightly as a bird from a very prosy and prosaic bough, and made her way, out of the front door of the car.

She had only half a dozen steps to take, but those finished Wayne's business for him. There was one point on which he was quite egotistically certain—he knew grace and carriage when he saw it. The girl was not tall, and the bulky brown coat, small as it was for her, had made her appear when sitting rather compact. That was the word—compact. But no being compact could have moved with the swing and lightness with which this girl moved. The car lurched a trifle. The lithe body on the forward platform moved against the car's heavy rock as easily as a dancer takes up the shock of a turn. A man, unmindful of her, stood up suddenly in her path, but she avoided collision with him by catching a seat bracket and holding herself, like a deer startled. When her way was clear she passed on, dropped from the steps . . . the car started. A corner post informed Wayne that hers was North Lorena Street. He rose.

His Wayne brain called him an ass, but he would not listen. He crowded rather precipitately to the rear of the car and signaled the conductor.

"Cheeseborough Lane?" the man asked, snatching at the bell-rope.

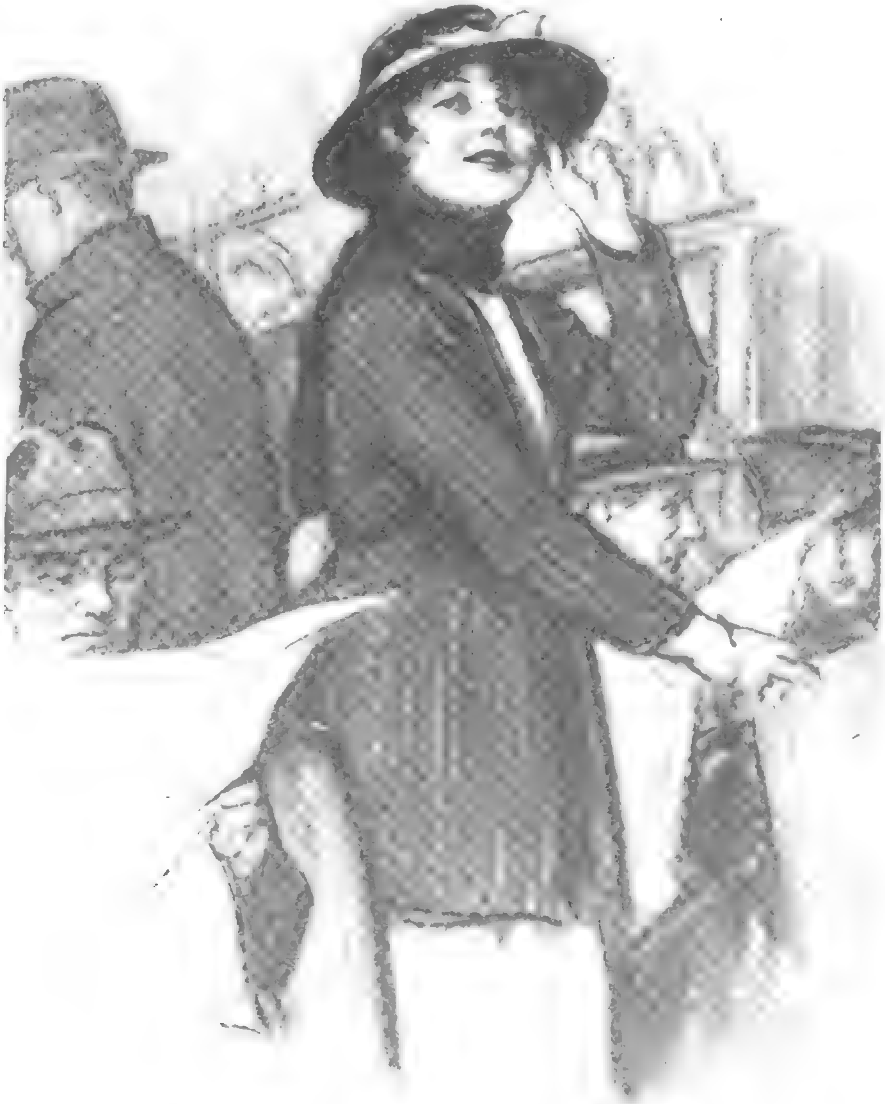
Wayne nodded. Beyond the unemotional creature of street-car necessities, he could see the girl in the brown coat crossing the other tracks and treading along a path beset with pools of dirty water on the shining asphalt. The rain had degenerated into a disagreeable drizzle. In a moment Wayne was standing in it—and a pool of dirty water on the shining asphalt—wondering what he was going to do next.

That Wayne brain of his made a connection at last. "Board the next car, of course, simpleton. You'll be late at the Forresters, and Madge will go down to dinner alone, and then there'll be the deuce to pay!"

"All right," Wayne said aloud. "What if there is? I'm going to make a fool of myself anyway—and the Forresters can't add anything to *that!*"

He flung to the sidewalk and hurried toward the darkening street into which the girl with the brown coat had flitted. He knew that it was a short thoroughfare, blinded by an abrupt rise of ground, with only half a dozen houses along the east, and with the dreary wall of a dreary cemetery flanking the whole western length. Of all the impossible places for a supposedly omniscient scheme to plant such a girl! Wayne plunged ahead, already disturbed by apprehension that she might have disappeared before he could reach the corner. He began to have visions of himself asking from door to door, like a book agent, if they could tell him in which house there lived a girl with lambent brown eyes!

But the omniscient scheme seemed to have gained some sense of proportion at last. For, as he turned into Lorena Street, he saw the miserable brown coat go up the steps of the last house but one, in the row. He surveyed those he was passing—mean, drab little residences all, considerably run down at the heel, one or two with scraggy lawns, most of them depending for decorative effect on empty tin cans, bits of rags and old newspaper, and a wheelless baby-carriage or two. Behind them tipsy sheds and crazy chicken-yards, and here and there the inevitable red geranium of the southern California "bungalow." All this went so well with the faded brown coat and that insufferable gingham, or calico! Wayne snorted. And so came opposite the last house but one before he had



SHE AVOIDED COLLISION BY CATCHING A SEAT BRACKET.

taken time to consider how he would move thereafter.

No one who knows Wayne, or who knows a man like Wayne, will be able to comprehend the subordination of his brain, in this instance, to his irrationality. Certainly he was not a philanderer, for he made no effort to flirt with the girl on the car. On the other hand, he was entirely conscious that his impulse was not altogether altruistic nor impersonal. He wanted, it is true, to see this girl dressed in such habiliments as would properly set off her beauty, but the very phrasing of his wish had the personal content. He wanted to see her fittingly garbed—it was subjective as well as objective to him. And suddenly his orderly Wayne brain began to marshal the delicacies of his position and to confront him with them. As, if she were a nice girl she would flame with indignation; if she were not, he would be disappointed; if she were sensitive, she might be cruelly hurt; if she were bold, she would misunderstand him—and supposing that she were engaged—or married!

Nevertheless the Wayne mind raged vainly. Its owner, feeling instinctively that if he wavered, he would be borne down by his orderly reason and sent scurrying back, sooner or later, to that despised car-line and the Forrester engagement, turned a deaf ear and quickened his steps. The thing came to a touch as he neared the front walk of that last house but one; he came very near indeed to taking one step too many and being carried by. If he had been——

But he was not. With his heart beating and his face red, he was, the next thing he knew, knocking at the door.

He heard footsteps, unmistakably hers, inside, and the door opened.

"Yes?" the girl said, impersonally—and then recognized him!

He felt certain that she recognized him and that she thought instantly all manner of hateful things. She raised her hand quickly, and caught and latched the brass lock of the screen door.

WAYNE'S embarrassment took the form of a guilty and hangdog appearance, and he fumed at feeling that it did. But, if he could have known, standing there, hat in hand, tall and well-groomed, and with his fitted overcoat giving him an air almost distinguished, his look of guilt rather became him. Meantime the girl was waiting, her face a little pale.

Irrationality spoke. "May I see your father—or mother?" he asked.

"Mother isn't in yet," she answered. Wayne liked her voice—of course.

But her sentence had left a father out of the system entirely. "Will she be here soon, do you think?"

"She should be. She usually gets home about the time I do. Is there anything——?"

"I wonder if you'd mind my waiting here on the porch for her?"

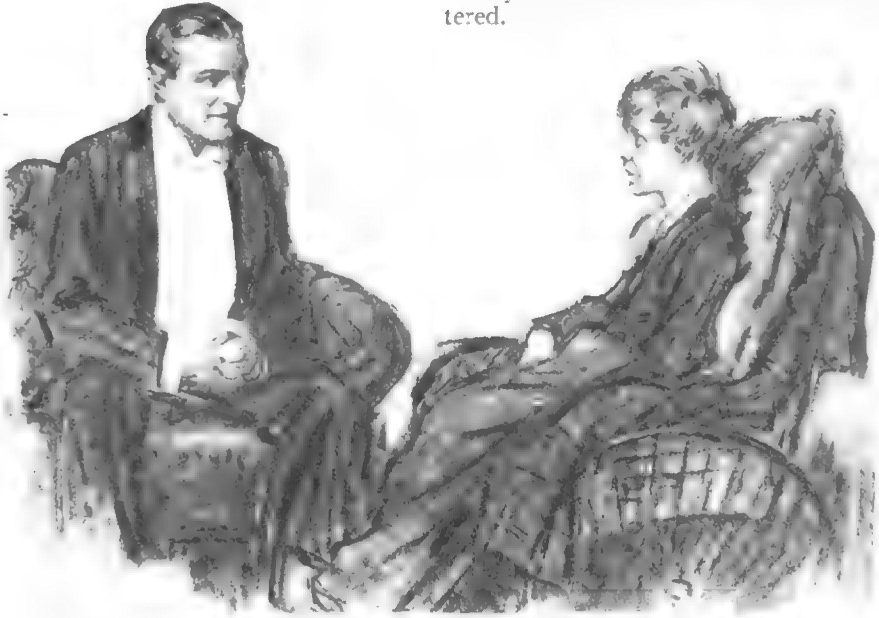
The girl had been looking at him very searchingly, and obliquely he saw that she unlatched the screen. "Won't you come in and wait?" she asked.

"Thanks. But I think I'd better not—I can sit down here." He indicated the porch railing.

Then she laughed, and he knew that she was all he had imagined, and more. "I wouldn't try it, if I were you."

"Am I too heavy?"

"Even I am."



"I'LL BE EVER SO HAPPY IF YOU'LL TELL ME ABOUT THE SEA AND THE *'SPRAY'*."

"Oh—Well, I can sit on the steps."

"You'd look like a landlord's agent, and mother wouldn't dare come home at all. You had really better come in." And she held the screen door open.

Wayne went in. He entered the tiny, battered living-room to which she pointed the way, and found it all that the outside of the house, the neighboring houses, the street, the faded brown coat, the shapeless hat, and the cottony stockings presaged. He made a wry face.

"Sit down," the girl said. She did not offer to take his hat, therefore he laid it on a stand, awkwardly.

"Thanks. You won't let me keep you. I suppose there's supper, perhaps, to be gotten, and——"

"There is. Supper—and Admiral Jackanapes."

"Oh. I see."

She laughed quite unrestrainedly. "Do you? I expect you think you see a brindle bull—or a parrot. Admiral Jackanapes is my brother."

In the darkness of an adjoining room rose a piping voice. "Aye, aye, my lass! The admiral's mess; it's just four bells!"

"Coming, Admiral," the girl with the brown eyes answered cheerily.

Wayne was brought back to himself and her when she began tugging at the too-tight sleeves of the rusty coat. She had been so wholly identified to him by the garment that he had not noticed before that she had had no time to doff it before he had knocked, on her very heels. He took a quick step and helped her with it.

"Thanks," she said, and gathered the cloak on her arm. "Now you must sit down, and I'll run along to the galley. The admiral will have me walking the plank if I keep him waiting."

Wayne sat down. "What a bloodthirsty admiral it must be!" he bantered.

"Dreadful! For the lightest offense I go into chains, and——"

She was interrupted by that piping little voice again. "Ahoy, for'ard!" it cried. "Who's this aboard?"

"Jackanapes!" the girl cried, warningly.

But their visitor touched her arm audaciously. "Ahoy, aft, sir!" he bellowed in his deepest tones. "It's only Captain Don Wayne, of the steam-yacht *Spray*, sir."

There was a moment's breathless silence. Then Wayne heard the muffled rumble of rubber tires across creaking floor boards, and into the room came a shrunken, white-faced little boy, of ten or eleven, with great golden brown eyes and fair hair tossed back from his forehead, propelling a wheeled chair in which he sat bolstered up with pillows.

"Ahoy, Captain Wayne!" he cried.

"Jackanapes!" His sister frowned at him, though with smiling lips. "You weren't invited."

Wayne rose and crossed to the chair, looking at the girl as he went. "Please let him," he pleaded. "If you don't mind, the admiral and I can swap yarns while you're stirring up the plum-duff for whatever it is to be."

"It *is* plum-duff to-night!" the little invalid exclaimed, gleefully. "How did you know?"

"I guessed it—Saturday night, you see. Every well-conducted flag-ship has plum-duff on Saturday nights, I'm sure!"

The sister dropped her coat and turned slowly to Wayne. "Saturday!" she cried. "Of course. I'm sorry that I forgot that."

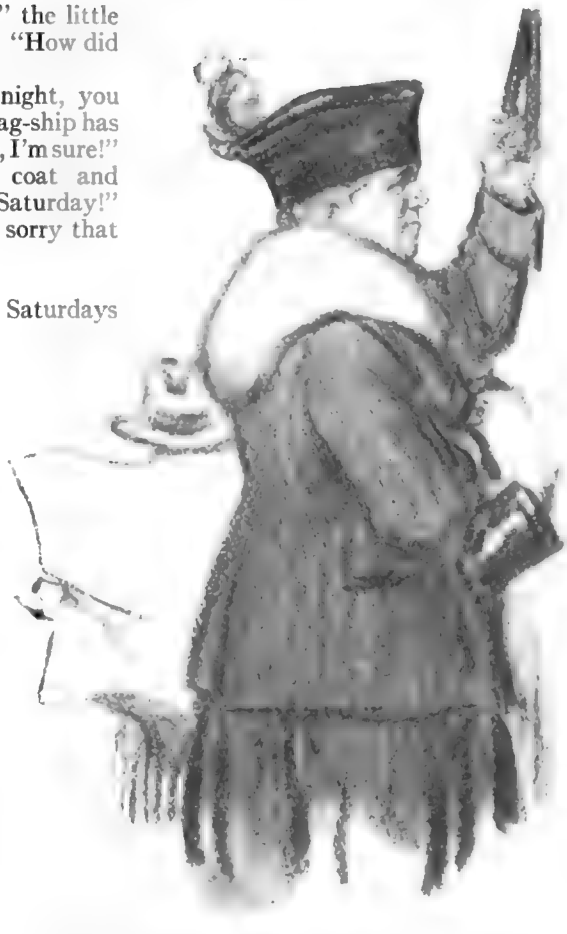
"Yes?" Wayne said.

"Mother is never home Saturdays until quite late. I'm afraid I've put you out."

Wayne's face fell. "Oh," he said. "She's really quite late, then, to-night?"

Admiral Jackanapes struck in excitedly. "That doesn't make any difference, Elizabeth. You can stay anyway, can't you, Captain? I've wanted so much to talk to a regular seafaring man." He caught Wayne's hand. "You *are* Captain Don Wayne, of the steam-yacht *Spray*, really and truly, aren't you?"

Wayne nodded. "I am. But I'm not a seafaring man, exactly, Admiral. You understand that steam-yachts only put out when their owners can raise money enough to fuel and victual them. And that's once in a blue moon, sometimes."


A LARGE, MOTHERLY WOMAN ROSE, AND THE NEWSPAPER READER SAT DOWN.

"But you've been to sea?"

"Oh, often."

The admiral clapped his hands. "Isn't that slum-gumptious, Beth? Think of it—and in a steam yacht! How many tons is she, Captain, and what's her length and her beam, and can she go clear out to the open sea, and is she an oil-burner—oh, tell me everything about her. I love that name, *Spray!*"

Wayne looked at Elizabeth doubtfully. "I don't want to violate any of the traditions of the fleet," he said. "But it might amuse the admiral."

She laughed. "I've noticed that you seamen all stand together. You must let me take your coat, if you stay."

He tried to avoid haste in accepting her suggestion, but he was not long in sliding out of the garment. Then he colored, looking down at his dress clothes, that seemed almost loud in the unconventional setting.

"Oh!" the girl of the brown eyes cried, "you're dressed for a function! You'll be late. Really, Jackanapes——"

Wayne looked at her squarely. "The function will go swimmingly without me, Miss Elizabeth," he said, straightforwardly. "If you don't actually order me out——"

She took his coat. "It's all a mystery to me. But I sha'n't order you out—not yet."

The small boy in the chair clutched at Wayne's sleeve. "Sure she won't," he said, encouragingly. "Elizabeth never does anything to make me up-and-down miserable. And I'll be ever so happy if you'll tell me about the sea and the *Spray*."

Elizabeth disappeared the way Admiral Jackanapes had come, and Wayne found a seat. Just what violence he proceeded then to do to his own love of veracity Wayne never afterward could recall; but, drawn on by the odd little manikin in the invalid's chair, he certainly expanded his own somewhat prosy experience as the registered owner and master of a small steam-yacht. In a fashion exceedingly cavalier, he metamorphosed his usual passengers from gay and laughing girls, staid dowagers, and rather noisy men, into buccaneers of the most hairy and be-pistoled sort, into blockade-runners bold beyond belief, into adventurers after lost maidens and seekers after lost treasure—and the parts of the world into which that fifty-six-foot yacht steamed in the next half hour would require the charting of unexampled courses, and a critical examination of her master as to mental competence by maritime boards untold. Admiral Jackanapes clamored always for more—until the plum-duff appeared, rolling luxuriously on an imitation mahogany serving-table *set for three!*

Wayne sprang to his feet. "Oh, Miss Elizabeth!" he cried. "I'm unconscionable! You shouldn't — I really must——"

She had put on an enveloping white apron, unmarred by shrieking dots, and had whipped her tantalizing brown hair into a new form, caught back on her neck by two long pins; and if ever artistic perception found itself justified by revelation, Don Wayne was justified in her. She smiled, showing her even, strong teeth.

"You were so confident that your function would go swimmingly!" she mocked. "And the Blairs never turned a hungry man away. Sit down again."

Here he was—Mr. Van Bibber and the prospective fairy godfather rolled into one—and the little girl with the brown eyes, whose beauty had cried out piteously to him for a frame, was dominating the situation in a starchy white apron and her hair done with the latest and smartest twist! Dominating the situation, and him! He chuckled, gloatingly deriding his orderly Wayne brain. Irrationality sat enthroned, and his Wayne brain groveled—and reveled, too!

Admiral Jackanapes became almost wholly lost at once, mere food calling to him. Elizabeth Blair—if that was the name—turned on Captain Don Wayne, of the steam-yacht *Spray*, brown eyes devoid of guile. "Are you one of those men who droop and pine without your tea or coffee?" she asked, poising a blue pitcher.

HE LOOKED frankly into her eyes. "Is that chocolate? No, I never drink anything else when I can get chocolate. Do you mean that you made those biscuits?"

"I made those biscuits. Do they frighten you?"

"No," he blurted; "but you do."

She rested the blue pitcher momentarily on the edge of the serving-table. "I've been hoping that you wouldn't disappoint me," she said slowly.

Wayne colored. "Will you forget that I said that? I'm sorry."

"I believe you are," she said judicially. "I'll forget."

It was a close shave, and Wayne knew it well. For the first time he was embarrassed. But Admiral Jackanapes saved the critical moment with declamation concerning the venturings and adventurings of the good yacht *Spray*, and presently the thermometer rose. Miss Elizabeth relaxed. Jackanapes, returning as suddenly to his food as he had plunged into discourse, drew himself thus apart, and the others fell into conversational step. Wayne found himself compelled to keep up, at times, by sheer effort of mind. It was quite apparent that the girl, starved for such dialogue, was confronting a keen intellect on his chance-offered wits. Then a remark caused him to interrupt her.

"When were you at Holyoke?" he demanded abruptly.

"Ages ago," she responded.

Wayne flushed. "I didn't mean to snap you up that way. But you are such a surprising person."

So her story came out—an old one in the Southwest. An invalid father, traveling expenses, infidelity on the part of men left back there somewhere in charge of hastily abandoned enterprises, perforce; the seizure of the delicate little brother by the inherited malady; the father's death—— "It's not epic," she said, concluding. "I know of dozens of other girls who are worse off. But you can understand that one doesn't talk of Holyoke in a department store. Night school will give me stenography, and then I'll laugh at trouble!"

Wayne felt, somewhere behind his eyes, those swelling premonitions of tears which are acute to men. But they were controlled by the primeval flood of wrath at Fate. He held himself steady, and changed the subject. Through banter and lightness, with an occasional word for Admiral Jackanapes emerging, gorged, from his exclusion, Wayne piloted the conversation. But somewhere within he was buckling on armor and slaying dragons and charging baleful enemies, a very Knight of the Serving-Table. . . . The girl with the brown eyes laughed at some quip, the meal was capped with plumduff in the form of strawberry shortcake, Admiral Jackanapes said a reluctant good night, accompanied by many fantastic pledges of a permanent alliance, and Wayne was left alone to cogitate while the sister rolled the invalid away to his cabin.

"CHEESEBOROUGH LANE?" THE MAN ASKED, SNATCHING THE BELL-ROPE.

NOW Wayne found himself confronted with the necessity for thinking in some coherent and rational fashion. Just exactly what he had expected to do at this shabby little house, when he left the street-car to find it, he was by no means certain. There remained to him only his first passionate desire to give the girl of the brown coat and the cotton stockings one complete outfitting such as her beauty demanded, if he could do nothing more. He realized now that, even if her mother had been at home, he could scarcely have said so, however. His sketchy plan of campaign had carried him to the point of scheming to find out who she was and where she lived. Obviously, with that information in hand, some diplomatically conceived arrangements should have been possible to carry out the original, irrational project.

But now, realizing that he had that for which he had come to the poor little home, Wayne suddenly knew that he wanted more. He wanted to talk to the girl—the real girl behind their chatter and fencing. He wanted to discover her. He wanted her to discover him. And he rose and swung about the small room tempestuously when he realized that he wanted violently to meet her on common ground, the barriers between them broken down. All her flaming signals had been set instantly when he had, for a moment, become personal with that silly phrase about being afraid of her. He had meant just that, without recognizing until she had stopped him, that he could by no means tell her just what "that" was. The trouble was, that he had been the author of a fantastic little comedy—or, at least, his irrationality had been—in which he, the Prince Charming, was to fit the glass slipper to her little cotton-stockinged foot, and she, the simple, trusting Cinderella, was to submit thankfully, and by his generosity and his resources of gold! And then, presto!—Cinderella had upreared a disdainful head and demanded to know whether he was going, after all, to disappoint her! No, the comedy had fallen flat, and the curtain was down.

He stood frowning at himself in a crooked mirror over the fireplace of the threadbare front room, his arms crossed and his feet apart. Then he started. In the mirror he saw her at his elbow, quite demure, and a little smiling.

"Just exactly why," she questioned quietly, "did you follow me here?"

"To find out where you lived." He stood without turning, looking at her still in that distorting mirror.

"Why?"

"Why? Because I—I had an idea—I thought——"

"Well?"

He shrugged uncomfortably. "You wouldn't forgive me if I told you the truth?"

"I would never forgive you if you didn't tell me precisely that."

He swung around. "Will you suspend sentence until I've told the whole thing?"

"Yes."

"My name is Donald Wayne," he began awkwardly. "My family has been here always, pretty nearly, and my mother owns property, and a business. We have a certain standing . . . Do you understand why I'm telling you this?"

"Certainly. I've known for an hour who you were, from the newspapers, and all. Go on, Mr. Wayne."

"Thanks. I'm—I'm not a flirt."

She laughed aloud, ringingly. "I should say you're not!" she agreed.

"How do you know? What do you mean?"

"Your methods. I've been the flirtee too often."

"Men have—have spoken to you?" He colored. "Have they followed you?"

"Certainly. Lots of working girls are followed and annoyed. Most of them are, I guess, at one time or another in their lives."

He shuddered. "Good Lord!" he ejaculated, heavily. "I never thought of that."

"I know. You were saying——"

"When I first saw you on the car to-night I had a sudden, crazy impulse to give you—to see if I couldn't—if you would——"

He stopped, mopping his face nervously. All at once the telling was impossible. The girl looked honestly puzzled.

"I've promised not to be angry until I've heard you through, Mr. Wayne," she said, quite friendly and pleasant. "I don't think it *can* be so dreadful."

"It isn't—not in intention. But I'm beginning to see now that one couldn't very well put it into words."

"Was it honest?"

"It was honest."

"Let me put it another way. What would your mother have said if you had told her you thought of doing this—whatever it was?"

Wayne studied, then in a flash he caught a picture of his mother facing irrationality! He put back his head and roared. "Mother?" he gasped. "She would have—she would have fainted! She would have had me watched, or sent to an asylum. In short, she would have said that I had gone stick, stark, staring crazy!"

The girl with the brown eyes watched him, and laughed a little, too. But her forehead was puckered abstractedly, as it had been when he had first confronted her on the car. "Sit down," she said. "You've aroused my curiosity now; in a minute I'll be begging you to tell me."

She dropped into a deep, old-fashioned lounge, with high back and ends, and with a quick, boyish movement tucked her feet under her. Wayne, waved to the other end of the couch, sat down, stretching his legs and eying his shining shoes doubtfully.

"It all sounds quixotic to me now," he hesitated.

"That is pronounced 'cwix-ot-ic,'" she corrected. Then laughed, as he turned questioning eyes on her. "No, it's not my education. I just happen to have looked it up recently. Go on, Don!"

He stared. "That's odd," he said, pleased at her quip. "I never thought of my name in that connection before. Perhaps it's atavistic—my irrational impulse."

"Perhaps it is. But of course I can't judge until you've told me what the Don Quixote in you prompted you to do. Please tell. I sha'n't bite."

He faced her resolutely, and told.

For a long time she sat quietly, looking away, and slowly crossing and recrossing her hands. Wayne rose and picked up his hat uncomfortably, but put it down again.

"I'm sorry I told you," he said, his voice hoarse. "It was all mad. It was before I knew you. Now I can see what—what an ass I was. And a brute!"

"No," she broke in, quietly; "you weren't that. Of course it was rather—personal, wasn't it?"

"It was impudent!"

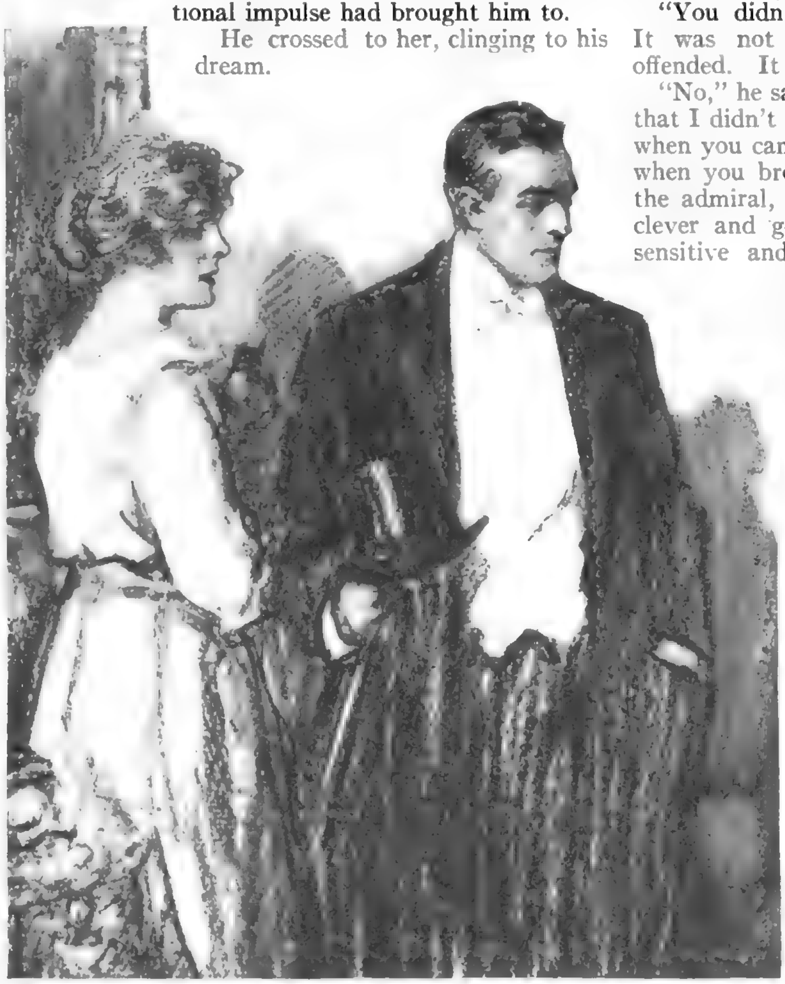
"You didn't mean to to be that."

"God knows I didn't!"

"Oh," she cried, suddenly; "I know I'm shabby. I want clothes, and shoes, and hats. Since I was in school I haven't had any. Not gorgeous ones. Not even good ones. And you don't know what clothes mean to a girl—you think you do, but only a girl knows. And she doesn't know if she has them. There have been times when I've thought I would steal to get one real dress! I want them—heaps and heaps!"

If she had whined, Wayne's irrationality might have been given check. But she had only told him, almost impersonally, what was in her heart. It even seemed that her outburst bore no relation to what he had confessed of his own impulse in the matter. And so it did not occur to him to flash back: "All right, then, you shall have more clothes than you can possibly dream of!" That sort of thing was utterly inhibited. Oddly, the clothes she wanted—the clothes he had come there to tell her, or her mother, or some one, she could have—seemed suddenly as much out of the question for him to buy her as for her to buy for herself. She wanted pretty things, silken things, soft things, things with frills and laces and tucks and buckles and bangles—and he would have sacrificed anything he could think of if she could but have them. Yet they were equally helpless. That was the twist this irrational impulse had brought him to.

He crossed to her, clinging to his dream.



"THANKS, I'M NOT A FLIRT." "I SHOULD SAY YOU'RE NOT," SHE AGREED.

"Elizabeth," he blurted, touching her shoulder gently; "I've always had everything I wanted. All my life. Until now."

She looked up at him and repeated dully: "Until now?"

"Yes." He sat down beside her. "I came here to find your name and address so that I could get you clothes, all the clothes you've ever wanted. I could do it easily—I could afford it, I mean. I don't know that I've ever thought before, really and seriously, how it would feel to be unable to have clothes. I knew that people didn't have them, and I suppose I must have known that they wanted them. But just how badly, or why they couldn't, some way, have them, I haven't stopped to think."

"I can understand that," she said, smiling.

"No, you can't understand it—not the extent of my thoughtlessness. When I saw you on the car it seemed a perfectly simple matter of finding out who you were. I don't know what I expected to do next, but I could have had orders sent you from department stores and tailors, anonymously—something! That was all I wanted to do. My impulse was to give your graceful shoulders and your pretty feet and your dream face a frame worthy of them. It was a matter of impulse—with money to carry it through!"

"You didn't count me in at all?" It was not a brusk question, nor offended. It was gently asked.

"No," he said, hesitatingly, "I guess that I didn't count you in at all. But when you came to the door—certainly when you brought me in, and I met the admiral, and saw how brave and clever and gentle you are, and how sensitive and womanly, I began to count you in tremendously. And I began to realize that, for once, I was not going to have the thing I wanted."

"No," she said, almost gaily, "you can see that plainly now. Because, even if you were to propose such an unconventional thing, I couldn't accept it."

"I know that you couldn't. I'm not offering it. I'm disappointed, that's all."

"Because I'm not silly enough to listen to the plan, even though I know that you meant it generously?"

"No. Because clothes for you don't matter now."

"What do you mean?"

A moment before he would not have known himself what he meant. But they had gone rushing on together and now, abruptly, they both knew. Wayne felt his throat dry, and there was a queer singing in his head. Elizabeth Blair drew back from him a little, and relaxed in her corner of the old lounge.

"What do you mean?" she repeated, trembling.

"If I had met you differently—if I hadn't told you what brought me here—I might have won your friendship. When you know me better—well, I expect that's all out of the question now. I'd better go. But before I do——"

She whipped from the lounge and ran out of the room. She was gone for several minutes. Wayne, staring at the floor, cursed his own impotent, blundering, headlong rush to this disastrous point. From the first he had been selfish; that was quite clear now, And she had discovered that—put a finger on it instantly. After that nothing could help him with her!

Then she reentered, calm as a May morning, and held his dress overcoat out toward him.

"It's all been very mad, hasn't it?" she said, trying to be pleasant and frank.

"You are charitable," he replied bitterly.

"Well, you came here with charitable plans," she reminded him.

"Don't be revengeful."

"I'm not being revengeful. I think we will both soon forget it. Don't think I'm cross, either. But I expect it would be a difficult thing to explain to mother."

"Yes," he said dully, taking the coat from her; "I expect it would."

"You were kind to little Jackanapes, Mr. Wayne. Be sure that I appreciate that. He doesn't have much fun, you know."

"Oh, that's another thing." Wayne threw his coat down and fumbled in a waistcoat pocket. "I've promised him a trip on the *Spray*, and I must leave him a note."

Seeing him at a loss she brought a tablet. Wayne frowned as he wrote, leaning against the mantelpiece. He folded the paper and addressed it: "Admiral Jackanapes, Aboard the Flagship."

"I wonder if you would come with him some time?" he asked doubtfully.

She shook her head. "I don't believe I could. But perhaps mother would. It would do her good."

"Of course. By all means." Wayne picked up the coat.

"Can I hold it for you?"

"It slips on easily, thank you."

He was conscious of utter banality. Nothing occurred to him to say. Looking ahead, he was aware that another meeting would be impossible. If the tangle he had made, blunderingly, could not be straightened out now—if she could not be made to understand . . . But she was wondering what they would tell her mother, perhaps momentarily expected. And of course she was right! Hereafter, so help him Heaven, he would harken to the warnings of his staid, respectable, well-ordered Wayne brain, and let quixotic—no, cwix-ot-ic—impulses send other mad fools chasing away after irrational will-o'-the-wisps! . . . He floundered awkwardly into his coat sleeves.

Elizabeth Blair seized the garment in competent hands and pulled it from him. "You've gotten it all topsy-turvy!" she protested, in a queer, strained voice. "Let me fix it."

He yielded it meekly, every vestige of Prince Bountiful stripped from him, and faced about, catching his coat cuffs and extending his arms for the sleeves. Chagrin and embarrassment impeded him. The process lengthened.

Then he heard a sob behind him. He lunged out, his hands shooting into those perverse sleeves, and tried to turn to her.

ADMIRAL JACKANAPES CLAMORED ALWAYS FOR MORE.

"No," she said hysterically. "No, d-d-don't pull that way . . . there. Good n-night. Go-good-by!"

Literally he was evicted. At the door she had reached past him, holding him so that he could not swing around on her, and had opened the door . . . and he was on the shabby porch, with its unsafe railing . . . and the door was closed.

"Elizabeth!" he called, softly, striking the panels.

"No. No, no, no! Good-by, Don Quixote—and don't stumble on those wretched st-steps!"

"Elizabeth," he insisted, leaning to the door; "you're crying! Dear girl, you're as sorry as I am! Let me in again. Open——"

"Not to-night."

"To-morrow?"

"I—I don't know."

"To-morrow?"

"Oh, why? What's the use of——"

"To-morrow, dear?"

He strained to hear, and heard faintly.

"Well, to-morrow, then. Good night."

He touched the door with his hand, caressingly. Light flooded him, it seemed, from an effulgent somewhere, and he laughed a glad boy's laugh.

"Good night, dear, dear, dear! You're listening? You're not angry? You mustn't be, girl, for you'll have clothes—you'll have clothes of purple and gold and shimmering silk and cobwebs and thistle-down and flower petals! You'll have such clothes——"

GOOD-BY, MY LOVER

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

ALL the flags wave abroad and the crowds wave and cry—
And I watch for your face in the long lines marching by:

For my lips bade you go, but my heart would bid you stay—
Oh lad, and will the war be long and you so far away?

And your step as you marched, would it lag or fall more true
If you knew that my heart's gone to war to follow you?

PEN AND INKLINGS

By Oliver Herford

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER

A Devout Non-Resisting Alsatian
When offered a Vinous potation,
Would kneel down and say,
"Preserve me I pray,
O Lord, from Resisting Temptation."

The Idea

Once there was an IDEA that burned with the desire to give itself to the World and benefit Mankind. So it went to the Writing-Paper and said, "Please, Writing-Paper, give me to the World, so that I may benefit Mankind."

"How dare you address me?" said the Writing-Paper. "I am unspotted from the World. I never had an Idea in my life. How can I give you to the World?"

So the IDEA went to the Ink and said, "Please, Ink, ink the Paper; the Paper won't give me to the World and I shall never benefit Mankind."

"How can I ink the Paper, unless some one pens me?" replied the Ink.

So the IDEA went to the Pen, and said, "Please, Pen, pen the Ink; the Ink won't ink the Paper, the Paper won't give me to the World, and I shall never benefit Mankind!"

"Nothing doing!" replied the Pen. "I won't do a stroke unless I am driven!" So the IDEA went to the Writer.

"Please, Writer," said the IDEA, "*won't* you drive the Pen, then the Pen will pen the Ink, and the Ink will ink the Paper, and the Paper will give me to the World, and I shall benefit Mankind."

"Sure!" replied the Writer. "If you will get an Editor to pay me Ten Cents a word, I will make the Pen write anything you like."

So the IDEA went to the Editor of an Evening Paper. "Delighted to see you!" said the Editor of the Evening Paper. "You're quite a stranger! Come right in! Let's have a look at you."

"Unfortunately," replied the IDEA, "I'm not yet written, and unless you pay him Ten Cents a word the Writer won't drive the Pen, the Pen won't pen the Ink, the Ink won't ink the Paper, the Paper won't give me to the World, and I shall never benefit Mankind!"

"H'm," said the Editor of the Evening Paper, "I shall have to confer with the President of the Company. You shall hear from me to-morrow."

After an interval of several weeks, the IDEA received a letter, which ran as follows:

MY DEAR IDEA:

I have submitted your proposition to our business manager, and while he feels that you are, without exception, quite the brightest IDEA that has ever come into our office, he agrees with me that you are so far above the heads of even the most intelligent of our readers, that we are compelled to decline your kind offer.

Cordially,
THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING PAPER.

And so—— The Editor of the Evening Paper wouldn't pay the Writer, the Writer wouldn't drive the Pen, the Pen wouldn't pen the Ink, the Ink wouldn't ink the Paper, the Paper wouldn't give the IDEA to the World, and the IDEA, driven from pillar to post, at last took refuge in the brain cavity of a pacifist and died of German measles.

I hear the War Department is turning out a new hand-grenade of the same weight and size as a baseball. Imagine the sensation in the Boche trenches when they receive the first "curved" bomb!

Schrecklichkeit

After all, what is S—(I refuse to spell it again) but the misdirected energy of destructive Hate?

Properly directed, Hate, like Dynamite, Prussic Acid, or Baking-Powder, is as potent a factor as Love, in the evolution of a perfect world.

Just such a malign and destructive force was Electricity, the Schrecklichkeit of Jove, before it was bottled by Man, and loosed into the channels of constructive and destructive usefulness.

As long as the seemingly inexhaustible supply of To-morrows holds out, and the rainbow-tinted butterfly Perfection eludes the butterfly-net of the Idealist, so long will a husky, able-bodied Destructive Force find steady employment.

Think, Dear Reader, of Schreck—etc., purged forever of Nietzsche and Sauerkraut and Kaiserism, brushed and combed and in its right mind, doing penance for Rheims and Louvain and Ypres, and endearing itself forever to lovers of the beautiful, by some such simple, God-fearing task as the destruction of George Grey Barnard's statue of Lincoln, or the abominable images, with which the same Barnard has disfigured the New York Public Library!

A DOUBLE SEXTET

A Certain Learned Man, who knew
All things, from Pyramids to Poor-Rates,
Divided all the World into
Three Sexes: Women, Men and—Curates.

But why leave out the Trousered Dames,
The Flossy "Potes," the Non-Resisters?
To *some* sex, surely, they have claims,
Suppose we call them—well—Half-Sisters.

And how about the Pacifist?
He says he's male, but who shall prove it?
Let's add the Creature to the list,
As an Appendix—and remove it.

Stories to Be Read in An Aeroplane

Once upon a time, a Cock and Hen went to law, that it might be decided, once for all, which of them should have the custody of the Egg that had just been laid.

While the case was still pending in the courts, the Egg, being now twenty-one years old, and arrived at its majority, was graduated from the Cold Storage House, and boiled to death by the Housekeeper, of the Gentleman-Farmer who owned the Chicken Ranch, and lived in shameful luxury and ease upon the earnings of the enslaved fowls.

MAD KRONSTADT

By William G. Shepherd

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"ENTER, Gaspodin. Here is a prison full of them, and you may speak to them as you wish."

We thought, that day, that it took some nerve to start for Kronstadt, the grim island at the mouth of the Neva which guards the water gate from the Baltic Sea to Petrograd.

In the first place, all the secrets of the Baltic Sea fleet used to be there, in the early war days of the Czar, and the civilian who went so far as even to express a desire to travel in that direction, would have been taken for a spy.

In the second place, no passes were issued by the army or navy departments to go to Kronstadt; and if you had shown a navy or an army pass there, you would not have been permitted to land.

Kronstadt, the Forbidding

IN THE third place—most important of all—anarchy ruled at Kronstadt. So said the Petrograd newspapers, so said the Provisional Government, and so said the all-powerful Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates in a stirring resolution. The sailors and soldiers and workmen there had seized the government, the ships, the arsenal, everything; and had declared their independence from the Provisional Government.

And then, in the fourth place, there was the black record of the Kronstadt men in the days of the Revolution. Thirty thousand of them had ranged the streets of the island town, seizing officers, tearing off insignia, leading them to jail, and then, without trial and only on the word of sailors or soldiers who bore grudges, escorting them out to be shot.

The very same men, of the days of the Revolution, were in charge at Kronstadt, now, and, if they had no welcome for you—what would they have?

My interpreter had lived for nine years in San Francisco. His name there was Gough, and among the ten thousand Russians there he was a well-known man. He doesn't mind it being known, now, that his real name was Maximenko; that he spent three years in Russian prisons, that in the revolution of 1905 he ran away with a freight train and engaged in a pitched battle with the Czar's soldiers and saw some of them fall; that his job, as a revolutionist, was that of passport forger, and that many a Russian has got out of Siberia on a passport which he had shamelessly fabricated. He was the kind of chap, I felt, that ought to accompany me to Kronstadt.

Down to a pier in the Neva, we went at nine o'clock that Monday morning. We carried food, for who knows what degree of hunger a man may feel in a Russian jail? The food was Maximenko's idea, he being experienced in jail life.

A fast, slender, neat little Neva River boat drew alongside the pier shortly and we boarded her. "The next stop is Kronstadt," said the ticket-taker, who took out five-ruble pasteboards. No one asked us for our passports; all the fifty passengers seemed quite at home on the boat; no one glanced at us with suspicion.

On the upper deck a hot, arctic-circle summer sun was flooding us with a dry heat, and we stretched out in the warmth and considered the immediate future.

"They're bad men at Kronstadt," said Maximenko. "They've still got a lot of officers in prison, men they didn't kill at the time of the Revolution, and the papers say they are living like dogs. It must be awful. The papers are full of it."

We slipped along the Neva where half-finished battle-ships, with little log cabins on their decks, the homes of the workmen, lay in a long gray line. About the cabins played children; and here and there the wife of a workman was hanging out her Monday morning wash, in her steel-floored "back-yard."

The river widened until its shores almost disappeared, and soon the only land we saw lay ahead of us; it was the dread Kronstadt. A great copper dome of a cathedral and high brick chimneys marked the skyline.

Easy-going Kronstadt

NO SAN FRANCISCO or New York ferry-boat ever slid up to its slip with less ceremony than our fast little boat that had carried us twenty-four miles in an hour and a half. And no ferry-boat passengers ever alighted less self-consciously. No grim revolutionary soldier asked to see our passports. We simply got off; that was all.

A soldier handed us a printed slip, diffidently, as if he feared we might not take it.

Maximenko read it.

"It says that the Kronstadt soldiers ought to support the revolutionary government," he said. "It's signed by the Council of Workmen and Soldiers."

"But isn't there danger of him being shot over here, distributing pamphlets like this?" I suggested.

"Well, he isn't."

We looked back and saw him thrusting his protest against Kronstadt revolutionaries into the hands of every newcomer. At least revolutionary Kronstadt, which had slain officers and thrown them into prison, was a free republic, so far as the press was concerned.

"Americansky Correspondentil"

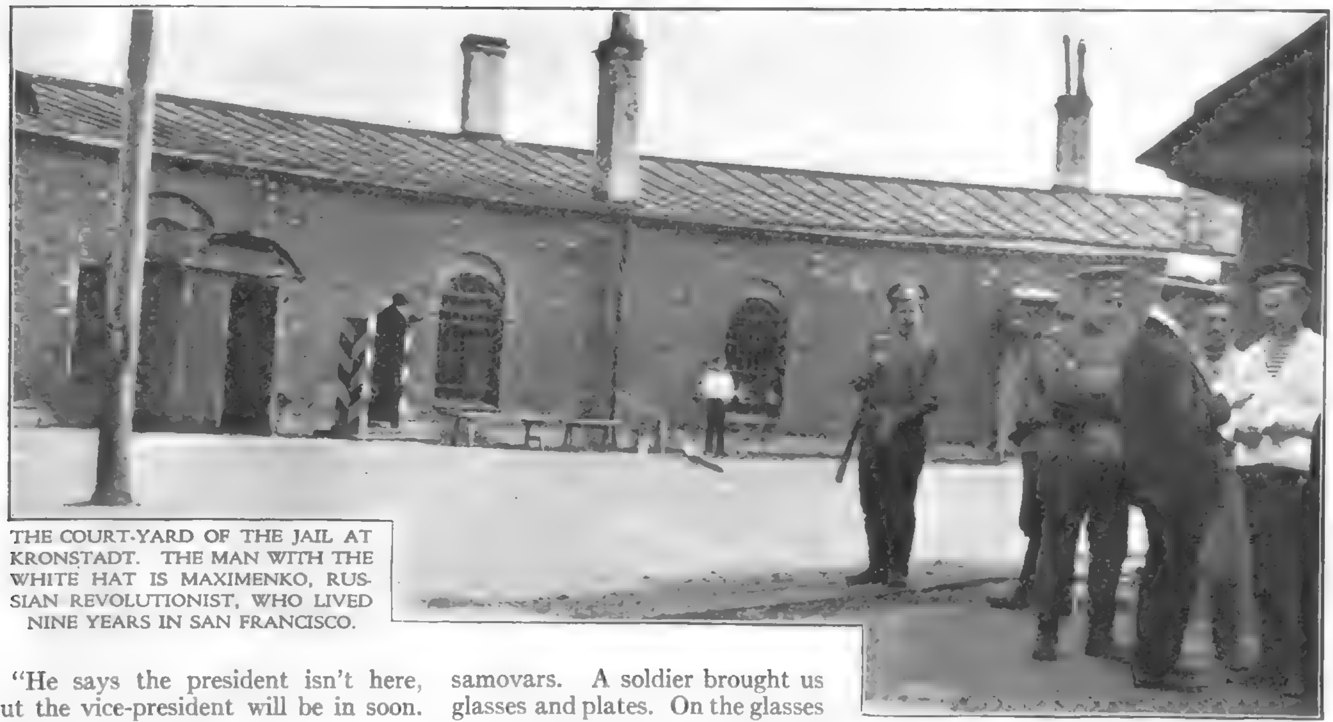
THE walk to the town hall was—well, only a walk. Along a tree-lined dusty boulevard that reminded one strangely of Mexican plazas, we passed in peace until we came to a great building. A red flag, soaring above it, marked it as the headquarters of the Kronstadt revolutionaries, the capitol of the Kronstadt republic.

Soldiers with rifles were seated in chairs at the door; six of them. They grimly wanted to know what we wanted. "Americansky correspondenti," I heard Maximenko say. I saw the alertness fall away from them; the ice in their eyes melt. They fell apart and motioned us to pass through.

The room we finally reached was stately in its fittings and its high ceilings. Men at desks wrote and read papers and seemed too busy to look up. From what I have seen of revolutions, it seems to me that writing papers comes before shooting in point of interest and importance.

At last we got a soldier to listen to us. He had evidently been an officer, once upon a time, for a tattered ridge of cloth on each shoulder marked where an epaulet had been.

"Please tell him we want to talk with the president of the republic," I said to Maximenko.



THE COURT-YARD OF THE JAIL AT KRONSTADT. THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HAT IS MAXIMENKO, RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONIST, WHO LIVED NINE YEARS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

"He says the president isn't here, but the vice-president will be in soon. He's sent for him."

There aren't many republics in this world smaller than the republic of Kronstadt, and I watched the door, curiously, to catch a glimpse of the vice-president, the 'Marshall" of Kronstadt. Within a few moments he came. First of all, I noticed his eyes; they were blue and gentle. His face was shaved; his cheeks were gaunt, with the leanness of extra good health. He wore a brown velvet gold cap, a ten-dollar suit of clothes, a workman's heavy shoes, and his shirt was an embroidered Russian blouse of brown cotton, with a high collar that buttoned around his neck. He was perhaps forty years old. He showed solid white teeth when he smiled in greeting, and while Maximenko told me what he had said, his eyes rested on my face to see whether I was understanding him.

First, there must be tea. He was glad that American correspondents had come to Kronstadt to get the truth. He would get an automobile, the only automobile on the island, in fact, and take us wherever we wished to go. Only name the place. But we must have tea. The automobile would be telephoned for, and while we were waiting for it we must have tea. He led us through a magnificent, mirrored ballroom, with a stage at one end and huge vases on massive pedestals standing about in the corners.

"What was this building?" we asked him.

"Here," he said, with a grim smile, "is where the officers of Kronstadt used to live their luxurious lives."

Through several other rooms he finally led us to a dining-room; in the near-by kitchen we caught glimpses of soldiers working over a huge range and drawing hot water from great, copper samovars. A soldier brought us glasses and plates. On the glasses were engraved graceful Russian letters; on the plates the same letters had been burned in a deep blue. The silver spoons and knives and forks bore the same mark. The Vice-President of Kronstadt saw me studying the figures and smiled. Then he said to Maximenko:

"This was the officers' club. You can see how they lived. Nothing was too expensive for them. Nothing was too luxurious. And every soldier and sailor meanwhile was living like a dog. But now it is different."

I will say for Vice-President Olnichenko, of Kronstadt, that he permitted us to pay for the lunch which we found we could order. The tea was his; but there is no further subsidizing of the press in Kronstadt.

A soldier came up to the table and saluted the vice-president as "Tavarish." He said that the automobile was waiting.

Down-stairs at the door, as we were ready to enter the automobile, the vice-president raised the question of where we wanted to go; what we wanted to see.

"May we see the officers in prison?" I asked.

"*Neechie voe?*" I heard him say, shrugging his shoulders; meaning "Why not?"

Our automobile passed two miles over such a roadway as no tire-maker ever conceived; it was made of iron castings that looked like cog wheels, laid on their sides, with the cogs interlapping.

"He says this road is one hundred and five years old," explained Maximenko. "It was laid in the old days for heavy cannon, and it's as good as new."

The sentries stepped aside at a huge gateway that led to the jail-yard; there was no need of challenging the only automobile on Kronstadt island.

The jail was built in a semicircle, and as we entered the yard a sailor, fully costumed for his rôle, came out from a little office and greeted Olnichenko. He held a cluster of keys in his left hand as he shook our hands in introduction.

We had no warning of what was coming next; he simply turned to a door in the curving wall of the prison, opened it, stepped aside, and waved us in. We heard a scurrying of men, a creaking of iron bed-springs, a shuffling of slippered feet on a stone floor, and, turning a corner, we entered the room of a Russian jail.

We had distracted twenty men from their monotonous life of prison-loafing; twenty "officers and gentlemen" by the old Russian code. They had all arisen from their cots, with the exception of one elderly, white-whiskered man, who wore gold-rimmed spectacles and seemed to be reading a paper-covered book. Hands were nervously buttoning the opened collars of military coats; other hands fidgeted with mussed hair; some of them pulled down their coats, to make themselves appear more trim. I saw one or two pass their fingers, apologetically, over unshaved cheeks. They were not offish or resentful at the intrusion; instead, there was something pathetic in the eagerness with which these men who had once ruled men, came up to us and gathered in a circle around us.

"Tell them who you are," said Olnichenko to Maximenko.

"We are American writers," said Maximenko, in a speechlike manner, "and we have been allowed to come here to find exactly how you are being treated."

There was an awkward silence. The prisoners seemed to fear Olnichenko.

But Olnichenko spoke up himself.

"Well, certainly," he said—a phrase that opens every Russian sentence I have ever heard—"well, certainly, they're not being treated very well, as you can see. But not any worse than the soldiers used to be treated in the old days."

As far as I could learn, we could get no complaint out of them.

A great chatter arose, with a dozen different men, all at once, trying to tell Maximenko how much they deserved liberty.

THE ONE AUTOMOBILE IN THE REPUBLIC OF KRONSTADT. THE CIVILIAN IN THE DARK CAP IS OLNICHENKO, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

"I never hit a soldier in my life," said one man.

"Why the devil they took me, I don't know," said another in broken English, smiling, mystified. "I used to be a room steward on the *Mauretania*, and I was drafted into the Russian navy when the war began. Just because the sailors knew I could talk English they threw me into jail here."

A little man, with iron-gray mustache, stood earnestly talking to Olnichenko. He gesticulated, but there was a solid iron ring to his voice. How many days of prison fare, how many hours of being at the verge of death in the hands of these revolutionaries had brought him down from his position of almost imperial power as a Russian general and a friend of the Czar to this present situation! Now, in a dirty linen coat that should have been spotlessly white, unpolished boots of an exquisite soft Russian leather, he was forced to beg freedom from a man who had been only a machinist in an arsenal, only dust beneath a Russian general's feet.

And he was begging. The other Russians stopped talking and listened to him. There had come to him the Vice-President of the Republic, and he was making the most of his opportunity; he was like a drowning man grasping at a straw; shame and soldierly pride had fallen from him, and he was pleading for himself as a mere man, a mere private soldier in trouble, might plead for mercy.

Olnichenko listened to him patiently, looking him square in the eye. Maximenko told me afterward what the general said. There was no bitterness in Olnichenko's steady gaze.

"Whatever I did," said the general, "I thought I was doing for the good of my country. I did it under orders like a soldier. Why, I was trained to be a soldier, from the time I was a boy! I knew nothing else than to obey orders. How can you Russians blame a man who did that?"

I never saw the Russian Revolution itself, nor the governments of the world, with their systems and their philosophies, more clearly than I did at that moment when these two men, both the products of a cruel autocracy, faced each other and tried to argue out the strange problem of their situations on purely personal grounds. It wouldn't do; it was all unconvincing. It must have seemed unconvincing and futile even to the general himself; there was more than a personal problem between them; a gulf that could not be crossed.

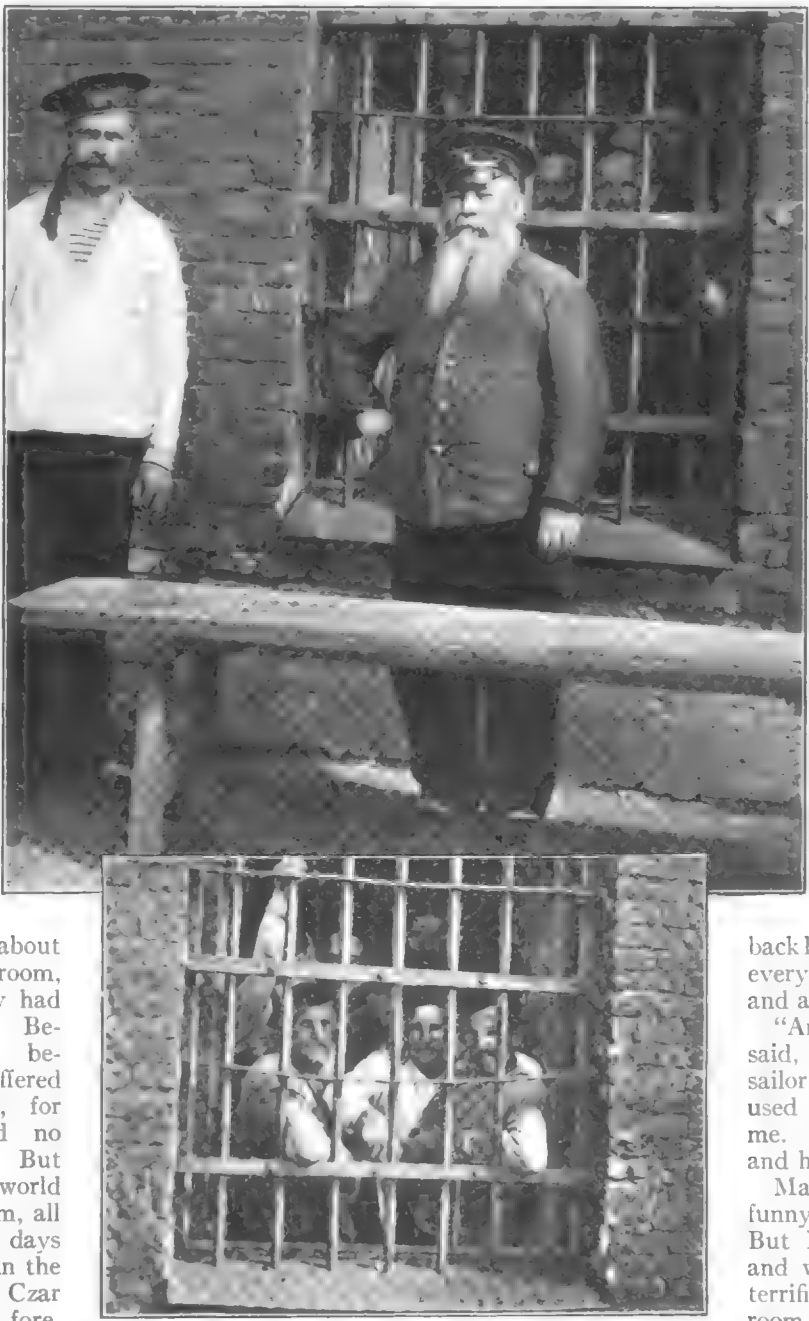
It was on the books (and it had been put down there in the old days as part of a record for the general to be proud of) that once he had gone to Archangel, in the days before the war, when the soldiers and sailors there had revolted; and had lined up more than a dozen of them against a wall and shot them, thus ending the revolution. The tatters on his shoulders, torn epaulets, spoke volumes.

"Tell the truth about us and try to get us out," said the ex-steward, as we started to leave the room.

From the edge of the circle, we heard a new voice, full, round, and strong. I had been glancing, now and then, toward the iron cot on which sat the white-whiskered navy man who had been looking at his book. I felt that he would be inhumanly strong if he could sit there and ignore the blessing of having the big outside world flood into his cell. I looked now. He had weakened. His white hair was mussed; his white admiral's coat was grimy; his gold-rimmed spectacles were out of place; he might have been a village shoemaker. All the iron of the Russian admiral was gone; he was only a poor old man in trouble. He stood in the outer circle and spoke shortly and quickly, with an indignant break in his voice.

But he, too, must have felt that he was talking against a steel wall. He had never executed a sailor; he had fought for Russia in the Japanese War; he had given his whole life for Russia, and now he got—this. As he talked, we all felt the uselessness of it. It wasn't what *he* had done, personally; it wasn't even what the white-coated general had done personally, that they were being punished for. It was what the system that they stood for had done.

The great Revolution, as it revealed itself there in this Russian prison, seemed as impersonal as a great earthquake. It was a thing that had happened; it had shattered and buried these men, who had been on top; it had shaken from living, hopeless tombs, Olnichenko, the Vice-President of Kronstadt, once a half-starved workman, and the blue-capped sailor-jailer beside us, who had once been in the clutches of the Czar's vice-like system. These men in prison were down, and that was all there was to it; these other two, and the millions more in Russia, were up, and that is all there is to that. All the talking in the world, all the pleading and arguing, between these two sets of men — even mercy itself—could not have changed things.



THE LITTLE FAT MAN WAS THE JAILER OF KRONSTADT FOR FIFTEEN YEARS. THE SAILOR USED TO BE HIS PRISONER. JAILER IS NOW PRISONER AND PRISONER, JAILER. THE CENTER FIGURE IN THE GROUP OF PRISONERS BELOW IS A SUSPECTED GERMAN SPY.

They all said good-by, cheerily. Our coming had been an epoch with them, after their hundred days of jail life.

"Do you want to go into another room?" asked the sailor.

There was the same scurrying among the beds and about the floors in the next room, as we entered it. They had been caught off guard. Between themselves, as between men who had suffered together, bed to bed, for many weeks, they had no secrets, no pretensions. But now, with the outside world coming in to behold them, all the old instincts of the days when they were officers in the army and navy of the Czar of Russia came to the fore. They combed their hair with their fingers; one or two ran to a mirror; they buttoned their coats or shirts; one laced his shoes. And one by one they gathered about us in the middle of the floor, after Maximenko had told them what we wished.

This time the sailor-jailer helped us out. He pointed out various men of interest. Here was a captain who had nearly been executed, but a soldier had pleaded for him and saved his life. Here was a private who had been valet to an officer. Here was a paymaster on a ship. As each man was named he smiled, and told us something of his story.

"And who is this?" I asked, pointing to a tall, lank, whiskered man in civilian clothes, who wore the blouse, the cap, and the long hair of a peasant.

"He's a christiansky," said the sailor. "A farmer," he explained.

"Why are you here?" asked Maximenko.

"My wife used to cook dinners at our farmhouse for picnics," he said. "And I used to sell drinks to them. Pretty soon our farm became like a little restaurant, with a dinner party in almost every room. I hired some waiters, and before we knew it, my wife and I were doing such a good business that I stopped farming." In America we would have called such an institution a road-house. "The secret police used to come to my house to have big parties, and then they took to having meetings there. I could not drive them away. And now I am arrested because I knew them all personally."

Please keep this farmer, locked up in a Russian jail with admirals and captains and generals, in the back of your mind, for he will come again to your attention.

"And will you tell me about this man?" I said, indicating a short, fat, pleasant-faced individual, who stood comfortably in large soft slippers and seemed strangely contented and at peace.

He laughed and thumped the table beside which he was standing. He had a joke that seemed too wonderful to be true.

"I'm the man who used to be the jailer here," he said. He looked so expectantly at us, he was so dead sure that we would see the joke of our lives in it, that we did laugh. And then he threw back his head and roared. Then everybody laughed, prisoners and all.

"And what's more," he said, after a moment, "this sailor who is now the jailer, used to be a prisoner under me. Now I'm the prisoner and he's the jailer."

Maybe it wasn't really funny; I don't know yet. But I thought it was then, and we all did. There were terrific guffaws all around the room, and the little fat ex-jailer looked about, beamingly. He had brought sunshine into that gloomy room.

The only Russian jail I know anything about, up to now, is Kronstadt, but I do know that Kronstadt, even in the days of the Czar, didn't have a mean, black-minded, stony-hearted jailer, but only a fat, rather happy-go-lucky little man, who believed in laughing.

And right here, I must explain how I came to be allowed to use my camera in a Russian jail

"Ask the sailor if he'll let me take his picture with the ex-jailer," I said to Maximenko.

The sailor-jailer nodded delightedly; so did the jailed jailer. I requested that we go out into the sunshine. The sailor led the way, unlocked the doors, and took us out into the jail yard. He lined up obediently and smilingly, beside the man who used to keep the keys on him. As we had started for the door I noticed that the prisoners ran to the barred windows that looked out on to the prison yard, to witness the operation of photographing. Every barred window was full of faces, as I snapped my camera. And my next snapshot was of a windowful of Russian officers in a Russian jail.

We went next to solitary cells, where big men, commanders and masters of the old days at Kronstadt, were confined. Among them was Admiral Sapsay, who was commander of all the port of Kronstadt at the time of the Revolution.

"I was only a captain of a ship when the war began," he said, "but I was promoted very rapidly because I was in four big battles in the Baltic Sea. When I was made admiral I was sent to Kronstadt to take charge of all the fleet here and the army as well. And five days after I came, the Revolution broke out. They didn't shoot me, because I was new in the place, but they put me in jail and I'm here yet. I'm told that I will be released soon."

He was released five days later.

As we entered one room a short, bright-eyed young man stood up so suddenly and so rigidly that he attracted our attention immediately.

"He's a German prisoner," explained the sailor. "We caught him in a rowboat, near the lighthouse. He escaped from a jail somewhere in Russia and was getting ready to row clear across the Baltic Sea to Sweden. That's what he told us, anyhow. But we think he was spying on our defenses."

"Tell America the Truth"

AS THE Vice-President of the Kronstadt Republic whirled us down to the pier that evening to catch the night-boat for Petrograd, he tried to tell us what Kronstadt had on its mind in becoming a republic.

"We're not bad men," he said, "and we want the world to know it. What we want, here in Kronstadt, is home rule. We don't want the Provisional Government to send its representatives down here to rule over us; what we want to do is to have a representative at Petrograd, in the government. We want a representative government, not a centralized one. That's the point in the whole trouble."

"But won't the Germans take advantage of this situation? Doesn't your quarrel weaken Russia?"

"The sailors and soldiers at Kronstadt will fight as quickly as anybody. We're ready for the Germans, any time they want to come. But Russia's got a double-handed job, just now. We've got to build up a new government, to build it right; and besides that we've got to fight."

As we passed a cañon in the center of the town through which flowed a narrow creek, Olnichenko pointed, and said:

"On that bank we lined up the officers during the Revolution and shot them. Their bodies fell down that steep bank into the creek."

As we passed over the bridge I saw that the bank was perhaps ninety feet high; down among those weeds and bushes the bodies had tumbled.

"Tell America the truth about us," he said, in parting. "We're not fighting Russia. We're trying to help her."

Five days later the morning papers came out with the story of another outrage at Kronstadt. Five men had been stood on that same bank and executed, and their bodies had tumbled down the ninety feet into the creek.

But there are two sides to every story.

"This is Olnichenko, at Kronstadt," said a voice over the telephone, that same evening, at Maximenko's home. "I want to tell Mr. Shepherd the truth about what happened here at Kronstadt last night. You know that farmer who turned his farmhouse into a restaurant? We've turned him loose to take care of his family. Five men went out to his farmhouse yesterday morning and told his wife that they were anarchists and had come to divide her property among themselves.

"Some of the neighbors heard what was going on and they sent for help. We sent some soldiers out there and the five men began to fire on them from the farmhouse. Two of our soldiers were killed, but we got the men. We had a trial and found them guilty of robbery and sentenced them to death. We shot them in the same place where we executed the officers in the Revolution.

"And say," added Olnichenko, "one of them was a member of our Council of Workmen and Soldiers. We had to shoot one of our own members. But we've got to have law and order."

Gradually the officer prisoners in the Kronstadt jail are being released. A board of inquiry, in the great headquarters building, considers each case and passes upon it.

True enough, one night a group of soldiers came to the headquarters building and arrested the entire board and threw them into the very jail we had visited. It seemed that a soldier had been arrested in Petrograd and that the soldiers wanted no more Kronstadt officers released until the Petrograd officials released their comrade. But all that was fixed up later; the board was set free and went back to its task of setting others at liberty.

It is three months since I saw the prisoners at Kronstadt. Many of them are there yet; but during the past three months strange things have happened to the Kronstadters. They themselves have done even stranger things. There was that day in July when they came to Petrograd in forty boats, marched to the palace of Mschinskia, the dancer, and aroused Lenine, who rose from a sick-bed and spoke from the balcony, saying, "Don't kill unless you're fired on."

Bloody July, and Later

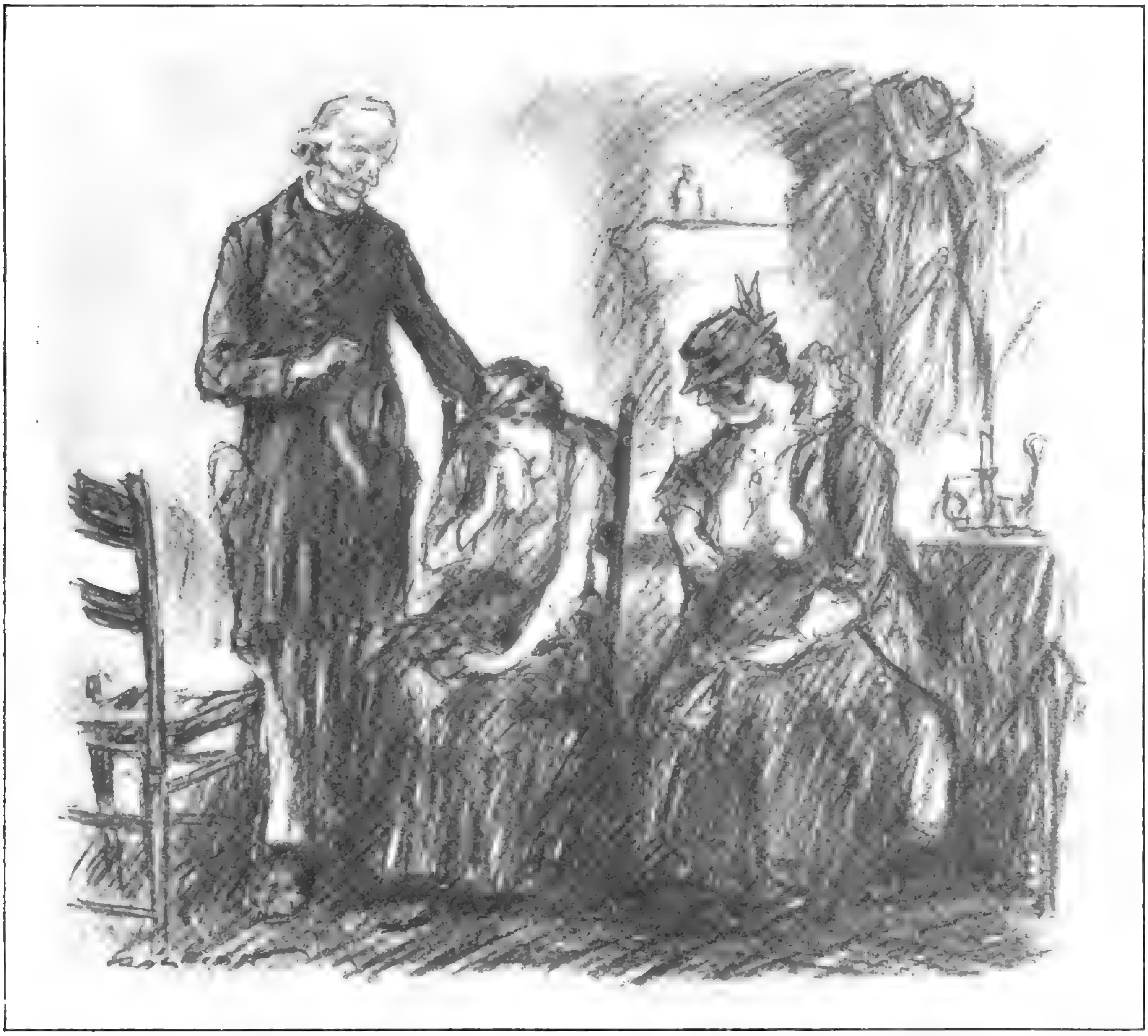
THEN they marched toward the Duma building to demand that the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council take over the entire government. No one knows who fired first, but, during the next three days, over five hundred people were killed in the streets. The Kronstadt sailor's uniform became a sign of terror. After three days they got on boats and went back to Kronstadt to resume the alleged duty of guarding the sea-gate to the Russian capital.

I've seen the mad Kronstadters once more since those bloody July days. It was the middle of September, while the Cossack uproar was terrifying Russia and Korniloff's "Wild Caucasians" were advancing on the city. Kerensky sat for hours, practically deserted, in the rooms of the Winter Palace. I sat in a gloomy press room outside Kerensky's door. Even the Russian newspaper reporters had deserted. I saw no one enter or leave Kerensky's rooms. He touched the outside world by telegraph and telephone. What troops could Kerensky trust?

One day in the interior Court of the Palace I saw sailors who had been smuggled in by night. Kronstadters! By noon the hallways, Kerensky's doorway, all the rooms in the Palace, were guarded by Kronstadters. Kerensky had decided he could trust them most of all.

The last I heard of them were shouts of laughter and the chatter of several hundreds in the gilded hallway of the great Palace, which had been shut off by a wooden partition, forming their barracks. The last I saw of them were two grim fellows with rifles, knives, swords, and revolvers, who escorted me to the gateway with all the other visitors.

The mad Kronstadters are believers in force. And the matter with them is the matter with all the rest of Russia. The Kronstadters are typical of an untrained democracy. Their motto is one that may rend Russia. It is government of few of the people by few of the people for few of the people. "The people," in the Kronstadt sense, means me and my neighbor. The people of all Russia is too big an idea for even the greatest men in Russia to comprehend just now.



"IF GOD GAVE YOU THE CHOICE, TO HAVE HIM HERE BY YOUR SIDE, SAFE BUT IDLE WHILE THERE ARE STILL BLOWS TO BE STRUCK, OR OUT THERE IN PERIL AND TOIL, YOU WOULD NOT HESITATE."

THE WOMAN'S PORTION

By W. B. Maxwell

AUTHOR OF "THE DEVIL'S GARDEN," ETC.

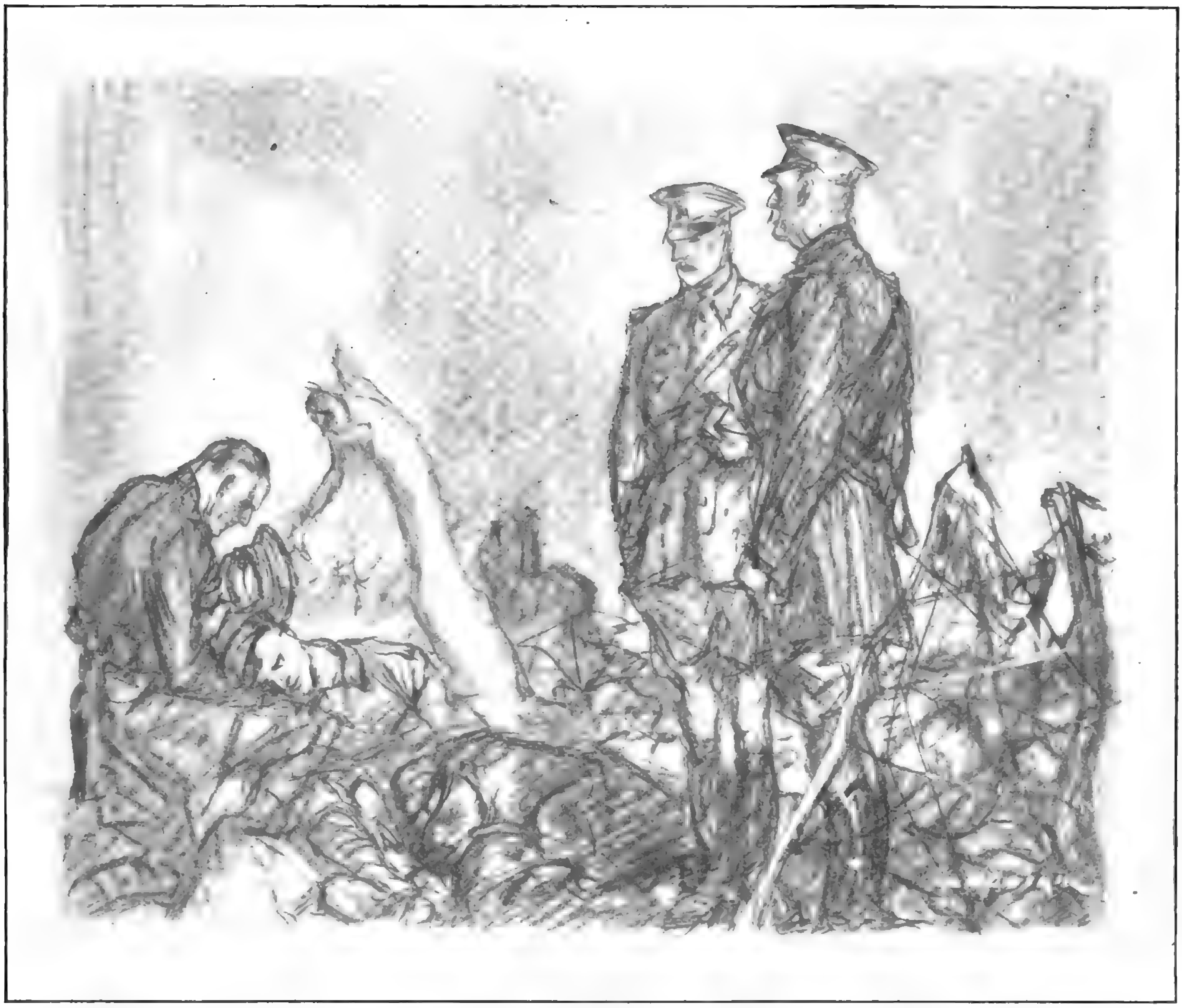
ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE long summer's day was drawing to a close. Dusk crept into the room, hiding some of its ugliness and filling its blank spaces with gray shadow, while Lizzie Wade moved to and fro and tidied up for the night. The most important task of the evening was accomplished—she had put her baby to bed in his commodious cradle, and she murmured to him cajolingly as she straightened out materials on the work-table, closed the work-box, and restored the tea-things to their proper place in the cupboard.

"Mother isn't gone, darling. Mother has got the newspaper—so she won't have to run and get it—and leave you alone, you angel. Go to sleep. Hush-a-by, baby . . . Oh, drat those children."

Mrs. Wade's room was on the second floor of a London tenement house, a populous but respectable and well-behaved house, where one might expect quiet and consideration from neighbors who are aware that babies must not be kept awake after 9 P.M. The older children of the house, however, had been playing at soldiers down below in the small courtyard, drilling with paper hats and wooden swords. No harm in that; but now commanding officers from every floor had withdrawn all troops from this training area, and were bringing them back to billets. They made a terrible clatter on the stone staircase, and Master Wade highly resented the disturbance. In a moment he was wide awake and squalling.

It took poor Lizzie a long time and many blandishments to resettle him. "There," she whispered coaxingly. "Be good—Mummy's so tired." After the success of her efforts, she had seated herself again by the cradle, and she was



"TELL HER HE DIED AS HE WOULD HAVE WISHED, LEADING HIS SECTION TO THE ATTACK—SAY HE DID NOT DIE IN VAIN."

rocking it while she looked at the evening paper, and strained her nice blue eyes in the gathering darkness.

"Go to sleep—go to sleep my darling, an' dream of dear brave father far away fighting for his country." Then for an instant forgetting to whisper soothingly, she stared straight in front of her and spoke with sudden intensity. "Dream the war's over and father is coming home."

Father's son stirred uneasily and uttered a fretful sound.

"There—there—there," she whispered. "Go to sleep and le' me read the paper. Oh, I suppose you want the paper read out to you as usual;" and she recited a few scraps of information in slow and droning tones . . . "'Spite of repeated counter-attacks, all positions captured yesterday remained in our hands' . . . Yes, captured by Daddy and the dear lads."

Presently she rose and looked into the cradle. He was "off." The child had this great merit: once fairly asleep, he slept solidly. He took after his father in that. She went to the work-table, lit and regulated the oil lamp. The room was better by lamplight than by daylight—one could not see the patches on the screen that concealed the bed, or the blistered paint on the common deal cupboard, or the smoke stains on the plaster ceiling. In the lamplight too, young Mrs. Wade looked still younger, less care-worn, almost pretty, with darker-colored eyes and hair, and some added refinement of curves and modeling about her chin and lips.

"Bother!" Somebody at the door.

"Good evenin'."

A neighbor come in for a few moments chat.

"Good evening, Mrs. Jones."

Mrs. Jones was middle-aged, a big jolly sort of woman, with habitual fondness of jokes and occasional lapses to lugubriousness.

"How's young two-and-six?" She asked politely.

"Don't wake him," said Mrs. Wade. "He's only just gone off."

"May I 'ave a peep at him?" and in a knowledgable matronly fashion Mrs. Jones investigated the cradle.

"To think," said Lizzie Wade, "that his father has never seen him—wouldn't recognize his own child."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Jones, with jovial playfulness, "so long as he really is his own child."

"Oh, he's *his* all right," and Mrs. Wade laughed, and tossed her head.

Mrs. Jones sighed. "Well, I've much to be thankful for. I thank Providence that Mr. Jones was too old for it, and could keep outside these dreadful times. Not but what he does his bit—in a way."

"What way?"

"Knocks off work Wednesday afternoon as well as Saturday."

"Oh," said Lizzie, blankly.

"Holds himself free for any service he might be called on."

"Ah, yes," said Lizzie sympathetically. "And is he ever called on?"

"Not that I know of. It's very inconvenient to me. But lor' "—and Mrs. Jones became quite cheerful again —"What's the use of grumbling? The inconvenience those inhuman fiends have caused everybody! D'you think we're goin' to beat 'em in the end?"

"Of course we are—that is, if we've enough men like my husband."

"My word, you *are* proud of him."

"And haven't I the right?" said Lizzie. "It's my pride in him that sustains me. He was among the first to volunteer. He's a full corporal already." There was something really fine in her aspect as she spoke thus enthusiastically. She held herself erect; her eyes, her whole face shone. She went on eagerly. "Corporal—B Company! Perhaps you don't know the ranks? He was made lance corporal first—then they raised him. Above that is sergeant."

"Where does the colonel come in?"

"Oh, he's over them all. I believe the colonel thinks highly of Jim—they all do."

"I'm sure they do," said Mrs. Jones cordially, "an' you're to be congrat'lated on him. How was he when he last wrote?"

"In the pink. Those were his own words."

"Ah, they all say it's a healthy life—in a sense. Not in others, of course," and Mrs. Jones laughed. "What part did he write from?"

"They mayn't say where. But it was a part they'd just reconquered. I'll read what he said. Shall I?"

MRS. JONES courteously repressed an inclination to yawn. "Cert'nly. Be all means."

"Here it is," said Lizzie Wade eagerly. She had brought the letter from her work-box, where it lay treasured more than needles and thread. "I tell you your blood will boil. This is the bit," and she read aloud. " 'When we took the village there were only a few old men and women left in it. Ten days before, the rest were marched off by the Germans. They paraded all the girls over thirteen and the women under thirty-five in one company in the street, and marched them away separate. They passed their mothers and relations in the open street, and the German soldiers were hitting them with their fists and the butts of their rifles when they tried to get one last kiss and hug.' . . . There! What do you say to that?"

Mrs. Jones said: "Well, upon my word. What next?" And both women sat for a few moments silent, thinking of the significance and the infamy of the episode that Corporal Wade described.

Then his wife went on reading the letter. " 'You bet it makes our lads half mad. I feel myself if I had twenty lives, I'd give them to punish such cruel hounds.' "

Mrs. Jones heaved another sigh. "Yes, and he'll want twenty lives before he has done."

"What do you mean?" asked Lizzie, putting away the letter with fingers that shook a little.

"Well, I mean—the—the danger. He's bound to take risks. Sooner it's over, fewer risks."

"Oh, why do you say that—to frighten me with what I'm always thinking myself?" Her lips trembled, her eyes filled with tears, and in piteous tones she confessed how greatly she longed for her husband's society, how intolerable life seemed without him.

"Oh, don't take on," said Mrs. Jones.

"I can't help it. It's you—you've started me;" and Lizzie stretched her arms across the table, buried her face on them, and wept bitterly. "The war is too long," she moaned. "It isn't fair that the same men should be kept fighting. The strain is more than women can bear. I want him back. Oh, I want him back."

" 'Ush!" said Mrs. Jones. "We ain't alone."

Indeed another visitor had appeared at the door.

"May I come in?"

It was Mr. Jardine, the curate of St. Saviour's. He was old, white-haired, shabby of raiment. He carried a brown paper parcel, which he deposited on a chair by the door. Then he advanced diffidently to the table.

"I wanted to ask you—but I have come at an inopportune moment. You are in distress. No bad news, I hope?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Jones. "She's on'y upset herself talking about her 'usband. I tell her she ought to be very proud of 'im."

"So I am," said Lizzie, raising her tear-stained face. "But I can't get on without him. I want him."

Mr. Jardine spoke gently. "His country wants him."

"There's others," sobbed Lizzie.

"They are all wanted;" and Mr. Jardine continued very gently and kindly. "Compare your fate with that of the people of the invaded countries. The advantages——"

"She has her separation allowance," said Mrs. Jones.

"Yes, yes, I didn't mean that."

"And a half-crown for every child," said Mrs. Jones, offering a further suggestion of comfort.

"Oh, please," said the curate; and he addressed Lizzie Wade solely, laying his hand on her shoulder. "I know it is weary waiting."

"It's too long—too long. It isn't fair to us women."

"Think of the women of Belgium, the women of Serbia."

"Let their own men fight for them," cried Lizzie, with unanticipated fierceness; "not my man. They're nothing to do with me," and her voice became piteous again. "I'm all alone month after month—and he'll be killed—and I shall be alone forever. He oughtn't to have gone. I've the right to him, yes, I have. We were made one—in the church. I oughtn't to have let him go. He oughtn't to have left me."

"It was his duty."

"He might have dodged it. Many have;" and Lizzie bowed her head upon her arms once more.

"Ah, no," said the clergyman. "You are overwrought. Those are not your real thoughts. You spoke of your pride. That's the right thought. I honor him. The world honors him. Suppose you had kept him here, you would have been ashamed, miserable."

"Of course she would," said Mrs. Jones, cheerily.

"Suppose he dies. God forbid—but still, better so than that he should have shirked. Think, later, when you tell the story to your little girl."

"It's a boy," said Lizzie, without looking up.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones, "it's a boy. Only child—so far."

"Well and good," said Mr. Jardine, for the moment disconcerted. "A dear little boy. A man child—to inherit his father's courage and vigor;" and he patted Mrs. Wade's shoulder, and continued earnestly. "Believe me—I say it with all reverence and with absolute conviction. If God gave you the choice, to have him here by your side, safe but idle while there are still blows to be struck, or out there in peril and toil, you would not hesitate."

Lizzie Wade stopped crying and began to dry her eyes. "They don't even give him leave," she said sadly. "They promised it—and they put him off."

"No doubt it's difficult with these operations."

"There's always operations."

"And they will be crowned with victory. . . . Believe me;" and Mr. Jardine's smile was very kind. "Now be yourself. Be very proud. And remember: He is fighting for your sake, for his child's sake, for the honor of the Empire."

LIZZIE WADE stood up, pulled herself together, and spoke with calmness. "You wished to say something to me, sir, about some work?"

"Yes, but——"

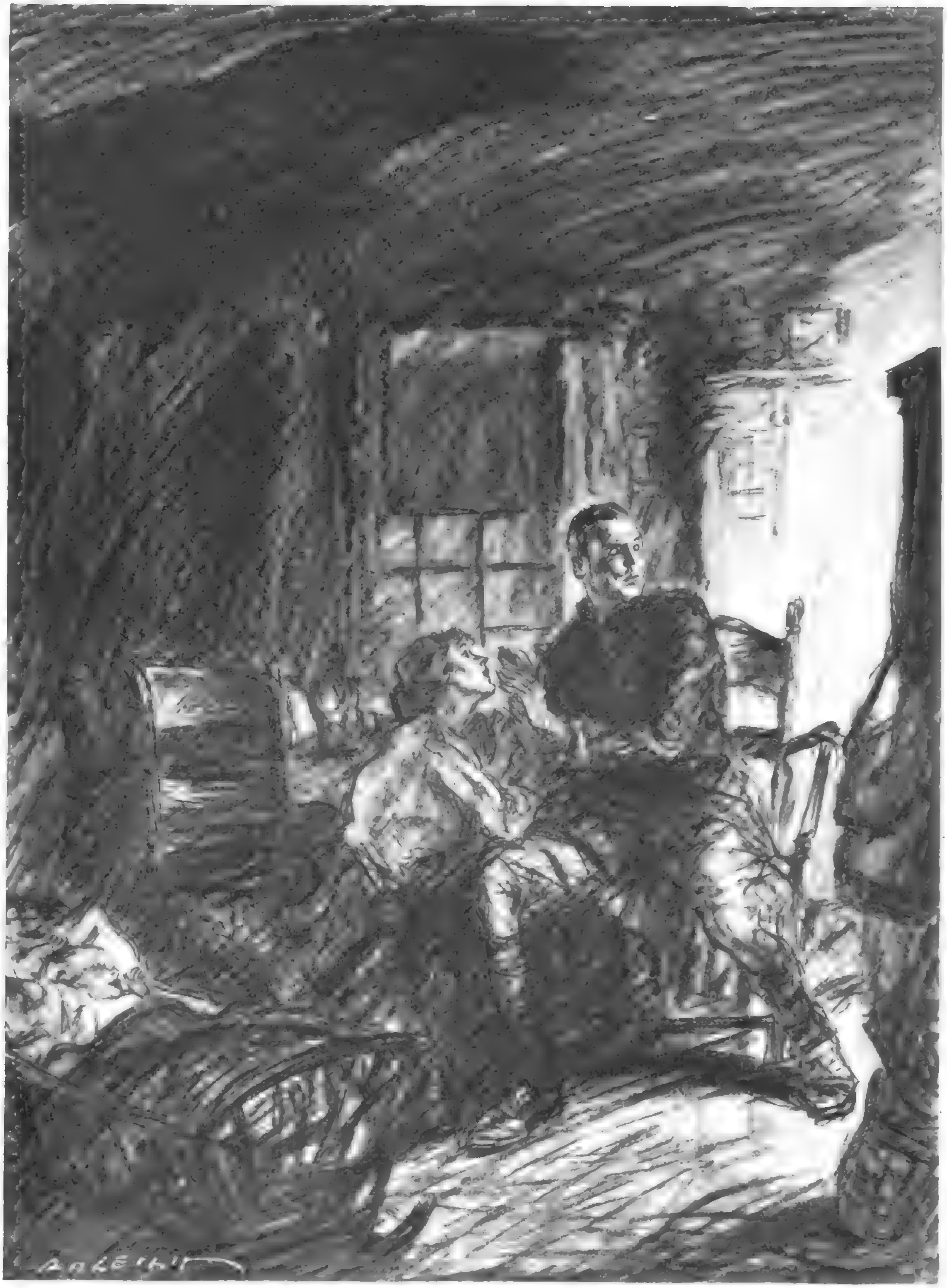
"I am all right now, sir—quite all right."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones, "she's all right now, sir;" and with apologies for withdrawing she moved toward the door. "I tell her she ought to be thankful. I've no pride to sustain me with *my* 'usband. Not but what he'd have done his bit if the war 'appened twenty years ago. Oh, nothing would have kep' Mr. Jones out of it. Good night, dear."

Mr. Jardine untied his brown paper parcel, and showed Mrs. Wade a gray flannel jacket and trousers.

"I had an accident at the children's fête on Whit-Monday. Do you think you could take the stains out?"

Mrs. Wade examined the rather



"JIM!" SHE GAVE A GASPING CRY, SANK TO THE GROUND BY HIS SIDE, AND FLUNG HER ARMS ROUND HIS KNEES.

threadbare garments, and answered confidently: "Yes, sir, I can easily get the stains out, and I'll press them as I did the others."

"Thank you. But not to-night, you know. Any time! You look very tired."

"I *am* tired—Good night, sir."

Left alone, she stretched herself wearily, looked at the baby, sat beside the cradle and picked up the newspaper. Before a minute had passed, the newspaper rustled and slowly descended with her hands upon her lap. She had fallen asleep.

IT SEEMED to her that the door was being slowly opened. Very, very slowly it opened until there was an aperture wide enough to admit a man. The man entered the room cautiously, closed the door softly, and locked it. The man was in uniform, with his rifle and service equipment. The man was her husband.

"Jim!"

She gave a cry of delight, rushed to him, and embraced him. "Oh, it's too good to be true. Then they gave you leave after all!"

"I'll tell you all about it," said Jim heavily.

"Come and look at your son;" and she dragged him toward the cradle.

"Yes"—He went on reluctantly. "For goodness sake don't rouse him—and speak low. I don't want no noise in here." He glanced at the baby in a perfunctory manner, and then released himself from his wife's embrace. "Let me get these things off."

She watched his every movement with greedy eyes, as he slowly took off his equipment and softly put it on the floor. He looked well, very big and sunburnt; but there was something dull, heavy, *strange* about him.

He pointed to a chair at the table. "Sit down."

She obeyed him. He sat by the table himself, at a little distance from her; but she moved her chair to his side and put her arm round his neck.

"Now, let us talk quietly."

"Aren't I going to get you some supper?"

"No. I've no appetite. I had all I wanted on the way." As he spoke he had unlinked her arm from his neck, and he took her hand between his hands on the table, caressing it clumsily. "Now—I'm not on leave. I'm home for good."

She gave a gasp of rapture. "Jim! Transferred to home service?"

"Yes, you may put it that way if you like," and he paused. "No. I'm out of it altogether."

She tried to embrace him. "But however have you managed it—they valuing you as they did?"

"I'll tell you . . . I'd bin meaning it a long time. Fed up. Had my belly-ful. And in a secondary manner wanting to be home with you . . . I took first chance. In charge of prisoners—escorting them down to the 'cage.' When I got down, I made pretense to twist my ankle—unable to walk—and by so doing got into the Dressing-Station—and on again to the Field ambulance. Out of that I legged it—and at last found myself in the train."

"But — but without permission — without so much as a railway ticket?"

"Not so fast? I'd provided myself with all that."

"You had?"

"The warrant book lies on the table in the battalion orderly room. A fortnight ago I contrived to provide myself with a blank warrant out of the bottom of the book. That warrant I duly made out, and took the liberty of signing a pretended officer's name to it. It wasn't such pretty nigglin' handwritin' as our adjutant's, but it carried me home safe enough."

Lizzie's face was dead white, her lips trembled, she could scarcely speak. "But, Jim, they'll miss you!"

"Oh, they'll miss me all right. But I wasn't such a fool as to put my own name on the warrant. No, Corporal Wade of the 50th Battalion Loyal Londoners is missing from 3921 Field-Ambulance, and Corporal James Wheeler of the 71st Battalion has traveled home to England. He don't exist—so they'll have a job to trace him. For the moment you see him before you. To-night he subsides into civilian life under name Number 3. Twig?"

Appalled, she had drawn her hand away and shrunk from him. Her voice was almost inaudible as she asked a question. "Then you—you've deserted?"

"Call it that if you like!"

"But, if they catch you?"

"They won't catch me."

"What would they do?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Shoot you?"

He nodded affirmatively. "Make an example of me. They said, I was an example to the regiment; so I should end as I begun—an example to the last."

Lizzie covered her face with her hands. She was shivering and shaking. "Oh," she gasped, "it's too horrible."

Jim spoke with feeling. "Liz!"—and he stretched out his hand. "*You're* not going to turn against me? Don't say *you* won't stand by me."

"Jim!" She gave a gasping cry, sank to the ground by his side, and flung her arms round his knees. "No, I don't care what you are, or what you've done. You're my man — my own man."

Hastily he put his hand over her mouth, to stifle her wild outburst. "Don't make such a damned noise. You've got to *help*, not *talk*. Stop blubbering."

"Yes, yes."

"And listen. No one saw me come in. No one's to see me go out. No one on earth's to know that I've been here."

"No."

"First thing. I want some clothes to disguise myself. You'll have to buy me a suit of slops."

"Yes. I have the money."

"Good. Then set about it."

He rose, and as he moved from the table his eye fell upon the gray flannel garments lying on the chair. He picked them up at once, and began to examine the size of the jacket and the length of the trousers.

"Whose are these?"

"Mr. Jardine's."

"Who's he?"

"A clergyman. He left them for me to take out the stains."

"They'll do," said Jim, decisively. "I don't mind the stains."

"But if you take them, what can I say? It will lead to discovery."

"No. I'll send them to you by post."

SHE watched him in silence while he took off his puttees, rolled them again, and put them in the cupboard. He laid his rifle on one of the cupboard shelves, and placed his equipment on the rifle, after taking a civilian cap and muffler from his haversack. He told her that she must somehow obtain a box large enough to hold the rifle, and that she must send it and the equipment to the address that he would give her by letter.

"A strong box—one that won't break in transit—and send me the whole bag of tricks. Then I'll bury the lot—or burn 'em. *I'll* attend to that. Understand? If they're seen I'm a dead man."

Then he divested himself of his uniform, bestowed it in the cupboard, and put on the gray jacket and trousers. Dressed thus, with the muffler round his throat and the cap pulled low over his eyes, he looked a mean and sorry kind of cadger. Yet he felt well contented.

"Oof!" And he blew out breath. "The relief of it! I'm *free*. Nobody's slave. My own master. It's a long, long way to Tipperary; but I've got there at last. . . . Now attend to me. Don't be wool-gathering. I am Jim *Walton*. I shall tramp out into the country—Essex way—to find a new home for both of us. You begin your preparations at once. Say you've got employment out of London—say Scotland. Wind up your affairs here. Pay your rent. Destroy all evidence of your name and the rest of it, and be ready to join me as Mrs. Walton. I'll send you these togs, and you give 'em back to the parson. And you pack me those traps and send them to me as I'll direct;" and there came a touch of emotion to his hitherto businesslike tone: "I'll soon get work. I'm strong, an' brave, an' absolutely 'ealthy. I'll work

(*Continued on page 136*)

Photograph by Paul Thompson

BRAND WHITLOCK

Ever since the early days of the war the world has been eager for the time when Brand Whitlock could tell all that he has seen and known in Belgium. After three years that time has come. The man who, as Minister of the United States to Belgium, knows the truth about the atrocities, the deportations, about Edith Cavell—the truth about Germany in Belgium, is ready to tell his experiences.

EVERYBODY'S *believed no greater story could come out of the war; believed, too, that America needs* **now** *to hear the truth, from the lips of a man whose clear-seeing and straight-telling can not be questioned. Six weeks ago Mr. Wheeler, editor of* EVERYBODY'S, *went abroad expressly to get this story for* EVERYBODY'S *readers if he could. Just as these pages were going to press, his cable reached the office announcing that Mr. Whitlock had consented to give out his story through* EVERYBODY'S *in 1918. The series will run in from ten to twelve instalments, beginning—possibly in January, certainly in February.*

Mr. Wheeler, having read part of the manuscript, sums up his cable with the word "tremendous."

POETRY OF THE WAR

RED-ROBED FRANCE

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

THE Huns stripped off my own green gown
And left me stark and bare;
My sons, they spread a red robe down
And wrapped me in it there.

The garb they brought was red as blood—
The robe was red as flame;
They veiled me in it where I stood
And took away my shame.

Was ever web so costly wove
Or warp so glorious spun?
I'll wear no vestment prized above
That wide and scarlet one.

Though younger sons, some happier day,
Weave me a fair green gown
Anew, or bid me don array
Of corn-ripe gold and brown,

The names (like beads, told one by one)
My heart will still repeat;
Will call, with tears, each dear, dear son
Whose red robe wrapped my feet!

EXEMPT

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

WE ARE your background, Children of the Dawn!
We stand aside and watch you take the field.
No rosy garland have the years withdrawn
That was so hard to yield
As is this crown of thorns. We have laid by
Our flowers as they faded, with a sigh——
No more . . . But ah! this cross that comes too late
To bless us with its weight!

THE LETTER

By ELIAS LIEBERMAN

HE LIVES . . .
This fluttering paper gives
Me breath of hope again.
A guttering candle spent,
A moth on flame-death bent,
A bit of flotsam sent
Along a rushing stream,
Are much like the lives of men—
A dream. . . .

But he lives . . . He lives . . .
This fluttering paper gives
Me breath of hope again.

HARVEST IN FLANDERS

By LOUISE DRISCOLL

IN FLANDERS' fields the crosses stand—
Strange harvest for a fertile land!
Where once the wheat and barley grew,
With scarlet poppies running through.
This year the poppies bloom to greet
Not oats nor barley nor white wheat,
But only crosses, row by row,
Where stalwart reapers used to go.

In Flanders' fields no women sing,
As once they sang, at harvesting;
No men now come with scythes to mow
The little crosses, row by row.
The poppies wonder why the men
And women do not come again!

In Flanders, at the wind's footfall,
The crosses do not bend at all,
As wheat and barley used to do
Whenever wind went running through.
The poppies wonder when they see
The crosses stand so rigidly!

O God, to whom all men must bring
What they have done for reckoning,
At harvest-time what byre or bin
Have you to put these crosses in?
What word for men who marched to sow
Not wheat, but crosses, row by row?

Alas! Our tears can never bring
The men who came here harvesting
And come no more! We do not know
What way the singing women go,
Their songs all still! But crosses stand
Row after row in Flanders land!

—By permission of the New York Times.

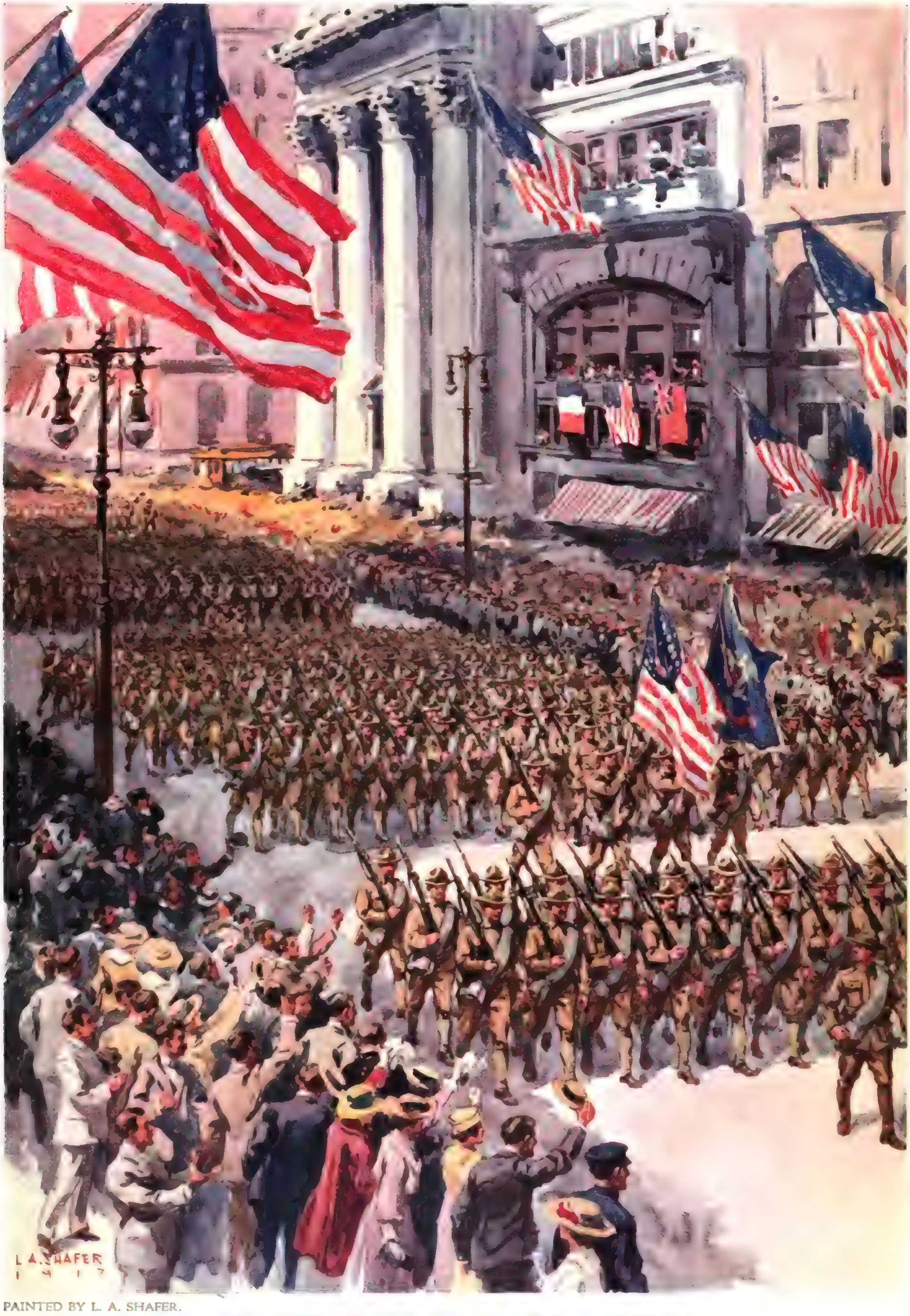
THE DEAD

By RUPERT BROOKE
(Died in active service, April 23, 1915)

BLOW out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

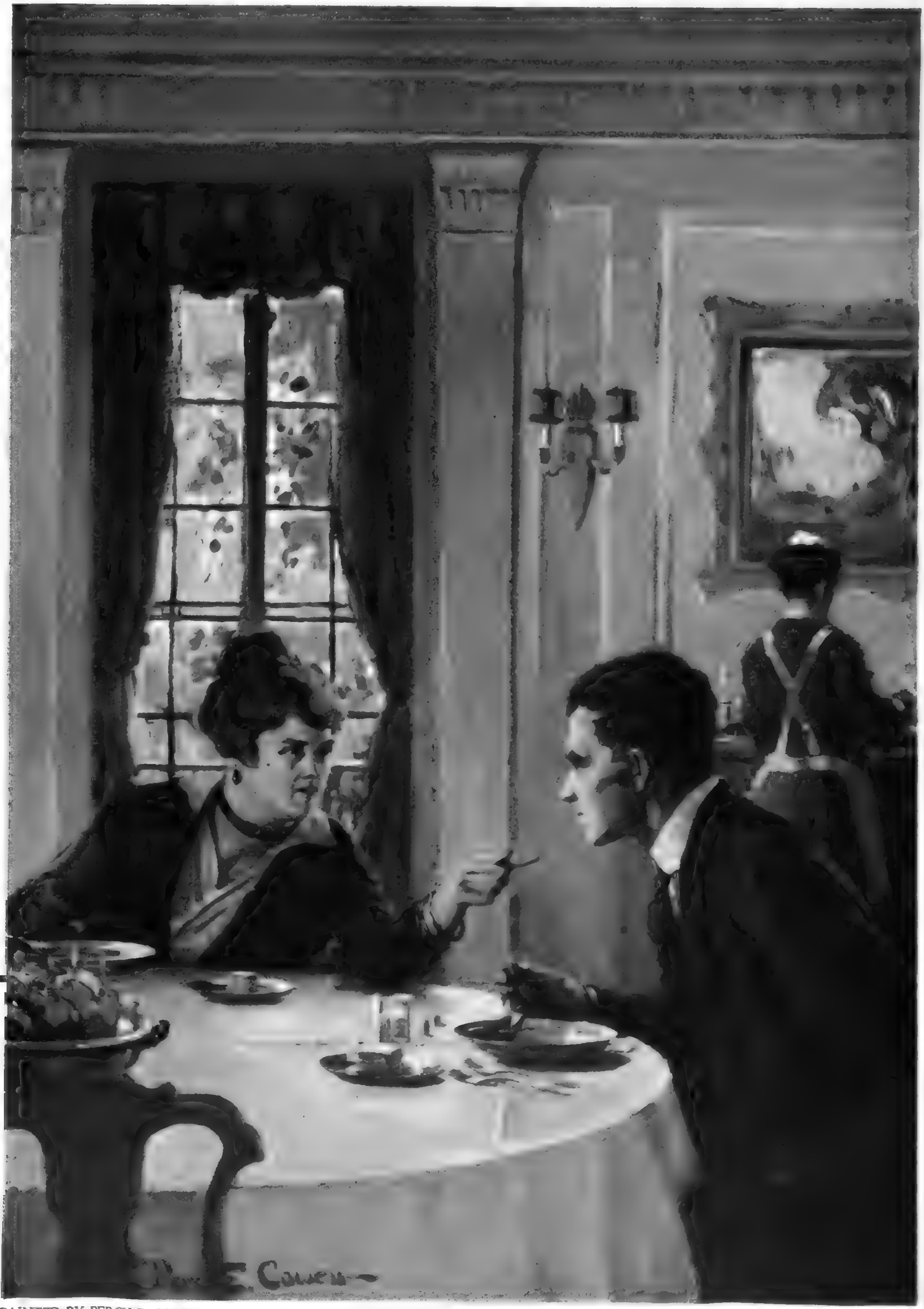
Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honor has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

—By permission of the John Lane Co.


L. A. SHAFER
1917

PAINTED BY L. A. SHAFER.

THE FIRST STEP TOWARD THE TRENCHES.



PAINTED BY PERCY E. COWEN.

"YOU OUGHT TO GET MARRIED, HUGH. THAT'D TEACH YOU A FEW THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW."

THE WHITE ARC

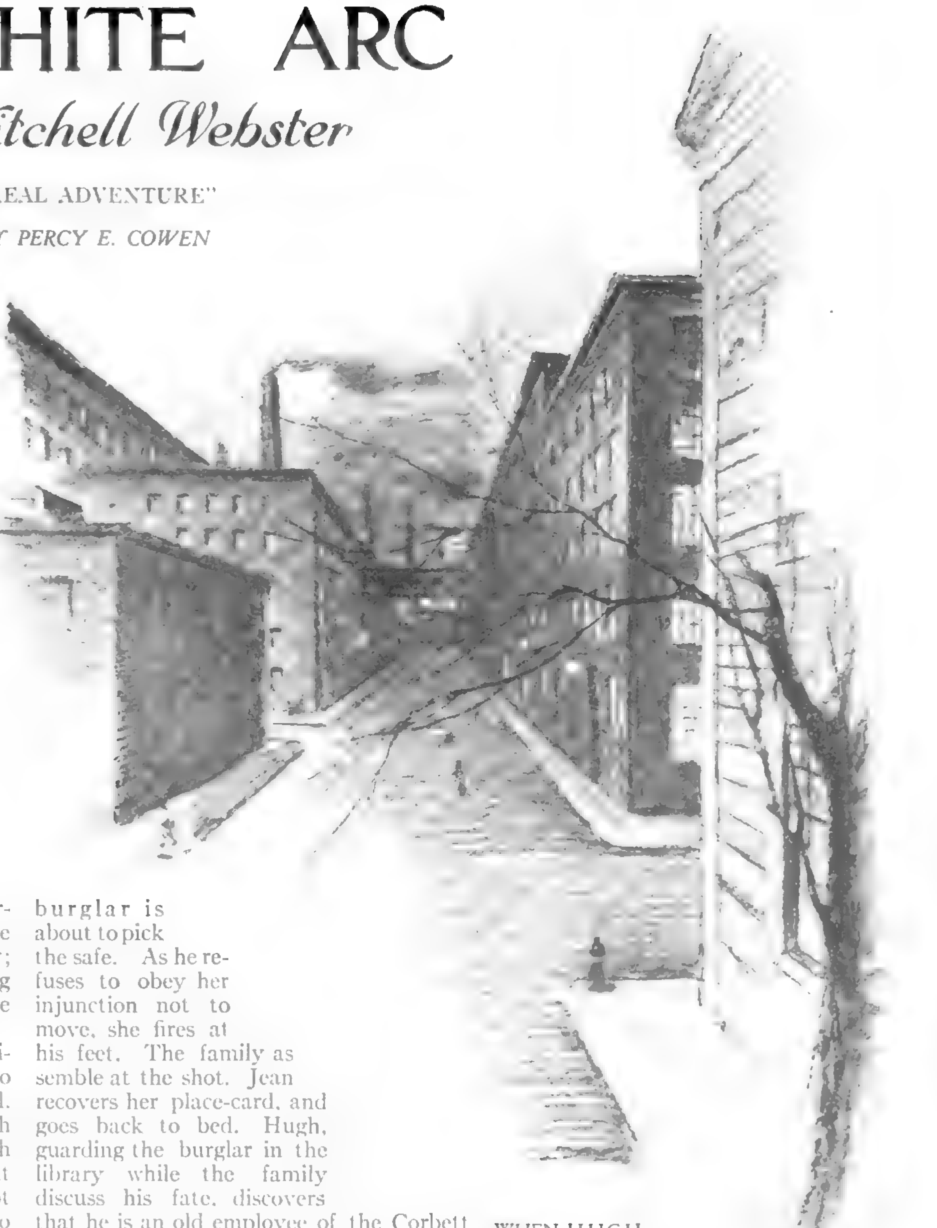
By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "THE REAL ADVENTURE"

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY E. COWEN

JEAN GILBERT has grown up in one army post after another, where she has gained a fortuitous education and learned her father's code—"to ride straight and speak the truth." At sixteen she is sent for a long stay with her uncle in Chicago whose wife's family, the Corbetts, are in the midst of the wedding festivities of the youngest daughter, Anne. Jean is accepted by the entire Corbett family, especially by Hugh, who treats her like an equal and for whom she develops a protecting admiration, since the rest of the family do not understand him. He explains for her the other members of the family. They are: Grandfather Gregory, who has built up the Corbett Wagon and Plow Works, an autocrat in the office and at home; Mrs. Corbett, second in command in the Corbett clan; Robert, Senior, the dignified president of the works and father of the family; Constance, Jean's aunt by marriage; young Greg, ex-captain of the Yale 'Varsity and secretary of the company; Robert, Junior, who is working a Wyoming ranch; Anne, the bride; and Carter, the youngest, in his junior year at Yale.

Jean is included in the wedding festivities and in spite of her youth is asked to take the place of a defaulting bridesmaid. With new clothes, living in a big house with a big family, Jean is in paradise, with Hugh as the prince in her fairy-tale. The night of the bridesmaids' dinner she can not sleep for excitement. She goes down to the billiard-room to recover her dinner-card, on which Hugh has written a toast and which she remembers having slipped into the folds of the settee. Passing the library, she is conscious of some one moving about. In order not to alarm the family needlessly, she goes back for a revolver, which she has found in her room in her unpacking, and enters the library just as the burglar is about to pick the safe. As he refuses to obey her injunction not to move, she fires at his feet. The family assemble at the shot. Jean recovers her place-card, and goes back to bed. Hugh, guarding the burglar in the library while the family discuss his fate, discovers that he is an old employee of the Corbett works: and, after half an hour's conversation, Hugh startles the family with the charge that it is the fault of conditions in their factory that the man has been led to steal. He is prepared next morning to back up this statement to his grandfather, who, having slept through the noise, hears the news from young Greg at the breakfast table, and goes into a rage.



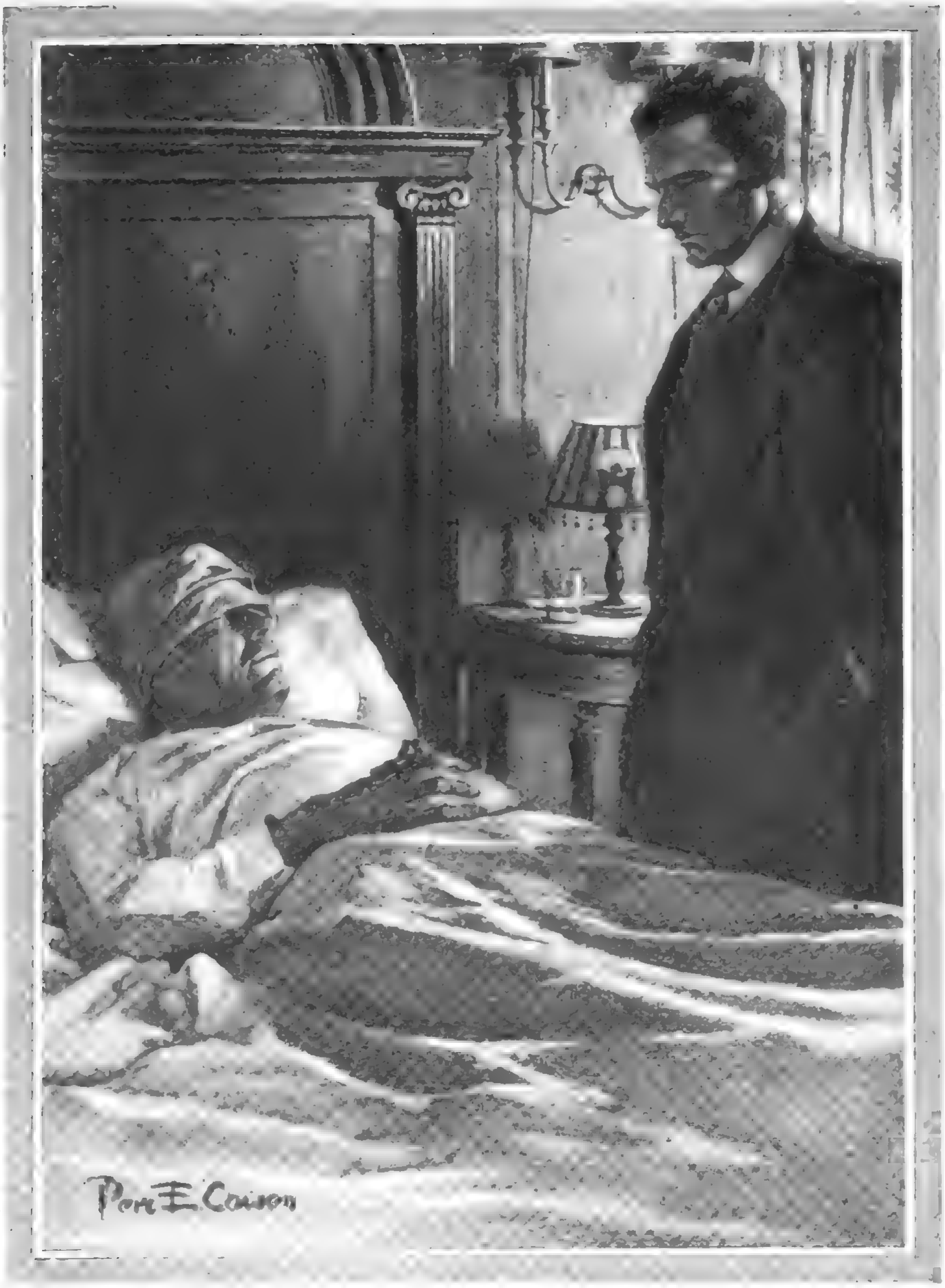
WHEN HUGH MADE HIS FIRST ROUNDS OF HIS GRANDFATHER'S FACTORY, HE FOUND IT AN AMAZING AND RATHER TERRIFYING PHENOMENON.

CHAPTER THREE—(Continued)

HUGH had got to the point where his sense of humor, his ironic, invisible smile, would not serve; to the point where rebellion was the only thing that would. He had reached it cumulatively, of course. There was more behind it than the story of the beaten, hopeless, desperate man he had found in the library last night riveted in his tracks by plucky little Jean's revolver. Three years' life in a steel-mill town was behind it. And behind that, in turn, was the year of travel around the world, the five years' comfortable residence, post and undergraduate, at the university, the expensive school—the best preparatory education that money could buy—and the big house on the Lake Shore Drive.

Behind that, again, and not without their influence for all his personal memory did not reach back to them, were the pioneer hardships of old Grandfather Gregory, who had begun at twenty building wagons for the Forty-niners to cross the plains in. All that background of vivid contrast lay behind and reflected a lurid light on the lives of those dazed toilers who flocked back and forth twice a day, at the end and the beginning of their twelve-hour shifts, in the street his laboratory windows looked out upon.

The sight of them going by hardly ever failed to give him a momentary feeling of dull discomfort and caused him some hours of deep depression. They worked no harder, he knew, and no longer, than his grandfather must have done in those early days. But what a difference there was in the spiritual significance to themselves of that labor! He wondered that they were so tame—submissive to a lot like that. Their patient acquiescence hurt him. All signs of a broken spirit hurt him. The sight of an old horse meekly dragging a heavy load was bad enough. But here were men—thousands of them—dragging theirs, with no better a hope.



HUGH ENTERED, TO ENCOUNTER WHAT WAS PROBABLY THE MOST DISCONCERTING EXPERIENCE HE HAD EVER HAD IN HIS LIFE.

These were hardly so much ideas of his as they were sensations. He made no attempt to think out a remedy. There was, he supposed, no remedy. Certainly the panaceas—socialism, for instance—were plain impostures. He had gone to a socialist meeting, one night, in New Haven (an extraordinarily catholic-minded thing for one of his set to do), and one hour of it had been enough for him. Either the speaker was a crafty knave or his simple credulity had been shockingly imposed upon by others who were.

He would have had his audience believe that men like Hugh's grandfather were scheming parasites, whose only labor consisted in conspiring subtly, bribing newspapers, corrupting judges, bringing down remote retributions on those few daring souls who opposed their relentless will; which was, the continued and completed—if it were not complete already—enslavement of the working class. Hugh grunted impatiently and got up and walked out. That was all there was to that!

Then there were the unions. His grandfather had always opposed them implacably. His policy had always been to keep a sharp lookout for men of exceptional character and ability among his employees and promote them as fast as he could; and the proportion among the foremen, superintendents, and executive officers in his organization, of men who had come up from the bottom was an eloquent testimonial to the success with which he accomplished it.

Certainly *his* men didn't need unions to insure their being fairly treated. Still Hugh was inclined to think unions all right, when they had decent leaders, as they so often had not—and in some cases, unhappily, necessary. But he found it hard to believe that "decently" behaved unions would go far to remedy the case of those thousands who streamed by his windows. Very likely there was nothing that would. But it hurt just the same.

It is very easy to go wrong in judging a man by a failure to realize that his thinking and his imagination work in different fields, on very different levels; that a brilliant mathematician, for example, may talk and think about politics as crudely and dishonestly as if he had no mind at all. Hugh's mind, with its passion for precise data and clean distinctions, worked badly in a field where a looser and more imaginative method was called for. The painful throb and blur of the great human problem outside his windows was beyond him. He could not get it into sharp focus. So, when he could, he looked away from it.

What he needed, of course, to break down this inhibition was a concrete case—something that he could look at, not down from his high windows into the street, but squarely, eye to eye. And the meager, shivering man he found in the library that night, provided it. The way he'd looked at those sandwiches was the starting point. The man, in sheer exhaustion, had told his story almost as simply as Hugh retailed it in the billiard-room afterward, without generalities or appeals—nothing about the rich and the poor. Just the facts.

His grandfather hadn't known those facts, of course; nor his father, nor Greg. His grandfather, he knew, would have intervened instantly, if the story of that wife had come to his ear, or the sight of that wounded hand to his eye. Only, among the thousands of employees who came and went, were taken on and laid off, the chance of that intervention had grown too remote. It was horrible to think how remote it was.

The remedies were surely simple enough. They came crowding into his mind before the story was half told. There ought to be men—some sort of humanity inspectors—in the organization, whose business it was to look out for things like that. Wasn't it actually done in other places? Hadn't he seen articles about that sort of thing in the magazines? He felt sure he had. Then there was Panama. He did know about that.

The opposition he had encountered from the assembled family in the billiard-room had simply chilled and hardened his resolution to make good the promise he had given the burglar.

The morning he had spent in verifying the man's story—and he had been able to verify it up to the hilt—had brought him up to the point of incandescence again. It is literally true that he had never had the hideous fact of poverty in his hands before, where he could really look at it—where there was no possibility of looking around it—and the experience staggered him. And, to make it worse, if worse were needed, the social gaieties and futilities of Anne's wedding threw an ironic glare of light upon it.

IN ONE OF THE PAPERS, HUGH HAD COME UPON A PARAGRAPH ABOUT A YOUNG WOMAN, GIVING HER NAME AS HELENA GALICZ

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when Hugh went up-stairs to his grandfather's room, in response to Hannah's information that the old gentleman was awake now and would see him. He was probably less incommoded than any of his brothers would have been—even less, perhaps, than his father, for that matter—by the sensation of actual fear.

His grandfather had never been quite so formidable to him as he was to the rest of them; but even he felt pretty hollow as he approached the door. His determination to see the thing through without any compromise or equivocation was perfectly inflexible. And, since outright insubordination and defiance were things the old man had hardly encountered from anybody in all Hugh's lifetime, it was hard to imagine the approaching scene as ending in anything short of a complete smash.

Hugh steadied himself with a breath or two before he knocked. He hoped not to rant—not to make, as he had said to Greg, a speech. If he could just leave all the violence to his grandfather, then whatever happened, he wouldn't be sorry for. He knocked.

"That you, Hugh?" old Gregory called. "Come in."

Hugh entered, to encounter what was probably the most completely disconcerting experience he had ever had in his life.

The old man lay flat on his back in his great old-fashioned, monumental black-walnut bed, the bandanna handkerchief which had been over his eyes, pushed back just enough so that he could see, his hands clasped peacefully across his stomach—an attitude so utterly out of keeping with Hugh's rather exalted mood that it made him, for the moment, feel ridiculous. Then, at the reflection that this no doubt was exactly how his grandfather had intended to make him feel, he stiffened up again.

"Well," old Gregory said with a drawl he used sometimes when he was especially enjoying himself, "they've been telling me about the burglar you caught last night, and tucked up to sleep, instead of turning over to the police. How about him? Had he been telling you the truth?"

"Yes, sir," Hugh answered shortly. "Part of it."

"So he's one of my victims, eh?" the old man suggested.

Here was a cunningly prepared temptation for a speech, and Hugh nearly fell into it. But he pulled up and said:

"If you like to look at it that way, yes, sir."

"If I like!" his grandfather echoed. "What have my likings to do with it? What do you mean by saying 'if I like?'"

"I mean," said Hugh, "that he's been the victim of the organization out there rather than your personal victim."

"I made the organization, didn't I?"

"I'd always supposed," said Hugh, "that a thing like that grew more or less by itself. You could change it, no doubt, in any respect that you saw fit. That was what I meant by saying it was as you liked."

The old gentleman grunted. Whatever he may have meant by that, he clearly couldn't have expected an answer to it. So Hugh stood silent. Presently he wanted to know what Hugh had done with the burglar and was informed, briefly, that Judge Harkness had paroled the man to Hugh.

"What are you going to do with him now you've got him? Take him and his family back to Youngstown?"

Hugh admitted he didn't know.

"It's a pretty good idea to know where you're going to bring up before you start," observed the old man with more drawl than ever.

"Desirable," said Hugh, "but not possible always. There's no use trying to decide anything before you've got all the data." He paused, then added: "When I've finished this talk with you, I'll decide what to do with him—and his family, of course."

His grandfather grunted again and the talk lapsed into silence. This time a long one.

Hugh went over to the window and stared blankly out across the lawn. The absence of violence on the old man's part made him almost as nervous as it had made Gregory that morning.

At last, "Where'd you get these notions of yours about loose bolts and junk-piles, medical inspectors and insurance and so on? Been talking with your father about it, eh?"

"I didn't know he had any of those ideas until he spoke to me about it last night," said Hugh. "I don't know where I got mine from. Just out of the situation, I guess."

"It *is* your notion now, though," persisted the old man. "You think we ought to change the organization to provide for cases like that?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Do it," said his grandfather and pulled his bandanna down over his eyes again as if the conversation were ended.

Hugh stared at him stupefied. "You mean," he asked incredulously, "that you want that work done? And that you want *me* to take charge of it? That's a pretty special kind of work, I suppose. I don't know anything about it."

"You could learn, couldn't you?"

"Yes," said Hugh, "I can learn." Irresistibly he added: "If you're serious."

At that the old gentleman snatched the bandanna off his eyes again. "Serious!" he shouted, "Why, damn your impudence! Did you ever hear me make a joke about the business?"

"I apologize," said Hugh. "I'm a little bit—paralyzed, that's all."

"Well, don't be paralyzed," growled the old man. "And don't be a damn fool. We'll have a new department—what is it your father calls it?—Welfare. You're head of it. There's a directors' meeting the twentieth of next month. If you're ready to ask for an appropriation by then, I'll see that you get it. Now clear out. I'm going to finish my nap."

He did not go to sleep again after his grandson had left the room, but lay there in bed for a while longer, a curious grim smile on his old mouth, and a gleam, almost of mischief, in his half-shut eyes. It was an expression that flickered across his face more than once during the succeeding days, whenever the subject of Hugh's astonishing victory and its corollaries were referred to in the family circle.

The only person who ever got a clue to that expression was Hugh's mother. She talked the matter out with the old man a few days later, when Anne was safely married and out of the way, Hugh gone back to Youngstown to install his successor in the laboratory, and the ordinary routine of life taken up again.

"You haven't gone soft in your old age," she said to the old man. "You can never make me believe that. I'd like to know why you did it."

"Hugh's the best of the lot," old Gregory said. "His older brother's well enough in his way. He's a good worker, but he has to run on rails. Hugh there, can lay his own rails, and I'm not going to have him spoiled the way I spoiled his father. He can have all the rope he wants—try any sort of damned nonsense he wants to try. Get it out of his system. When he finds it don't work, he'll be honest enough to acknowledge it. He'll be without a grievance then, anyhow. You'll see. Give him a year."

But Hugh's mother looked thoughtful, and not at all convinced. She applauded the old man's shrewdness—could find no fault at all with his reasoning. But that second son of hers had been, from boyhood, an enigma to her. She could feel none of his grandfather's complacent confidence in those clever calculations of his. Giving Hugh plenty of rope, dashing him against the hard human problem out there at the plant in order to get the nonsense out of his system, struck her as a little like a proposal to throw a stick of dynamite against a wall in order to get the explosiveness out of its system.

Of course there was no use saying anything like that to her father-in-law.

CHAPTER FOUR

Unrest in the Corbett Works, and Helena Galicz

THE original Corbett factory was burnt up in the Chicago fire, and before it had done smoldering, old Gregory (not old then, though; just getting into his prime) began his preparations for rebuilding out at Riverdale. It was one of the stories he never tired of telling, how he rallied his employees and encamped them in tents upon the twenty-acre tract along the river, which he had purchased while the conflagration was still raging; how they built wooden shacks to live through the first winter in, and how they began building wagons by hand in a big wooden shed before the first machinery—ordered to replace that destroyed by the fire—arrived. It was a matter of well-founded pride with him that within a year of the disaster, their production was greater than ever it had been before.

PREVIOUS to its invasion by the Corbett works, Riverdale had been a sleepy country town which hardly considered itself a suburb of Chicago, although some of its finer houses were owned by men whose financial interests were in the city. The results of Gregory Corbett's activities spread over the town, some of its indignant citizens used to say, like a blight. The original twenty acres soon proved inadequate to the huge expansion of the enterprise. On down the river and up the hillside, it spread and went on spreading. At the end of forty years—in nineteen eleven, that is to say, when our story begins—the area occupied by the works themselves was about a hundred and twenty acres, while miles of bleak, dusty, shadeless streets housed its thousands of operatives and their families.

Hugh, making his first rounds of the place in his new capacity, found it an amazing, a rather terrifying phenomenon. He had been familiar with it, of course, from boyhood. He, like his brothers, had often been taken out there for a holiday treat. He could remember a day that he had spent the whole of (he couldn't have been more than ten) running one of the great, creaking freight elevators at a glacial speed, answering the calls of the bell—one ring, five rings, three rings—with an almost unbearable sense of responsibility. But he saw it now with a fresh eye.

It would make an interesting study for a historian, he thought—almost for a geologist, with its curious outcroppings; as for instance, that bit of inexplicable old mansard roof with an elaborate stamped iron cornice, shouldering its way into the sky-line between two huge walls of strictly utilitarian brick. Sudden urgencies, now forgotten, had thrown up mushroom-like growths between solider buildings of excellent mill-construction, or had converted buildings to uses wildly inappropriate to their original design.

Hugh made the discovery, although he had been in the room hundreds of times before, that his grandfather's office had once been the drawing-room of a fine old house; the elaborate trim which remained about the doors and windows proclaiming unmistakably the fact that here, encysted in this great industrial body, was what had been for those times, an opulent home, caught, surrounded, swallowed up by a tide. There was no tracing its original plan. That big old drawing-room and the dusty little court with a tattered cottonwood tree that its windows looked out upon, was all that was left of it.

There were, of course, great modern shops besides, built of reenforced concrete with saw-tooth roofs. There were great wood-drying kilns whose introduction old Gregory had long held out against, and which were in consequence, the newest thing about the plant.

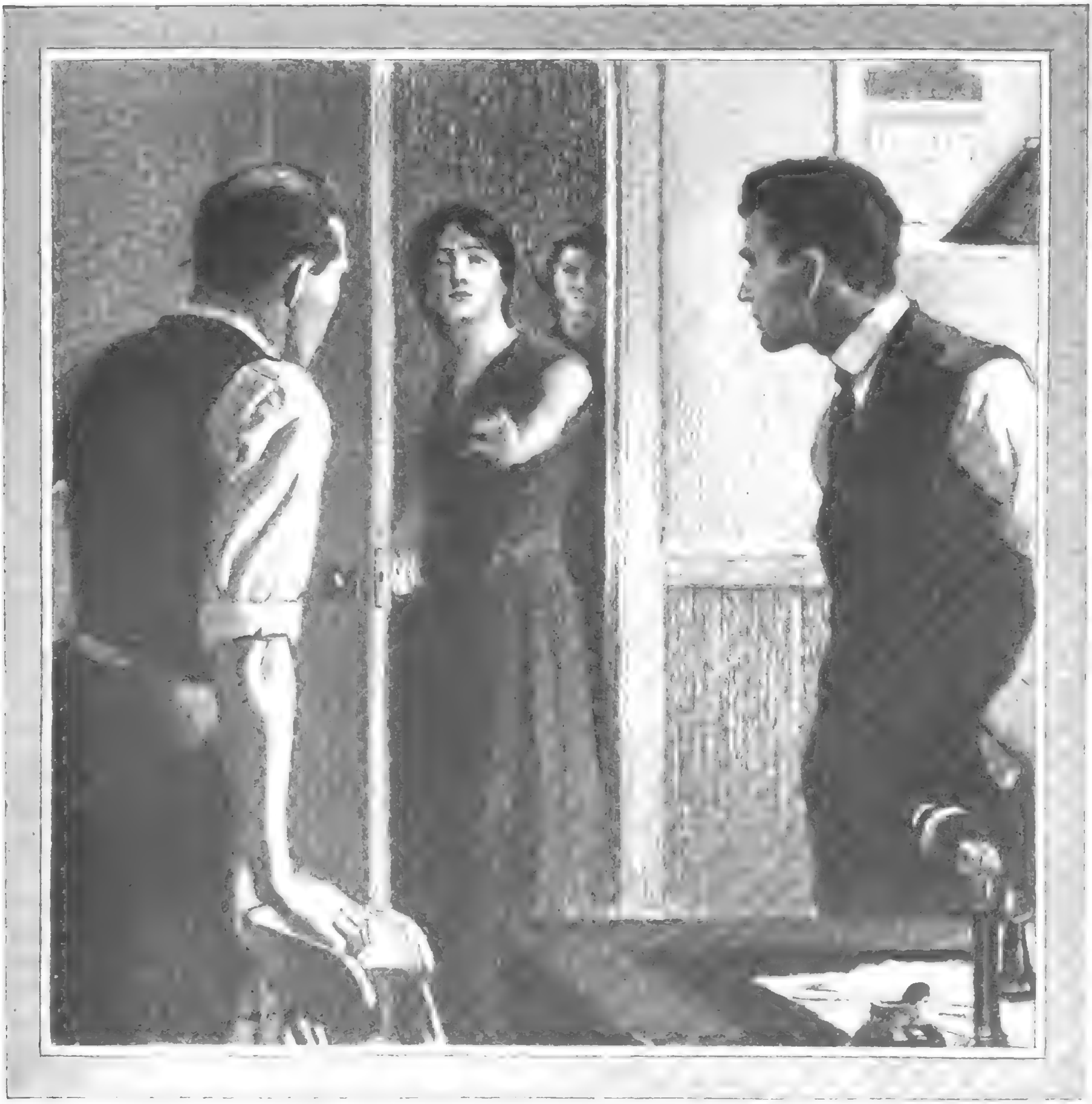
The organization of the business was a rough analogy to the structure of the buildings. There were men in it whose original functions had entirely disappeared and who remained only vestigially, like the caudal vertebræ or the vermiform appendix. There were men, on the other hand, whose humble titles had never been changed, though their responsibilities had become enormous. There were old men who had worked in the Chicago factory back before the fire.

One of Hugh's discoveries was a grizzled watchman seventy-eight years old, who walked his eighteen miles (three rounds of six miles each) every night in the year, except that on alternate Sundays he walked four rounds and two, respectively, in order to change watches with a not very much younger colleague. Hugh's unsuccessful attempt to retire this worthy on a pension, infuriated his grandfather no more than it did the man himself.

The organization was not altogether made up of anomalies like that, naturally, since it worked. Corresponding to the great modern machine-shop and the kilns, were modern, able, aggressive men—men like Bailey, the general manager, for example, or Howard, head of the purchasing department, whom old Gregory detested.

THE plant, so far as its labor went, was what is known as an open shop. For many years—longer than might have been expected—its owner had succeeded in keeping it absolutely non-union. The fact that it was out in the country and, still more, the fact that it employed men of at least half a hundred different crafts, had made this possible.

It was in nineteen hundred that the policy of non-discrimination against union men was adopted. That was the year in which Gregory, then seventy years old, reincorporated the business, elected his son Robert president of it—himself retaining the chairmanship of the board of directors—and signified



FROM THE DOORWAY, SHE TURNED BACK FOR A LAST WORD. "DO WHAT YOU CAN," SHE ADJURED. "THEN SEE WHAT WE CAN DO."

his abdication by going off on his first trip to Europe.

The Paris Exposition was his immediate objective, but he went from there on around the world. With every year after his return his grip on the vital processes of the business sensibly slackened. He concerned himself more and more with minutiæ. The new lines of manufacture that were undertaken on the tillage implement side, especially the motor-driven implements and tractors, he paid very little attention to. The old wagon works was, as it had always been, really his chief concern.

He did not, at the time when he so abruptly ordered Hugh to establish a welfare department, at all realize how far out of the main current he was. He still had an enormous acquaintance among the sales force and, on the wagon side, among the operatives. And, anyhow, the business was his, wasn't it? He had made it. Who should know it if he did not? In a word, it was a child of his, and he made the mistake about it that parents so often make about their grown-up children. And, as parents so often do, he came in, at the end of his life, for a tragic disillusionment.

The most destructive strike—almost the only serious one—in the history of the Corbett Works, broke out about a year after Hugh took charge of the newly created welfare department. One wishes, looking back upon such a catastrophe, that it were possible really to assess the cost of it; dreams of some superman of science capable of beginning his computation at the point where the mere reckoner of material damages leaves off; a biological physicist he would have to be, who could measure the human energies misdirected, emotional losses in misunderstanding and hatred, lives warped and blighted by it—to the second generation, anyway, if not to the scriptural third and fourth. But his unattainable totals would doubtless be incredible, too.

Our only concern with this great Corbett strike is the effect it had on a mere handful out of the thousands of lives it changed; and of that handful, primarily two, Hugh Corbett and another whose life was, as a result of it, inseparably bound up, for a while, with his—Helena Galicz.

The thing had an apparently trivial beginning with the appearance in Bailey's office, one Monday morning, of three girls who announced that they were a committee of the core-makers authorized to demand a decrease in their hours from ten to eight, and an increase in pay of twenty-five per cent. If these demands were not granted immediately, the entire force of core-makers would walk out when the noon whistle blew.

These core-makers—they numbered about forty—were, with the exception of a few trimmers over in the upholstery department of the obsolescent buggy factory, the only women operatives in the entire plant.

CORE-MAKING is not a skilled trade. If you have ever seen children playing in damp sand, making imaginary cakes and pies with tin molds, you will have a rudimentary idea of it. The core-maker's molds are of brass, exquisitely accurate and satin-smooth to touch. You pack the damp sand (it is dampened with oil and contains some sort of binder like flour) into one of these molds, slide it gently back and forth over a steel-faced table, slice the surplus sand off neatly with a knife, take half the mold away and with the other half push your row of little cylinders or what-not into their rank in the tray, dust your mold with a brush, and repeat the process. When your tray is full you carry it to the oven where your little pies are baked hard. The molders use them for making the hollow parts of castings, which can not be modeled up in green sand.

There is nothing difficult about it; what little knack there is can be quickly learned. There is nothing dangerous about it, either, or unhealthy, or—for that matter—onerous. Any twelve-year-old child would find it fun—for half an hour or so.

You get very hot and dirty, of course, especially in summer; for in addition to the roaring cupolas of the foundry itself, and the incandescent iron being slopped around like soup in an untidy kitchen, there are the great core-ovens, their iron doors as near as possible to your tables to save distance in carrying the trays.

And if you worked at it the ten hours a day which this little group of girls out at Corbett's rebelled at, and six days a week, and fifty-two weeks a year (if you were lucky enough not to get laid off) you would probably find it intensely monotonous.

The demands which the committee made upon Bailey were, like the threat with which they attempted to enforce them, absurd. The notion of forty unskilled young girls trying these hold-up methods on the Corbetts was almost pitiable. One might have expected the manager to tell them to go ahead and strike, in the confident expectation that three-quarters of them would be back on the job at seven the next morning, ready to go on at the old scale and suffer the disciplinary fine which their half-day's absence during working hours had cost them.

Instead of doing that, Bailey looked thoughtful for a minute or two at the end of the hearing, then told the girls to wait in his outer office and, by telephone, asked for a conference with Robert Corbett, Senior, and his son Gregory.

"I can't see that it's anything to worry about," Gregory said, when he and his father, in that gentleman's office, had heard the manager's report. "What they ask is nonsense, of course. But I don't believe they mean it anyway. They've probably gone crazy with the heat. One of them fainted very likely, and the rest got hysterical." (It was hot—unseasonably hot for May. Gregory and the manager were both in their shirts with their sleeves rolled up, and Mr. Corbett in silver-gray alpaca.)

"Two of them have fainted," said Bailey, "and it seems there's been a locomotive on the switch-track just outside their windows most of the morning, filling the place with smoke and gas."

Gregory nodded. "That's all there is to it. I don't say it isn't enough. But according to the weather man, it's going to be cooler to-morrow. They'll blow off steam this afternoon, and then come back and be good—till next time anyway. There's nothing to do about it, unless you want to consider letting them off their fines when they come back."

He arrested, half-way, a move to rise from his chair, while he turned to his father for confirmation. Then, seeing that his father did not mean to confirm his view, at least not unequivocally, he dropped back again with a trace of impatience.

"I don't think," Robert, Senior said, "that Bailey looks at it quite that way, or he wouldn't have sent for us. Do you?"

"I DON'T know whether I do or not," the manager confessed. "One of those girls rather stumped me—the one who did the talking. She struck me as being—phony, somehow."

Both his listeners echoed the word; Gregory in sharp concern, his father in interrogation. He didn't know what Bailey meant.

"Why," the manager explained, "she doesn't look nor talk like a regular core-maker. I'm sure she hasn't been here long. I've been in the core-room in the last two weeks and I know she wasn't there then. She's the sort you couldn't miss in four hundred, let alone forty. "I don't know," he went on, "she got me going somehow. Talked mighty good English, for one thing, but when she wanted to confab with the other two, she jabbered in some wop language—Russian, maybe—faster than the others. I couldn't get away from the idea that she had something up her sleeve. Not that she had any sleeves on; arms were bare to the shoulders, and mighty pretty. What I mean is she seemed to expect I'd turn them down, and had her next move all doped out. Maybe I'm crazy with the heat, too. But I thought I'd tell you about it."

"If I follow you," said Robert, Senior, "your idea is that she got employment here with us for the express purpose of fomenting trouble? That she's some sort of professional agitator?"

"It struck me that that was possible, yes sir."

"Assuming that your theory is correct," the president went on, "what course of action would you recommend?"

"I'm not sure that I'm ready to 'recommend' anything. Only, if she is dynamite—and she certainly has the look of it—it might be worth considering giving the girls what they ask for, the shorter hours anyway, and discharging her."

"DISCHARGE her, anyway, I'd say, on the chance," this was Gregory—"and make a point of seeing she leaves town. But giving in to the others strikes me as bad business. It might start a pretty awkward precedent—especially with things in a rush as they are right now. Of course if they've got a real grievance either as regards hours or pay, we want to consider it. But we don't want 'em to get the notion that the way to get their grievances considered is to hold a gun to our heads."

Bailey turned inquiringly from the son to the father. If he agreed, there was nothing more to be said.

In the main, it appeared, Robert, Senior agreed with his son. Certainly as far as principle went—that it didn't do to yield under a threat. He shared the manager's misgivings, however, and wanted a point made of abating the nuisance of the switch-engine as far as possible. If the matter could be arranged, it should do its smoking somewhere else than right outside those windows.

"But as far as this committee goes," summarized Bailey, "I'm to turn them down flat and warn the girl off the place altogether?" He didn't want any ambiguity about his instructions.

"Yes," Robert answered to that, "that seems to be the only thing to do."

Outside the office, the manager detained Gregory a moment.

"Want to drop into my office, casual-like, after a minute or two, for a look at her? As a sight alone she's worth it."

(Continued on page 148)

TAM O' THE SCOOTS

By Edgar Wallace

ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. SHAFER

HERE are two more stories about Tam, the Clyde workman, who became the mascot of a certain wing of the Royal Flying Corps. Like those published in last month's EVERYBODY'S, they represent actual happenings at the front, and Tam is drawn from a real individual, though names, places and other military details are necessarily fictitious.—THE EDITOR.

I. The Coming of Müller

THERE arrived one day at the aerodrome a large packing-case addressed "Sergeant Tam." There was no surname, though there was no excuse for the timidity which stopped short at "Tam." The consignor might, at least, have ventured to add a tentative and inquiring "Mac?"

Tam took the case into his little "bunk" and opened it. The stripping of the rough outer packing revealed a suave, unpolished cedar cabinet with two doors and a key that dangled from one of the knobs. Tam opened the case after some consideration and disclosed shelf upon shelf tightly packed with bundles of rich, brown, fragrant cigars.

There was a card inscribed:

"Your friend in the Merman pusher."

"Who," demanded Tam, "is ma low acqueentance? Who dispoorts himsel' in an oot-o'-date machine?"

Young Carter, who had come in to inspect the unpacking, offered a suggestion.

"Probably the French machine that is always coming over here to see you," he said, "Mr. Thiggamy-tight, the American."

"Ah, to be sure!" said Tam relieved. "A' thocht maybe the Kaiser had sent me droogged seegairs—A'm an awfu' thorn in the puir laddie's side. Ye may laugh, Mister Carter, but A' reca' a case wheer a bonnie detective wi' the same name as ye'sel', though A' doot if he wis related to ye, was foiled by the machinations of Ferdie the Foorger at the moment of his triumph by the lad gieing him a seegair soaked in laud'num an' chlorofor-rm!"

He took a bundle, slipped out two cigars, offered one to his officer, after a brief but baffling examination to discover which was the worse, and lit the other.

"They're no' so bad," he admitted; "but yeer ain seegairs never taste so bonnie as the seegairs yeer frien's loan ye."

"They came in time," said Carter; "we'd started a League for the Suppression of Cigar Cadging."

"Maybe ye thocht o' makin' me treesurer? Naw? Ah weel, a wee seegair is no muckle to gie a body wha's brocht fame an' honor to the Wing."

"I often wonder, Tam," said Carter, "how much you're joking and laughing at yourself when you're talking about 'Tam, the Terror of the Clouds,' and how much you're in earnest."

A fleeting smile flickered for a second about Tam's mouth and vanished.

"In all guid wairks of reference, fra' Auld Morre's Almanac to the Clyede River Time-Table," he said soberly, "it's written that a Scotsman canna joke. If A'd no talk about Tam—would ye talk aboot y'rsel's? Naw! Ye'd go oop an' doon, fichtin' an' deein' wi'oot a waird. If ye'll talk aboot ye'sel's A'll no talk aboot Tam. A' knaw ma duty, Mister Carter—A'm the offeecial boaster o' the wing an' the coor, an' whin they bring me doon wi' a bullet in ma heid, A' hope ye'll engage anither like me."

"There isn't another like you, Tam," laughed Carter.

"Ye don't knaw Glasca'," replied Tam darkly.

LIEUTENANT CARTER went up on "a tour of duty" soon after and Tam was on the ground to watch his departure.

"Tam," he shouted, before the controls were in, "I liked that cigar—I'll take fifty from you to-night."

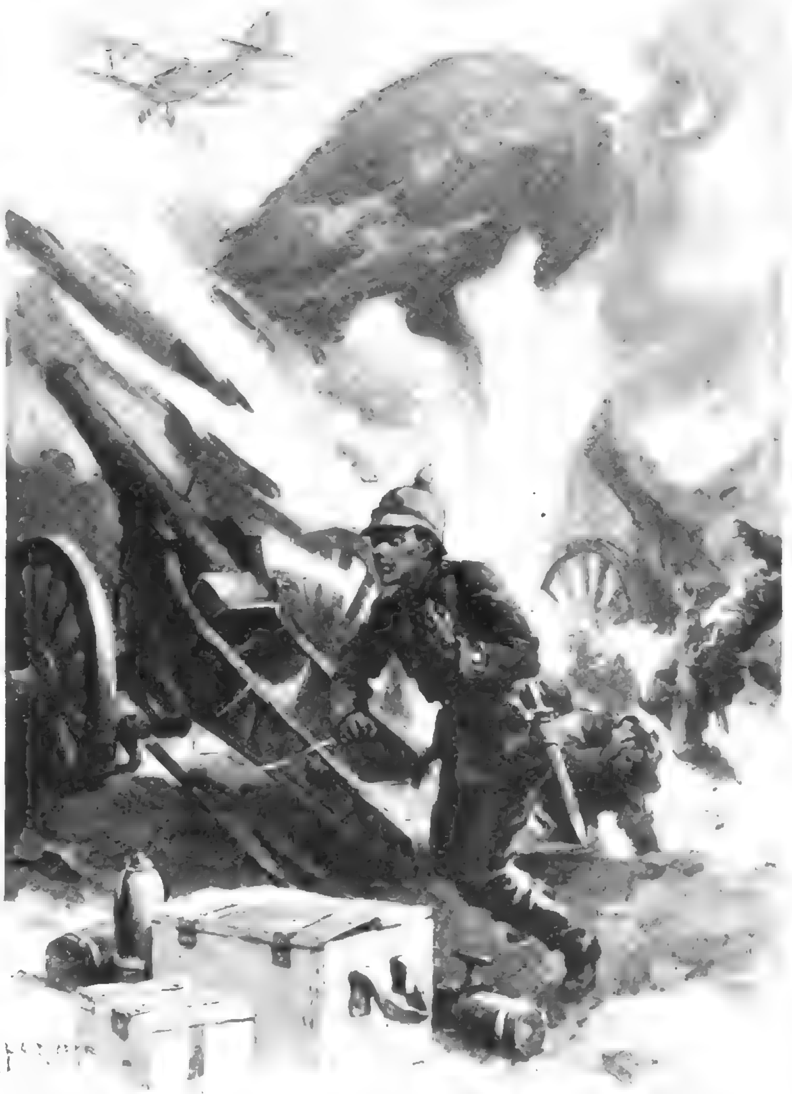
"Ower ma deid body," said Tam, puffing contentedly at the very last inch of his own; "the watch-wairds of fictory are 'threeft an' economy!' "

"I've warned you," roared Carter, for now the engine was going.

Tam nodded a smiling farewell as the machine skipped and ran over the ground before it swooped upward into space.

He went back to his room, but had hardly settled himself to the examination of a new batch of blood-curdling literature before Blackie strode in.

"Mr. Carter's down, Tam," he said.



HE SWERVED TOWARD A BATTERY, CLEVERLY CONCEALED BEHIND A HAY RICK, AND DROPPED TWO HOPEFUL BOMBS.

"Doon!"

Tam jumped up, a frown on his face.

"Shot dead and fell inside our lines—go up and see if you can find Müller."

Tam dressed slowly. Behind the mask of his face, God knows what sorrow lay, for he was fond of the boy, as he had been fond of so many boys who had gone up in the joy and pride of their youth, and had earned that sinister line in the *communiques:* "One of our machines did not return."

He ranged the heavens that day seeking his man. He waited temptingly in reachable places and even lured one of his enemies to attack him.

"There's something down," said Blackie, as a flaming German aeroplane shot downward from the clouds. "But I'm afraid it's not Müller this time."

It was not. Tam returned morose and uncommunicative. His anger was increased when the intercepted wireless came to hand in the evening:

"Captain Müller shot down his twenty-seventh aeroplane."

That night, when the mess was sitting around after dinner, Tam appeared with a big armful of cigars.

"What's the matter with 'em?" asked Blackie in mock alarm.

"They're a' that Mister Carter bocht," said Tam untruthfully, "an' A' thocht ye'd wish to ha'e a few o' the laddie's seegairs."

Nobody was deceived. They pooled the cigars for the mess and Tam went back to his quarters lighter of heart. He slept soundly and was wakened an hour before dawn by his batman.

"'The weary roond, the deely task,'" quoted Tam, taking the steaming mug of tea from his servant's hands. "What likes the mornin', Horace?"

"Fine, sergeant—clear sky an' all the stars are out."

"Fine for them," said Tam sarcastically, "they've nawthin' to do but be oot or in—A've no patience wi' the stars—puir silly bodies winkin' an' blinkin' an' doin' nae guid to mon or beastie—chuck me ma breeches an' let the warm watter rin in the bath."

In the gray light of dawn the reliefs stood on the ground, waiting for the word "go."

"A' wonder what ma frien' MacMuller is thinkin' the morn?" asked Tam; "wi' a wan face an' a haggaird een, he'll be takin' a moornful farewell o' the Croon Prince Ruppect.

"'Ye're a brave lad,' says the Croon Prince, 'but maybe Tam's awa'.'

"'Naw,' says MacMuller, shakin' his heid, 'A've a presentiment that Tam's no' awa'. He'll be oop-stairs waitin' to deal his feelon's blow. Ech!' says Mister MacMuller, 'for why did I leave ma fine job at the gas-wairks to encoonter the perils an' advairsities of aerial reconnaissance?' he says. 'Well, I'll be gettin' alang, yeer Majesty or Highness—dawn't expect ma till ye see ma.'

"He moonts his graind machine an' soon the intreepid baird-man is soorin' to the skies. He looks oop—what is that seenister forrm lairking in the cloods? It is Tam the Comet!"

"Up, you talkative devil," said Blackie pleasantly.

Tam rode upward at an angle which sent so great a pressure of air against him that he ached in back and arm and legs to keep his balance. It was as though he were leaning back without support, with great weights piled on his chest. He saw nothing but the pale blue skies and the fleecy trail of high clouds, heard nothing but the numbing, maddening roar of his engines.

He sang a little song to himself, for despite his discomfort he was happy enough. His eyes were for the engine, his ears for possible eccentricities of running. He was pushing a straight course and knew exactly where he was by a glance at his barometer. At six thousand feet he was behind the British lines at the Bois de Colbert, at seven thousand feet he should be over Nivelle-Ancre and should turn so that he reached his proper altitude at a point one mile behind the fire trenches and somewhere in the region of the Bois de Colbert again.

The aeronometer marked twelve thousand feet when he leveled the machine and began to take an interest in military affairs. The sky was clear of machines, with the exception of honest British spotters lumbering along like farm laborers to their monotonous toil. A gentlemanly fighting machine was doing "stunts" over by Serray and there was no sign of an enemy. Tam looked down. He saw a world of tiny squares intersected by thin white lines. These were main roads. He saw little dewdrops of water occurring at irregular intervals. They were really respectable-sized lakes.

Beneath him were two irregular scratches against the dull green-brown of earth that stretched interminably north and south. They ran parallel at irregular distances apart. Sometimes they approached so that it seemed that they touched. In other places they drew apart from one another for no apparent reason and there was quite a respectable distance of ground between them. These were the trench lines, and every now and again on one side or the other a puff of dirty brown smoke would appear and hang like a pall before the breeze sent it streaming slowly backward.

Sometimes the clouds of smoke would be almost continuous, but these shell-bursts were not confined to the front lines. From where Tam hung he could see billowing smoke clouds appear in every direction. Far behind the enemy's lines at the great road junctions, in the low-roofed billeting villages, on the single-track railways, they came and went.

The thunder of his engines drowned all sound so he could not hear the never-ceasing booming of the guns, the never-ending crash of exploding shell. Once he saw a heavy German shell in the air—he glimpsed it at that culminating point of its trajectory where the shell begins to lose its initial velocity and turns earthward again. It was a curious experience, which many airmen have had, and quite understandable, since the howitzer shell rises to a tremendous height before it follows the descending curve of its flight.

He paid a visit to the only cloud that had any pretensions to being a cloud, and found nothing. So he went over the German lines. He passed far behind the fighting front and presently came above a certain confusion of ground which marked an advanced depot. He pressed his foot twice on a lever and circled. Looking down he saw two red bursts of flame and a mass of smoke. He did not hear the explosions of the bombs he had loosed, because it was impossible to hear anything but the angry "Whar—r—r—!" of his engines.

A belligerent is very sensitive over the matter of bombed depots, and Tam, turning homeward, looked for the machines which would assuredly rise to intercept him. Already the "archies" were banging away at him, and a fragment of shell had actually struck his fusilage. But he was not bothering about "archies." He did swerve toward a battery skilfully hidden behind a hayrick and drop two hopeful bombs, but he scarcely troubled to make an inspection of the result.

THEN before him appeared his enemy. Tam had the sun at his back and secured a good view of the Müller machine. It was the great white dragonfly he had seen two days before. Apparently Müller had other business on hand. He was passing across Tam's course diagonally—and he was climbing.

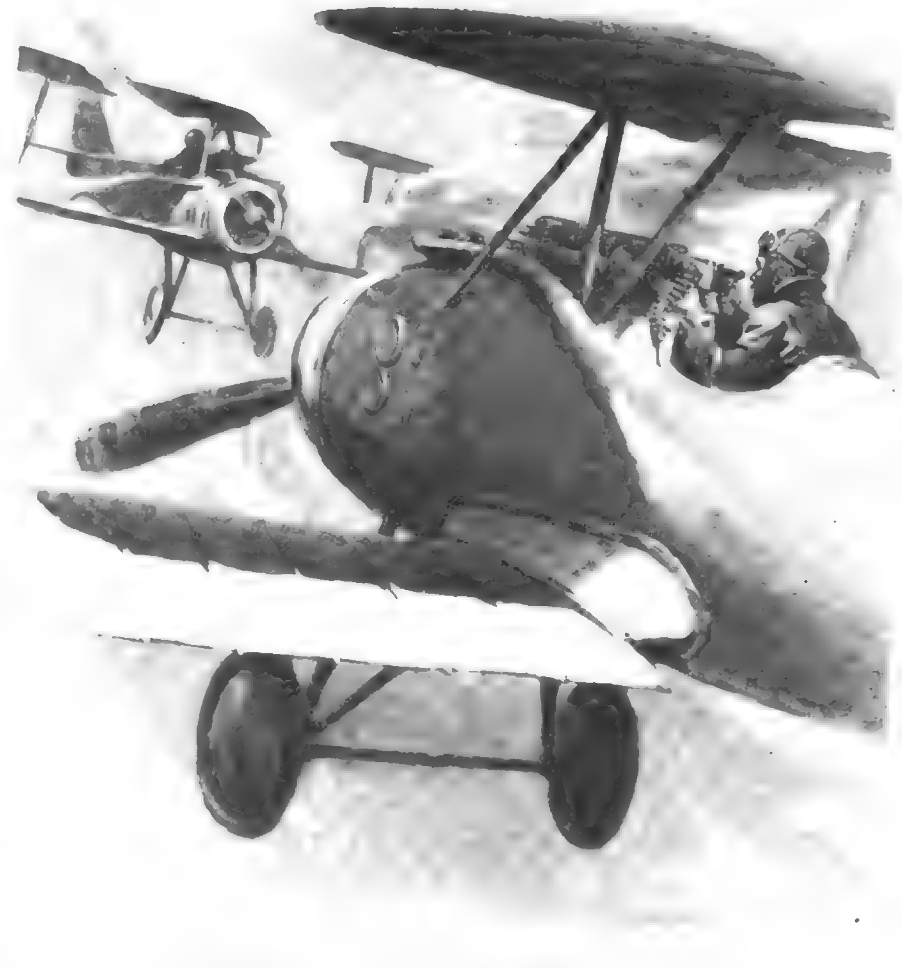
Tam grinned. He was also pushing upward, for he knew that his enemy, seemingly oblivious to his presence, had sighted him and was getting into position to attack. Tam's engine was running beautifully, he could feel a subtle resolution in the "pull" of it; it almost seemed that this thing of steel was possessed of a soul all its own. He was keeping level with the enemy, on a parallel course which enabled him to keep his eye upon the redoubtable fighter.

Then, without warning, the German banked over and headed straight for Tam, his machine gun stuttering. Tam turned to meet him. They were less than half a mile from each other and were drawing together at the rate of two hundred miles an hour. There were, therefore, just ten seconds separating them. What maneuver Müller intended is not clear. He knew——and then he realized in a flash what Tam was after.

Round he went, rocking like a ship at sea. A bullet struck his wheel and sent the smashed wood flying. He nose-dived for his own lines and Tam glared down after him.

Müller reached his aerodrome and was laughing quietly when he descended.

"I met Tam," he said to his chief; "he tried to ram me at sixteen thousand feet—Oh, yes. I came down, but—*ich habe das nicht gewollt!*—I did not will it!"



TAM TURNED TO MEET HIM, AND MÜLLER REALIZED IN A FLASH WHAT TAM WAS AFTER.

Tam returned to his headquarters full of schemes and bright "thochts."

"You drove him down?" said the delighted Blackie. "Why, Tam, it's fine! Müller never goes down—you've broken one of his traditions."

"A' wisht it was ain of his heids," said Tam. "A' thocht for aboot three seconds he was acceptin' the challenge o' the Glasca' Ganymede—A'm no' so sure o' Ganymede; A' got him oot of the sairculatin' library an' he was verra dull except the bit wheer he went oop in the air on the back of an eagle an' dropped his whustle. But MacMuller wasn't so full o' ficht as a' that."

He walked away, but stopped and came back.

"A'm a Wee Kirker," he said. "A' remembered it when A' met MacMuller. Though A'm no particular hoo A'm buried, A'm entitled to a Wee Kirk meenister. Mony's the time A've put a penny i' the collection. It sair grievit me to waste guid money, but me auld mither watchit me like a cat, an' 'twere as much as ma life was worth to pit it in ma breeches pocket."

TAM spent the flying hours of the next day looking for his enemy, but without result. The next day he again drew blank, and on the third day took part in an organized raid upon enemy communications, fighting his way back from the interior of Belgium single-handed, for he had allowed himself to be "rounded out" and had to dispose of two enemy machines before he could go in pursuit of the bombing squadrons. In consequence, he had to meet and reject the attentions of every ruffled enemy that the bombers and their bullies had fought in passing.

At five o'clock in the evening he dropped from the heavens in one straight plummet dive which brought him three miles in a little under one minute.

"Did you meet Müller?" asked Captain Blackie; "he's about—he shot down Mr. Grey this morning whilst you were away."

"Mr. Gree? Weel, weel!" said Tam shaking "puir soul—he wis a verra guid gentleman—wit' a gay young hairt."

"I hope Tam will pronounce my epitaph," said Blackie to Bolt, the observer, "he doesn't know how to think unkindly of his pals."

"Tam will get Müller," said Bolt. "I saw the scrap the other day—Tam was prepared to kill himself if he could bring him down. He was out for a collision, I'll swear, and Müller knew it and lost his nerve for the fight. That means that Müller is hating himself and will go gunning for Tam at the first opportunity."

"Tam shall have his chance. The new B. I. 6 is ready and Tam shall have it."

Now every airman knows the character of the old B. I. 5. She was a fast machine, could rise quicker than any other aeroplane in the world. She could do things which no other machine could do, and could also behave as no self-respecting aeroplane would wish to behave. For example, she was an involuntary "looper." For no apparent reason at all she would suddenly buck like a lunatic mustang. In these frenzies she would answer no appliance and obey no other mechanical law than the law of gravitation.

Tam had tried B. I. 5, and had lived to tell the story. There is a legend that he reached earth flying backward and upside down, but that is probably without foundation. Then an ingenious American had taken B. I. 5 in hand and had done certain things to her wings, her tail, her fusilage and her engine and from the chaos of her remains was born B. I. 6, not unlike her erratic mother in appearance, but viceless.

TAM learned of his opportunity without any display of enthusiasm.

"A' doot she's na guid," he said. "Captain Blackie, sir-r, A've got ma ain idea what B. I. stands for. It's no complimentary to the inventor. If sax is better, than A'm goin' to believe in an auld sayin'."

"What is that, Tam?"

"'Theer's safety in numbers,'" said Tam, "an' the while A'm on the subject of leeterature A'd like yeer opinion on a vairse A' made aboot Mr. MacMuller."

He produced a folded sheet of paper, opened it, and read,

"Amidst the seelance of the stars
He fell, yon dooty mon o' Mars.
    The angels laffit
To see this gaillant bairdman die.
'At lairst! At lairst!' the angels cry,
'We've ain who'll teach us hoo to fly—
    Thanks be, he's strafit!'"

"Fine," said Blackie with a smile, "but suppose you're 'strafit' instead?"

"Pit the wee pome on ma ain wreath," said Tam simply; "'t 'ill be true."

IV. The Strafing of Müller

ON THE earth, rain was falling from gray and gloomy clouds. Above those clouds the sun shone down from a blue sky upon a billowing mass that bore a resemblance to the uneven surface of a limitless plain of lather. High, but not too high above cloud-level, a big white Albatross circled serenely, its long, untidy wireless aerial dangling.

The man in the machine with receivers to his ears listened intently for the faint "H D" which was his official number. Messages he caught—mostly in English, for he was above the British lines.

"Nine — Four . . . Nine — four . . . nine—four," called somebody insistently. That was a "spotter" signaling a correction of range, then . . . "Stop where you are . . . K L B Q . . . Bad light . . . Signal to X O 73 last shot . . . Repeat your signal . . . No . . . Bad light . . . Sorry — bad light . . . Stay where you are . . . Stay where you are. . . ."

He guessed some, could not follow others. The letter-groups were, of course, code messages indicating the distance shells were bursting from their targets. The apologies were easily explained, for the light was very bad indeed.

"Tam . . . Müller . . . Above . . . el."

The man in the machine tried the lock of his gun and began to get interested.

Now his eyes were fixed upon the rolling, iridescent cloud-mass below. From what point would the fighting machine emerge?

He climbed up a little higher to be on the safe side. Then, from a valley of mist half a mile away, a tiny machine shot up, shining like burnished silver in the rays of the afternoon sun, for Tam had driven up in a drizzle of rain, and wings and fusilage were soaking wet.

The watcher above rushed to the attack. He was perhaps a thousand yards above his enemy and had certain advantages—a fact which Tam realized. He ceased to climb, flattened and went skimming along the top of the cloud, darting here and there with seeming aimlessness. His pursuer rapidly reviewed the situation.

To dive down upon his prey would mean that in the event of missing his erratic moving foe, the attacker would plunge into the cloud fog and be at a disadvantage. At the same time, he would risk it. Suddenly up went his tail. But Tam had vanished in the mist, for as he saw the tail go up, he had followed suit, and nothing in the world dives like a B. I. 6.

No sooner was he out of sight of his attacker than he brought the nose of the machine up again and began a lightning climb to sunshine. He was the first to reach "open country" and he looked round for Müller.

That redoubtable fighter reappeared in front and below him and Tam dived for him. Müller's nose went down and back to his hiding-place he dived. Tam corrected his level and swooped upward again. There was no sign of Captain Müller. Tam cruised up and down, searching the cloud for his enemy.

He was doing three things at once: He was looking, he was fitting another drum to his gun, and he was controlling the flight of his machine, when "chk-chk-chk" said the wireless, and Tam listened, screwing his face into a grimace signifying at once the difficulty of hearing, and his apprehension that he might lose a word of what was to follow.

"L Q—L Q" said the receiver.

"Noo," said Tam in perplexity, "is 'L Q' meanin' that A' ocht to rin for ma life or is it 'continue the guid wairk'?"

Arguing that his work was invisible from the earth and that a more urgent interpretation was to be put upon the message, he turned westward and dived; not, however, before he had seen over his shoulder a dozen enemy machines come flashing up from the clouds.

"Haird cheese!" said Tam; "a' the auld cats aboot an' the wee moosie's awa'!"

He had intended going home, but a new and bright thought struck him. He turned his machine and pushed straight through the cloud the way he had come. He knew they had seen him disappearing and, airman like, they would remain awhile to bask in the sunlight and "dry off."

AS A general rule Tam hated clouds. You could not tell whether you were flying right side up or upside down, and he had always a curious sense of nervousness that he would collide with something. Yet, for once, he drove through the swirling "smoke" with a sense of joyous anticipation, and presently began to rise gently, keeping his eyes aloft to detect the first thinning of the fog. Presently he saw the sunlight reflected on the upper stratas and began to climb steeply. His machine ripped out into the sun, a fierce, roaring little fury.

Not a hundred yards away was a fighting machine.

"Ticka — ticka — ticka — ticka — tick!" said Tam's machine gun.

Tam's staring blue eyes were on the sights—he could not miss. The pilot went limp in his seat, the observer took his hand from his gun to grip the controls. Too late; the wide-winged fighter skidded like a motor-bus on a greasy road and fell into the clouds sideways. But now the enemy was coming at him from all points of the compass.

"Dinna let oor pairtin' grieve ye!" sang Tam and dropped straight through

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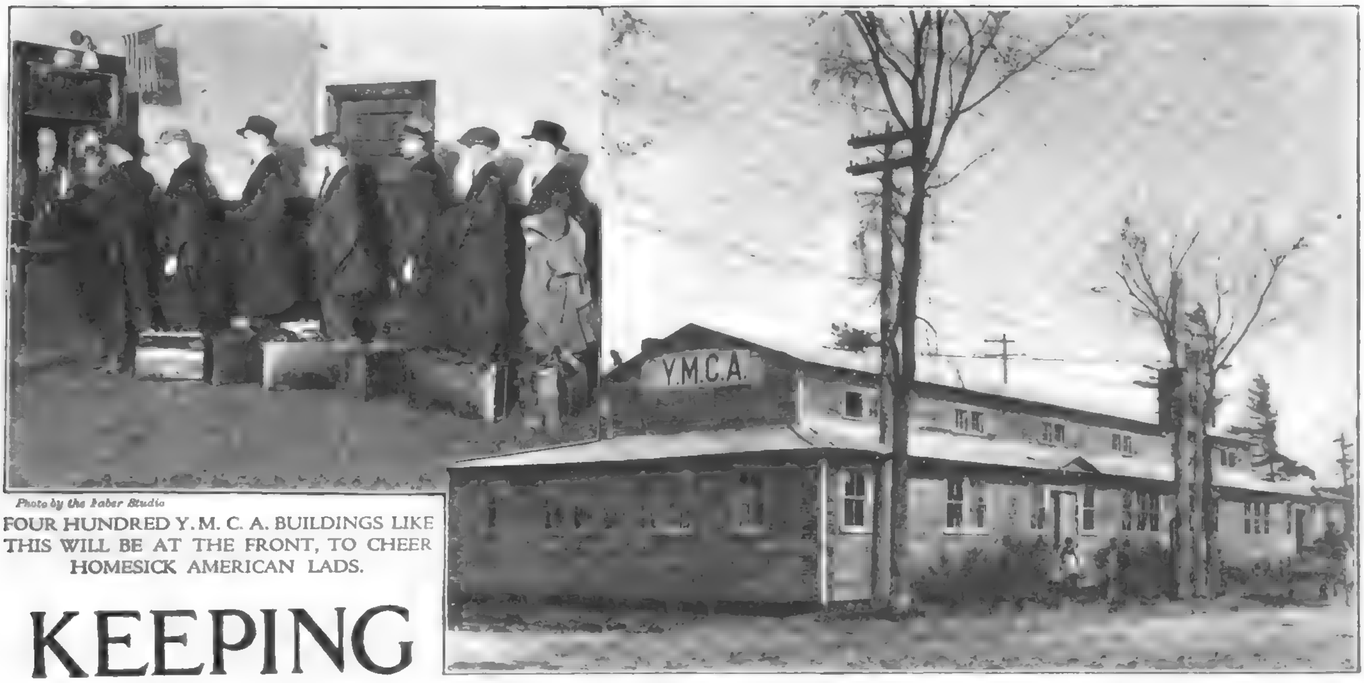


Photo by the Faber Studio

FOUR HUNDRED Y. M. C. A. BUILDINGS LIKE THIS WILL BE AT THE FRONT, TO CHEER HOMESICK AMERICAN LADS.

KEEPING THE HOME-FIRES BURNING

By Henry Rood

IT IS on the Great Front—the front of trenches, war-scarred fields, shell-smashed roads, over which our American boys may soon be fighting. The lad is plastered with mud from head to foot; his face and hands are covered with grime; he has seen men around him shot to pieces; he has stood through hours of artillery fire from enemy guns until his nerves are on edge. At last he is relieved from the fire step. He wanders back to any place, any spot where he can get away from the roar and din, the moaning of shells and the crash of their explosion, from sickening sights and horrible smells.

Suddenly, quite close at hand, he comes upon a dugout, or a rough hut, underground perhaps; sometimes so near the firing-line that only three or four soldiers are permitted to enter at a time, lest a German gunner get the range. There the weary, hungry soldier finds light and warmth. Some one hastens to greet him with outstretched hand; a comfortable chair is close by; a cup of cocoa and sandwiches, possibly a cooky or two. Here and there are other fellows just like himself who have come earlier to the dugout; they are rested; their hunger has been satisfied, and they are laughing or exchanging stories of experiences, listening to music from a phonograph, turning over the pages of an illustrated magazine or newspaper.

This place of momentary respite from danger and agony, is one of the rest and shelter stations of the British Y. M. C. A.—the great boon, the one healing touch of home to the tens of thousands of hungry, half-exhausted men on the front in these past three years of war.

An hour in this shelter of refreshment, and the man is able to go back to his comrades, strengthened in body, mind, spirit, ready for his next duty, whatever it may be. If he remain in the hut or dugout long enough he may be present at a simple religious service—a prayer, a familiar hymn. But he need not take part ulness he chooses; he need not even attend.

The Heroes of the Homesick

IT IS in these havens of rest, thickly strewn in the land of Death, that a little of the spirit of Christmas has found and will find its way through the booming of the great guns and the flare of rockets, in the season of peace and good-will, which has three times come and gone over the lines of fighting men. And the task of evoking this spirit, under the shadow of danger and distress, in the hearts of homesick men, is a task of mercy and good fellowship that requires the finest resources of heart and mind—a task which hundreds of Y. M. C. A. secretaries have been performing day and night with unsung courage.

During the past two or three years, these English Y. M. C. A. secretaries have often been seen walking through advanced trenches under heavy fire passing behind the men on the fire step, patting this one's shoulder in token of friendly interest, dropping into the soldier's pockets a packet of cigarets, a cake of chocolate, a sandwich or a bun; then going on, rapidly, to man after man, repeating the service to each. Their personal danger? In the fighting region of Lens, during three recent weeks, nine per cent. of all Y. M. C. A. secretaries were either killed outright or wounded. Still those splendid young fellows, devoted to their work of brotherhood, go where the troops go, and work unceasingly.

There are 500 such centers in France—on a front of about 120 miles—four to each mile. Of all sizes and functions—dugouts close to the lines, cellars, barns, marquees, rest-rooms, hospitals, lunch-rooms or schools. Not alone in France is the Y. M. C. A. working to bring the touch of home to the fighting man, but on all the far-flung battle-line of this war. In Mesopotamia there are forty-seven stations; in India there are fifty-eight; on the Mediterranean there are thirty-five; in Egypt and Palestine there are fifty-eight; in the training-camps at home there are 1000 centers; and at least one at every important naval base.

And now, into this work of bridging the gap and healing the wrench at the break of home ties, we, too, have entered. Our boys will be fighting beside these British and Canadians and

Australians and New Zealanders. We can not do less for ours than has been done for them. And we are doing as much, and as heartily.

When the first contingent of Pershing's Expeditionary Force arrived at their port of debarkation in France, one of the sights which met the astonished eyes of the American troops was a three-story building, facing the landing, flying from its flag-staff a huge American flag, and below this the streaming banner of the Y. M. C. A.

THESE MEN ARE GOING FORTH TO FACE DEATH IN BATTLE. THEY HAVE NO TIME FOR THEOLOGICAL SERMONS; THEY WANT THE PROMISE, THE ASSURANCE, THE SIMPLE MESSAGE OF FAITH WHICH THE Y. M. C. A. GATHERINGS GIVE THEM.

Our Y. M. C. A. Over There

WHEN the troops were granted leave they swarmed ashore to find ready for them a club-house with café, dormitories, billiard-room, tennis-court, furnished, equipped, and dedicated to the service of the army men. Trained Y. M. C. A. secretaries were ready to answer questions, and aid the new arrivals in every way; magazines, newspapers, and other reading matter were at hand; writing materials and postage-stamps; tables, desks, chairs; lounging places, and—more comforting than all else to the stranger on a foreign strand — everywhere the atmosphere of American home life.

Since the war-clouds began to draw near, the Y. M. C. A. War Council has been preparing on an enormous scale for its war work. The day that announcement was made of an expeditionary army shortly to sail for France, the Council cabled its secretaries, then on the field in Europe, to make full and complete arrangements to serve the coming troops, the Council at once cabling $200,000 and pledging $550,000 additional—as a starter. The secretaries abroad, E. C. Carter and D. A. Davis, got on the job without an hour's delay. Since then many other centers for Y. M. C. A. work have been established in France. A large building on the Strand in London has been converted for the use of American soldiers and sailors in their temporary stay, and appropriately named "The Eagle Hut."

Here at home, at the various camps for the Regular Army, the Navy, the National Guard, the Naval Militia, and the new National Army, the Y. M. C. A. has pushed ahead with all speed, and now it is actively at work in not less than three hundred new buildings—these in addition to the large number previously in existence.

To give some idea of the magnitude of the vast undertaking it may be said that up to November 1st the Y. M. C. A. has provided, for camps and naval stations, equipment among which the following articles are included:

700 moving-picture machines
700 talking-machines
1,500,000 phonograph needles
1,500,000 pens
1,000,000 pencils
2,500 baseball bats
7,000 baseballs
3,000,000 sheets of letter-paper
200,000 Testaments
200,000 hymn-books
2,000 camp cots
100 typewriters
5,000,000 feet of films (rented)
30,000 records
250 barrels of ink
100,800 pen-holders
1 500 baseball gloves
500 basket-balls
7,000 sets of checkers
1,500,000 envelopes
5,000 blankets
150 cash-registers
1,200 magazine-holders

When the steamship *Kansan* was torpedoed, it carried great quantities of Y. M. C. A supplies for our men in France. Word was cabled to France that the supplies would be duplicated, and we asked what was needed. Back came the following cable:

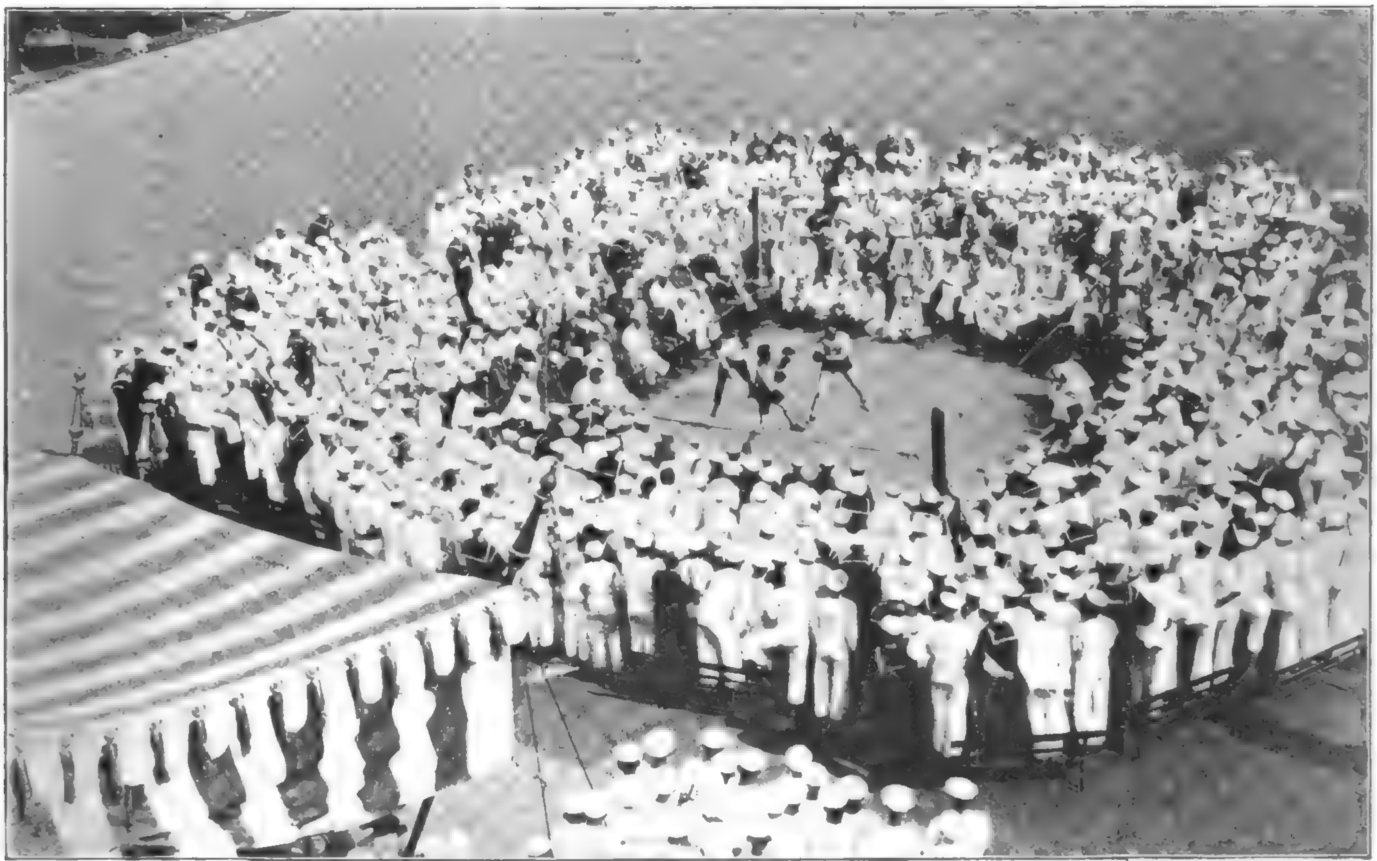
"Send twenty tons plain soap; twenty tons condensed milk; ten tons chocolate; five tons cocoa; two tons tea; five tons coffee; five tons vanilla wafers; fifty tons sugar; two hundred tons flour; two tons fruit essences; two tons lemonade powder; 120,000 Testaments; 120,000 hymn-books; tons of magazines and other literature; thirty tons writing paper and envelopes; fifty thousand folding chairs; five hundred camp cots; two thousand blankets; twenty typewriters; sixty tents; seventy-five moving-picture machines; two hundred phonographs and five thousand records; one ton ink blotters; $75,000 worth athletic goods; thirty automobiles and trucks." And that was only part of the things, in that one boat-load, needed by the Y. M. C. A. in France for its work of serving the American Army.

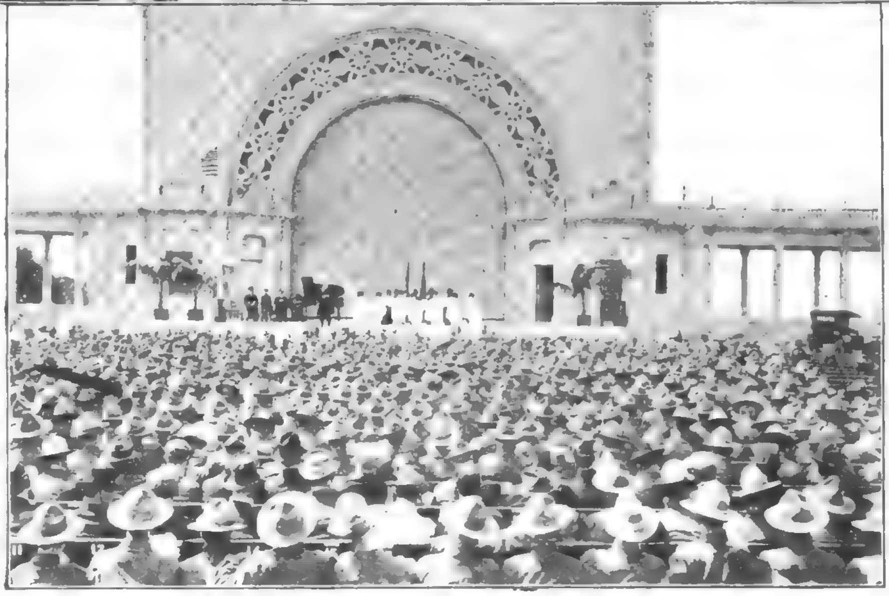
Before the end of July, sixteen buildings, each costing $10,000, were running day and night at the base camp of the American Army in France. Branches had been set up at five French ports, with headquarters at 31 Montaigne Avenue, Paris, the former home of one of Napoleon's ministers. Scores of secretaries were in the field, and others were being gathered by special selection from all over the world—a large majority from the United States. The War Council prepared, at the beginning of the hostilities, for 1,100 of these young men, though now it is apparent that at least 5,000 will be needed by July, 1918.

And not only men. A few weeks sped by, and hundreds of women volunteers, braving the submarine peril and other dangers, sailed for France, where they, and those to follow, are being distributed among the Y. M. C. A. centers, taking charge of the little shop attached to each building, and creating the atmosphere of home life for the uncounted thousands of boys from every corner of the United States. Mrs. Vincent Astor, and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., already in France, went into this service at the first opportunity.

Women Who Help

THIS is in line with the effort of English women in their own Y. M. C. A. centers in France for two years or more; and many of those are English noblewomen who unhesitatingly scrub floors and wash dishes, when necessary. For months at a stretch, the only good women an English soldier sees,





THE Y. M. C. A. USES ALL WAYS TO REACH THE BOY AWAY FROM HOME. HERE, AT SAN DIEGO, ARE A SATURDAY BOXING-BOUT AT THE NAVAL TRAINING-CAMP, AND AN OUTDOOR SUNDAY-MORNING SERVICE FOR THE ARMY.

or hears, are those who volunteer to serve their country in this way. And wherever they come, the camp undergoes a change in spirit, attitude, morale; this being the official statement of high officers who know whereof they speak.

At the outbreak of the war the Council thought that $3,000,000 would suffice for American Y. M. C. A. activities during the balance of the present year. To-day they are investing, prior to January 1, 1918, not less than $5,000,000 in the United States alone, and probably will need as much more in France and England.

During the coming year it is a modest estimate to say that the Y. M. C. A. war work will cost not less than $35,000,000, and possibly $50.000,000.

And this means, like the British Y. M. C. A., that the comforting hand of this great work is going to reach the American boy wherever or in whatever capacity he is serving his country away from home; in all the base camps of the American Army abroad, in all the training-camps and naval stations at home and in the field of action, right up to the brink of the trenches. The great scope and ramifications of the American Y. M. C. A. war work, touch the thousand and one problems and needs of the American youth at the strange work of war, in strange places, and are without limit.

Opportunities for American women especially to take part in it, are growing rapidly. In London, for example, at midnight, scores of well-known women start away from their homes, each driving her own motor-car, and from that hour until two or three o'clock in the morning they cruise about the streets of the great city certain cars allotted to certain districts, looking for soldiers or sailors on leave, stragglers helpless from drink, or suffering from whatever cause. Man after man is picked up, taken into the automobiles, and driven to a haven provided for just such unfortunates.

How many women are thus engaged at present, I do not know, but a few months ago I was told that several hundred were then carrying on this unusual service, night after night, week after week, month after month, in all kinds of weather, at all seasons; and many of these women belong to the highest families in England. There has not been a single report, thus far, of insult or injury being offered these devoted women—for all London knows who they are and what they are doing.

This service may, if it prove necessary, be duplicated by women in New York, Chicago, or other large American cities where thousands of soldiers and sailors will be spending time off duty. But men will be by no means so scarce here as in England, and men probably could be found in sufficient number to undertake the effort.

Important as is the Association work in foreign lands, it is of equal moment right here at home, where we are raising and training great armies, practically all of the men therein being suddenly removed from civil to military life. The break from usual occupations, home surroundings, family influence, especially for the younger soldiers and sailors, means a wrenching and uprooting complete and severe. These men work hard, in camp or at naval station, but they can not work incessantly. There are periods of relaxation during the day, and tens of thousands in each of the great camps find their evenings unoccupied to a large extent.

The Downhearted Soldier

IT IS during such times of idleness that the enemy of a democratic army creeps in — loneliness, homesickness. Think of almost any young man of your acquaintance now in a training-camp; try to imagine how utterly lonely and discouraged he would be, removed from father and mother, wife and child, if he had time to think about them for hours on a stretch, to worry about them, to brood over his own situation. It is just such anxiety, such brooding, that causes men to become reckless, to seek forgetfulness in drink, in vicious associates, in anything or anybody that will relieve their mental tension.

"In war," Napoleon declared, "the moral factor is three times as important as the physical." The morale of an army, the spirit of troops and their discipline, rather than brute strength, bring victory.

It is there the Y. M. C. A. is conducting its vast war work, not only in behalf of the individual man, but in behalf of the Army and the Navy as a whole—for the success of the United States Government in the war now being waged. It is not enough to break in raw recruits and teach them as much as possible about the art of war; they must be given recreation, entertainment, all diversions of various types that will help to make them better specimens of manhood, that will keep them from getting unhappy, that will act as a bracing tonic.

At every cantonment in the United States, at naval stations along the coast from Rockford, Maine, around to Bremerton on Puget Sound; at Olongapo in the Philippines, and at far-off Shanghai, the Army and Navy work of the Y. M. C. A. is in full swing.

The Association recently purchased for similar uses the old Royal Hawaiian Hotel in the heart of Honolulu, at a cost of $250,000, of which sum $100,000 was subscribed in Honolulu. This property, which includes magnificent grounds of large extent, will serve not only the American Fleet on occasion, but it will be constantly occupied with men in the great army camps near by, which are destined to be among the strongest posts of the country.

Much closer to most of us, however is the Great Lakes Training-Station near Chicago. Here are stationed from 20,000 to 28,000 men who have enlisted in the Navy. They come from all over the West, and from as far south as New Orleans. Many of them are but sixteen-year-old boys, and uncounted numbers never before have been in a great city, even a large town. These lads remain at the Great Lakes Training-Station for a few months, and then are shipped to Atlantic ports where men are needed. Often they become discouraged, homesick; they do not know what to do with themselves in leisure hours. Within a short distance is a great city with all its temptations, all its heartless schemes for getting money at any price, in any way. And right here the Y. M. C. A. steps in, as it does at all the other ports and at the army camps, bridging the gap between home and this strange, new world.

Does the Association accomplish its task? Let me quote an instance from this Great Lakes Naval Station.

One day, not long ago, a fine young fellow walked into the Y. M. C. A. center and approached one of the secretaries.

"Look here," he said, without preamble, "I want to tell you that I owe a lot to the Y. M. C. A. I used to live in North Dakota, but I ran away from home and for five years I haven't been in touch with Father and Mother. A while ago, when you urged me to write home, I felt ashamed, and sent a letter to Mother. Since then I've had letters from her, forgiving me, and yesterday came a fine letter from my father. He says that since I've been man enough to enlist in the Navy, it's all right; and that if I want to go home after my four years' service are over, he'll turn over three sections of land to me. That's what the Y. M. C. A. has done for me—and you bet I'm going home when my term of service is through."

A Far-reaching Problem

SINCE the United States entered the war, squads of soldiers, from four to forty men, have been guarding bridges, water-works, public buildings, railways, etc., at one hundred and forty-two points in the interior of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Vermont. Many of these men have been living far from usual routes of communication. The Y. M. C. A. equipped an automobile, which it has been sending from point to point in this lonely line of outposts. Some weeks it visited sixty different places, carrying for the solitary guards nearly a hundred phonographs with records, for which one gentleman contributed 100,000 needles, and presenting books provided for the purpose by the thousand. Some of the outposts were found in the wilderness, but the "Santa Claus Car," as it is known, went everywhere.

Far away, at the other end of the continent, at Bremerton, Washington, the Navy Y. M. C. A. building sent to the post-office, in a single month, more than 150,000 letters that had been written there by youngsters just entering the service. One of the secretaries voluntarily vacated his office at about five o'clock each afternoon so that a homesick boy from Texas might have the room to himself, while composing the daily *billet-doux* he sends back home to his "best girl."

In New York City the municipal government has granted the Y. M. C. A. permission to erect large tents in open spaces along the Great White Way, each to serve as an information bureau for the 100,000 or more men in khaki who were to pass there during the after-mobilization periods. In Twenty-third Street near Broadway, a large dormitory building has been provided for soldiers and sailors on leave, where they are able to obtain first-rate beds for a small sum per night. In Chicago, the Y. M. C. A. hotel is taking care of eight hundred soldiers and sailors each night.

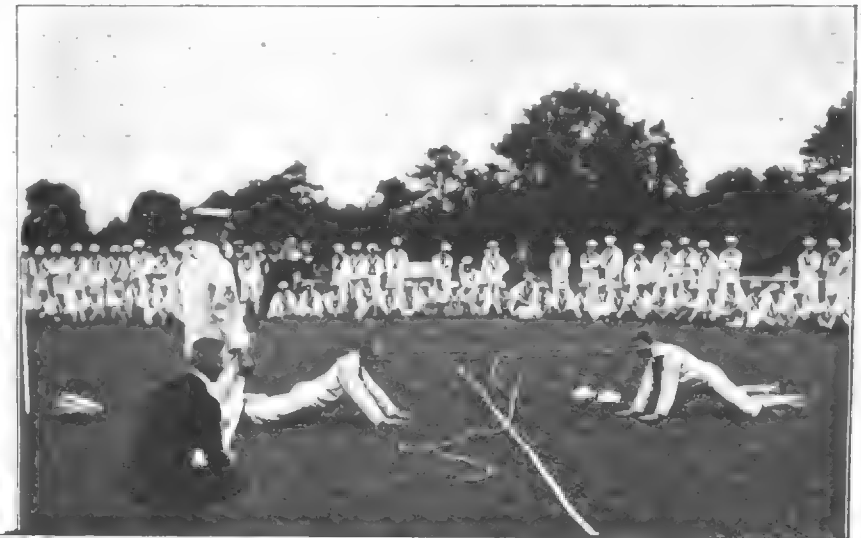
The Many Approaches

BESIDES providing sleeping accommodations when needed, and good food at low prices, books, magazines, newspapers, writing materials and as much of the home atmosphere as can possibly be created, the Y. M. C. A. encourages all sorts of athletic sports, games, recreations and amusements that help a man in his physical, mental and spiritual growth. Entertainments are arranged, everything is done that will tend to give the boy an outlet for the fun-loving spirit of the average American, that will encourage him to steer clear of vicious resorts and evil companions.

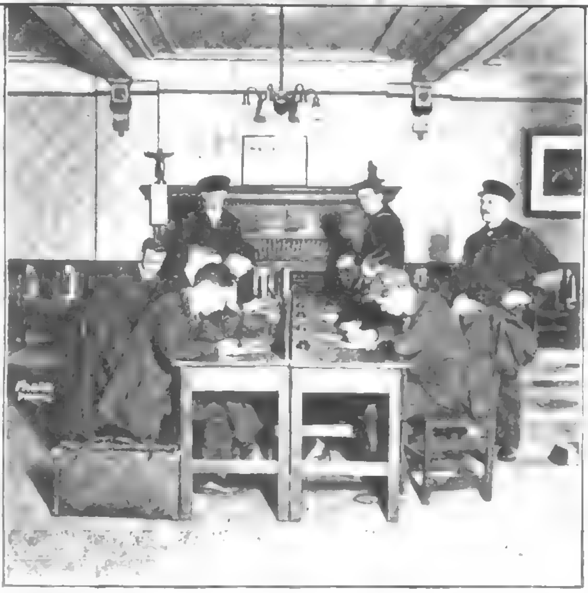
In this effort the Y. M. C. A. by no means stands alone. Recently the chairman of the War Work Council received a letter from the Knights of Columbus, a great Roman Catholic organization, expressing the hope that both bodies may work in fraternal harmony for the good of the men in the military and naval service. This letter, couched in terms of cordial sympathy, is extremely gratifying. Both the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus have the same objects in view; as time goes on they should be more and more helpful to each other. I am sure this will prove to be true.

When war broke out, and the need for great training-camps became apparent, there was an outburst of public spirit from all sorts of organizations, and from many individuals, who wished to help the men in the camps. Washington saw at once that there would be difficulty in keeping many of these organizations from duplicating effort; and from interfering with each other; so the President appointed a

Commission on Training-camp Activities, with Raymond Fosdick as chairman, to serve as a sort of clearing-house for the many enterprises. And it is in cooperation with this commission that the Y. M. C. A. is doing its work of entertainment, recreation, and its service in general to the soldiers now in the thirty-two camps and permanent cantonments. All the entertainment and amusement resources of the country are being mobilized for this purpose. Some of the most distinguished actors, actresses, and musicians are arranging to give part or all of their time to this work. And recently a committee of eminent newspaper publishers has begun to issue, under Y. M. C. A. auspices, a weekly newspaper in every training-camp in the country.



Naggle photo—Army and Navy News Staff.



GAMES ARRANGED BY THE NAVY Y. M. C. A., NORFOLK.
THIS LUXURIOUS HOTEL IN HONOLULU IS NOW A Y. M. C. A. CENTER.
THAT SIGN ABOVE THE MANTELPIECE—"HOW LONG SINCE YOU WROTE TO MOTHER?" IS A STRONG TONIC TO BOYS THE WORLD OVER.

It must not be forgotten that while the Y. M. C. A. spares neither time nor money in serving bodily and mental needs, yet it is a religious organization, a Christian association for men: primarily for young men. This being so, religious services are regularly held, and the atmosphere of the centers is that of Christian fellowship, of the true brotherhood of mankind. No attempt is made, of course, in the interest of any creed or denomination or sectarian doctrine. The Y. M. C. A. is big enough and broad enough to forget the existence of boundaries which would hinder rather than help its effort. Furthermore, while cordial invitation is extended to those wishing to attend its religious meetings, this side of its work is not permitted to obtrude itself unnecessarily. Yet a stranger to Y. M. C. A. activities would be astonished to see the hundreds of men, the thousands sometimes, who voluntarily gather in army camps, at naval stations and on shipboard for the hour of prayer, the appeal for higher standards of living, the reading of comforting passages from the Bible, and the singing of familiar hymns. Away down in the souls of most men—whether they know it or not—is a deep religious instinct. Men in camp know they are being trained in the deadliest work possible for human beings. They know they may come through the next year alive—or they may be cut down instantly at any moment. As never before they face, to-day, the most momentous question, the gravest, which a man can put to himself: *"How soon must I die?"*

Is it any wonder that multitudes of men in this situation, and for the first time thinking about the future, should insensibly find themselves drawn to the company of others occupied with the same thoughts? Such men have no time for theological sermons; they want the promise, the assurances, simple messages of faith; they want to hear and to sing the old familiar hymns that they heard at their mother's knee in childhood.

And its effectiveness in the larger aspects—with considerable bodies of men as distinguished from the individual—is everywhere as noticeable. Some time ago a prominent army officer, Colonel O'Neil, was sent to the Philippines as senior in command at Fort McKinley. When he first took charge of the post the Y. M. C. A. was just beginning its work, and its buildings were in process of erection. Though his original opinion of the Y. M. C. A. work in military fields was not complimentary, Colonel O'Neil recently said to a group of prominent business men in San Diego:

"I spent many, many hours a day sitting on summary courts martial, but after the Association got its work under way the courts martial decreased by seventy-five per cent.; and I give all credit to the Association."

To glimpse something of the sustaining, the reconciling power of this great new factor in the business of modern

THE RAW RECRUIT, FRESH FROM AMERICA'S COUNTRYSIDE, FINDS A CHEERING, HOMELIKE WELCOME AT THE ARMY OR NAVY Y. M. C. A.

war, you have only to wander after nightfall through the serried lines of tents and buildings of any of the camps or cantonments the country over, where are gathered hundreds of thousands of young Americans, training, or waiting for the word to go "over there"—nearly all of them lonely and strange, away from home for the first time, hungry for a reassuring word, a little music, a cheering song.

In all these camps, sometimes in every regiment of the camp, the great white "Y" tent is the social center, the "parlor," the "sitting-room" for all the men—where, under the skilful hospitality of the secretary, they gather after mess, laboring over ink-bottles and Y. M. C. A. stationery at the home letters, singing to the tinkle of the usually ancient, but still soundful, donated piano, getting a book or two from the tent library. Even on the evening of pay-day you'll find them there in not noticeably diminished numbers.

The Y. M. C. A. on all Fronts

TO INDICATE clearly how important Y. M. C. A. work is regarded as an adjunct to the modern army, it may now be said that while one of its American representatives was at the fighting front in France, for some eight or ten weeks, studying the needs of the American troops soon to be in action, both the French and the Italian Governments formally requested the American Y. M. C. A. to install and carry forward similar Y. M. C. A. service for their own great armies—this a startling innovation for the troops of Italy and France, as well as a striking compliment to the American Y. M. C. A.

When war-weary soldiers of France come out of the trenches and obtain needed leaves of absence, it is easy for them to go to their homes and find recreation amid familiar scenes and with their families. It is comparatively easy for the British soldier to get home on furlough for the same purpose. But it is exceedingly difficult for American soldiers to go home for a rest—practically impossible to all but a very few.

Recognizing this fact, the American War Work Council months ago worked out projects whereby boys in Uncle Sam's khaki, on leave from the front, would have opportunity to pass their leisure time in a famous resort of the French Alps.

As this paper is being finished, cables come from Paris outlining the plans, which include taking over a number of large and splendid hotels by the Y. M. C. A., conducting them for soldiers on leave at the lowest possible expense compatible with first-class service; the Association secretaries arranging all kinds of Alpine summer and winter sports, providing concerts, motion-picture entertainments, and bringing to the resorts the best theatrical and musical companies obtainable in the amusement world.

As new needs develop, as new opportunities arise for helping the men, the American Y. M. C. A. promises to be on the job—and to deliver the goods, as well.

Its National War Work Council is composed of business and professional men, many of whom have given up their lifelong occupations for the duration of the war. They are working day and night, and harder than they ever worked before. Most of them, in fact all of them, are beyond military age; but they are doing everything that can be done, and will continue to do all possible to uphold the boys at the front and in training-camps prepared to go to the front.

And the striking thought is that this—all this, is new. There was nothing like it before the Spanish American War. Nothing like it in any European war before this.

Prior to the war with Spain the Y. M. C. A. did no special work with the Army or the Navy. But on April 25, 1898, three days after President McKinley issued his first call for volunteers, the International Committee met in New York, and formed a sub-committee divided into three departments: the Executive, for general supervision, with John J. McCook as chairman; the Department of General Work, for the direction of social, physical, and religious effort, including Bible classes, with Charles W. McAlpin as chairman; and the Evangelistic Department, for the promotion of religious effort at the different camps, with Dwight L. Moody as chairman.

During the period of the Spanish War more than eight thousand men in the various gospel meetings openly took a stand for the Christian life. And as for the non-religious work, during the summer and autumn months of 1898, so many of the American boys wrote home on Y. M. C. A. stationery that they consumed more than thirty barrels of ink!

New—its work and opportunity of service just beginning! And the vision of this opportunity has been caught by men and women of energy or position who have made possible the beginning of its realization.

The personalities who are behind the Association work for the Army and Navy are too numerous to describe. Mr. William Sloane, who is its center, however, as chairman of the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., is fairly representative of the type of energetic business executive of broad vision and great heart who is leaving nothing undone with the resources at his command, for the safety, health, comfort and moral surroundings of the American boys in this war. And back of him there has been generous support of the finest kind.

ALL this is why there is, in the tented plains of the world and in the hearts of its multitudes of fighting men far from the hearth, a Christmas at all substantial and real.

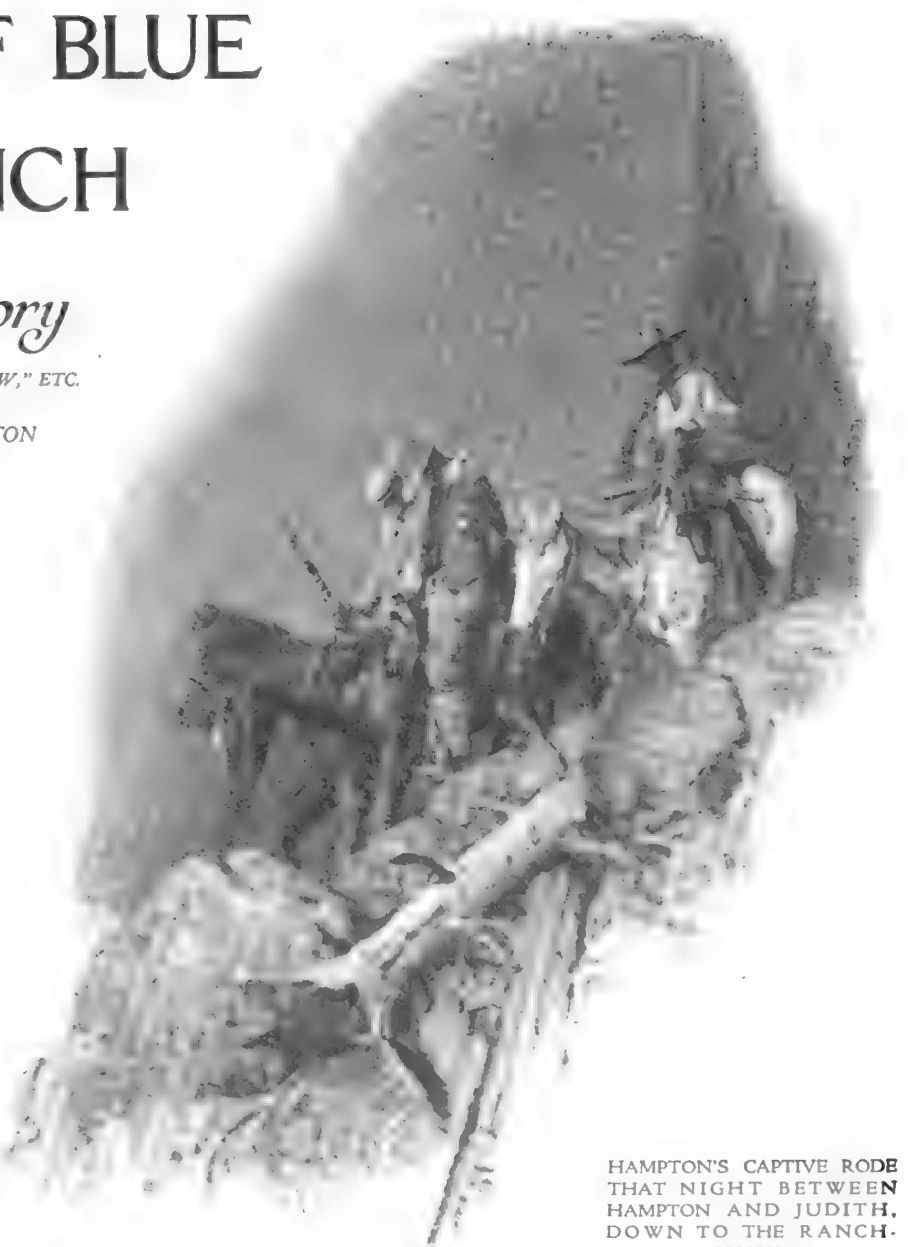
To these multitudes the Y. M. C. A. station will represent the spirit of peace and good-will even to the brink of death, because it, more than anything else, labors incessantly to "keep the home fires burning" in the hearts of the boys while they are at their great task.

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

By Jackson Gregory

AUTHOR OF "UNDER HANDICAP," "THE OUTLAW," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON



HAMPTON'S CAPTIVE RODE THAT NIGHT BETWEEN HAMPTON AND JUDITH, DOWN TO THE RANCH-HOUSE.

BLUE LAKE RANCH, with its ten thousand acres of cattle and horse-range, dairy-farms and olive groves, was acquired and built up by the energy of Luke Sanford. It should be prosperous, but, on Sanford's death, it fell into the hands of three part-owners: Sanford's daughter, Judith; Pollock Hampton, a young spender; and a third person, who does not appear in the story. Its management is entrusted by them to Bayne Trevors, who is deliberately planning to ruin the ranch so that it may fall cheaply into the hands of the Western Lumber Company, owners of a neighboring estate, for whom Trevors is secretly working.

Judith Sanford, who has been educating herself to fill her father's place, acquires a second share of ownership in the ranch, and unexpectedly appears on the scene to take charge. She dismisses the enraged Trevors at pistol point, and immediately impresses the men with her capability by riding the most intractable bronco of the ranch. Preparing for Trevors's revenge, she sounds the loyalty of her men, and calls to her assistance "Doc" Tripp, a trusted employee of her father's who was discharged by Trevors, because of his interference with the ruinous and teacherous practises of the manager. Judith, inspecting the ranch, finds these methods everywhere being carried out by the men, most of whom are Trevors's henchmen. She discharges some, and many others leave, under encouragement from the Western Lumber Company, threatening thereby to cripple the ranch.

Rumors that the ranch is insolvent are spread among the men, and a messenger, returning from Rocky Bend on pay-day with the ranch salaries, is waylaid and robbed in a lonely pass. Bud Lee, using fast horses in relays, makes a second trip to Rocky Bend for the gold. On the return his horse is killed under him by a silent shot from some covert in the cliffs, but he arrives in time to save the good faith of the men in Judith and the ranch.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Bud Lee Shows Another Side

IN THE Blue Lake Ranch there was more than one man ready to scoff at the idea of a robbery like this one, frank enough to voice the suspicion: "It's just a stall for time!" So much had last week's rumor done for them, preparing them to expect something that would set aside the customary monthly pay-day.

But when they had seen Charlie Miller's bruised head and heard his story; when they had sat on their horses and looked down at the animal which had been shot under Bud Lee, they were silent. And, besides, when long after dark they came in behind Carson from a fruitless quest, their pay was ready for them as formerly, in gold and silver.

Major Langworthy imbibed an unusually large number of cocktails, and long before noon of the following day had suggested that the ranch be put immediately under military law, hinting that a military-mustachioed gentleman be appointed commanding general of the Blue Lake forces, and forming within his own mind the picture of himself in the office, revolver on table, cocktail at elbow, directing the manœuvers from this point of vantage, not to say safety.

Mrs. Langworthy ruffled her feathers and sniffed when Judith's name was mentioned. It was perfectly clear to her that all the ruffians of the West would be quick to take the advantage arising from the fact of a rowdy girl assuming men's pantaloons. So, in her indignation, Mrs. Langworthy herself expressed it.

"I am rather inclined to think, Mama," said Marcia quietly, "that you don't do Judith justice."

Trevors, with little to say to any one, took his departure in the forenoon, extracting from Hampton the promise to ride over and see the lumber camp some day soon.

Judith, held at the office by a lot of first-of-the-month details, did not get away until close to eleven o'clock that morning. Then she rode swiftly down the river, a purpose of her own in mind.

At the store she stopped for a sympathetic word with Charlie Miller, who had long forgotten his own hurt in his grief and anger that he had lost her thousand dollars for her.

"What's a thousand dollars, Charlie?" she laughed at him. "We'll lose many a thousand, and make many a thousand before the year dies."

Just below the Lower End settlement she came upon Doc Tripp. He was in one of the quarantine hog corrals, his sleeves rolled up, a puzzled look of worry puckering his boyish face.

"What's up, Doc?" Judith reined in and stopped for a few words.

"Don't know, Judy. That's what gets my mad up. Just performed an autopsy on one of your Poland-China gilts."

"Found it dead?" asked Judith.

"Killed it," grunted Tripp. "Sick. Half a dozen more are off their feed and don't look right. A man's always afraid of the cholera. And," stubbornly, "I won't believe it! There's been no chance of infection; why, there's not an infected herd this side of the Bagley ranch, sixty miles the other side of Rocky Bend, a hundred miles from here. But, just the same, I'm taking temperatures this morning and having my herders cut out all the dull-looking ones and break the herds up."

"Not getting nerves? Are you, Doc?" And Judith spurred on down the valley.

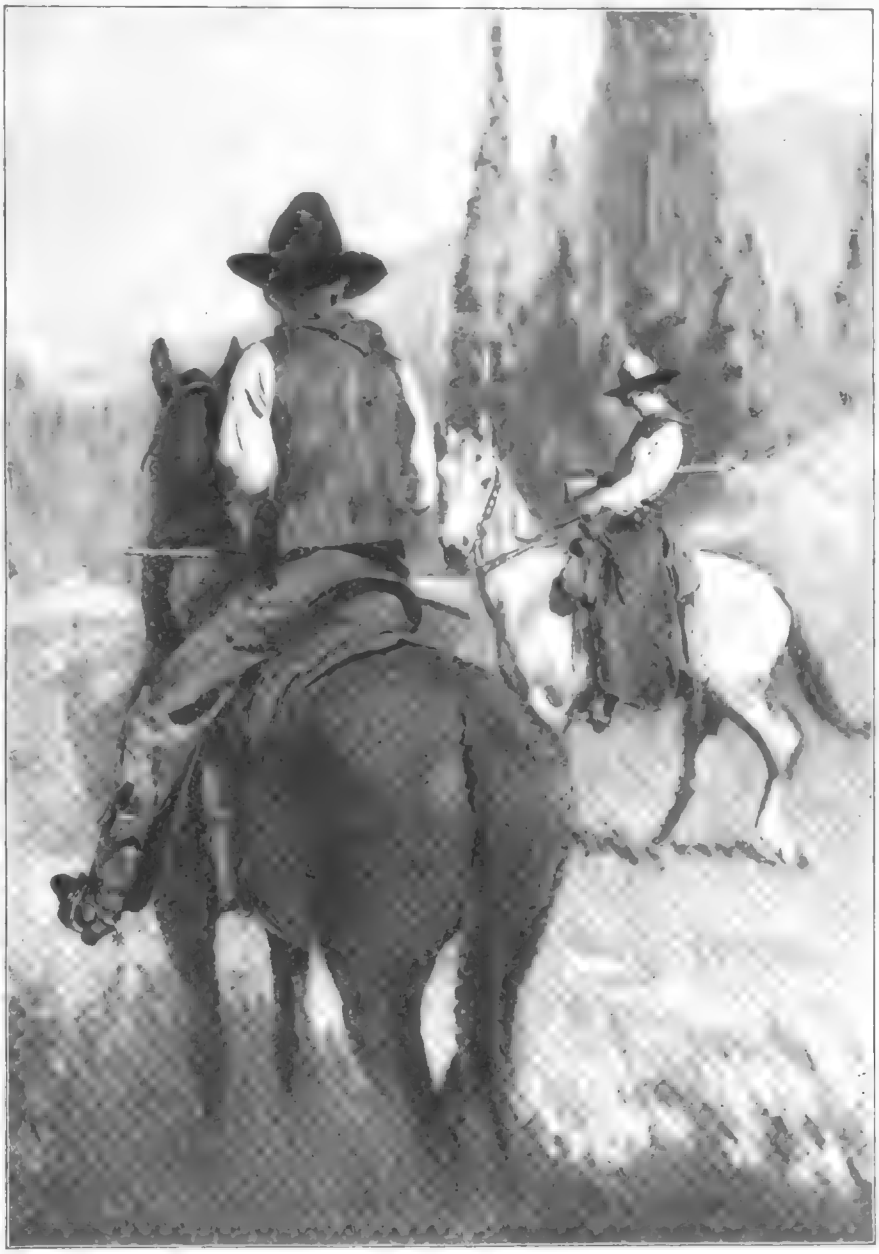
BEFORE she came to the spot where Bud Lee's horse had been shot, she came upon Lee himself. A rifle across his arm, he was sitting on his horse in the road, looking up at the cliffs of Squaw Creek Cañon.

"Well, Lee," she said. "What do you make of it?"

He showed no surprise at seeing her, and answered slowly, that far-away look in his eyes as though he were alone still, speaking simply to Bud Lee.

"Using smokeless powder nowadays is a handy thing for a man shooting under cover," he said. "Then rig up your gun with a silencer and get off at fair range, half a mile and up, with a telescope sight, and it's real nice fun picking folks off!"

"All of that spells preparation," suggested Judith.



AND HERE AGAIN, STARTLING HIM FOR A SECOND TIME, JUDITH RODE UP.

He nodded. When he offered no further remark, but sat staring up at the cliffs Judith asked:

"What else have you learned by coming back down here? Anything?"

"There were two men, anyway. I'd guess, three. The one who stuck up Charlie and then drifted while the drifting was good. Then the two other jaspers that tried to wing me."

"How do you know that?"

"My horse that was shot," he explained, "got it in the left side of the neck. Now, look at that hole in the little fir-tree yonder."

Judith saw what he meant, now. At this point Lee yesterday had heard the second bullet singing dangerously near. It had struck the fir, and plainly had been fired from some point off to the right of the cañon. Her eyes went swiftly after his, up the cliff walls.

"I doped it out while I was running," he went on. "Look at the way the trees grow here. If a man was on the cliffs shooting at me, and coming that close to winging me, why, he'd have to be off to the right. These big pines would shut him off from the other side. It's open and shut there were two of them. And darn good shots," he added dryly.

Briefly he went on to give her the rest of the results of his two-hour seeking for something definite. If she'd ride on a little she'd come to the spot where, his horse had been killed; she would see in the road the signs where, at Tripp's orders, the carcass had been dragged away. From there, looking off to the left, up the cliffs, she would see the spot which Lee believed had harbored one of the riflemen. High above the cañon rose the rocky pinnacle he had marked yesterday, with brush standing tall in a little depression.

"Indian Head!" broke in Judith slowly, gazing upward. "Bud Lee, I'll bet a horse you're right. . . ."

"And," said Lee, swinging from the saddle, "I'm going up there to have a little look around."

In an instant the girl was at his side.

"I am going up with you," she said simply.

He looked at her curiously, making no reply. Then he shrugged his shoulders. An angry flush came to the girl's cheeks, but she went on with him. Not a word passed between them during the entire hour required to climb the steep side of the mountain and come under the cliffs rising in lonely dignity, known as Indian Head.

Here they stood together, together because the ledge was too narrow to permit of any dignity of great physical aloofness, panting, resting. Again Judith saw Lee glance at her curiously. He had not sought to accommodate his swift climbing to a girl's gait, and yet he had not distanced her in the ascent. But in Lee's glance there was nothing of approval. There were two kinds of women, as he had said, and . . .

"Pretty steep climb from here up," he remarked bluntly.

"For a valley man or a cobble-pounder, maybe," was Judith's rejoinder.

Thereafter they did not again speak until, after nearly another hour, they at last came to the crest of Indian Head. And here, in the eagerness of their search, in the reward of the signs which they found, they forgot, both of them, to maintain their reserve.

In the clump of brush, close to the outer fringe, behind a low, broad boulder, a man had lain on his belly no longer ago than yesterday. Broken twigs showed it, a small bush crushed down told of it, the marks of his toes in some of the softer soil proclaimed it eloquently. And, had other signs been required, there they were: two empty brass cartridges where the automatic ejector had thrown them several feet away. Lee picked up one of the shells.

"Latest thing in an up-to-the-minute Savage," he told her. "That gun is good for twice the distance he used it for. I'm in tolerable luck to be mountain-climbing to-day, I guess!"

While Judith visualized just what had occurred, saw the tall man—he must have been tall for his boot toes to scratch the earth yonder while his rifle-barrel lay for support across the boulder in front—resting his gun and firing down into the cañon—Lee was back, saying shortly:

"What do you think? There's a plain trail up here, old as the hills, but tip-top for speedy going."

"And," said Judith without looking up, "it runs down into the next saddle, to the north of that ridge, curves up again and follows for two miles. Then, with monuments all along the way, it runs straight to the Upper End and comes down from the northeast to the lake."

Lee looked at her wondering.

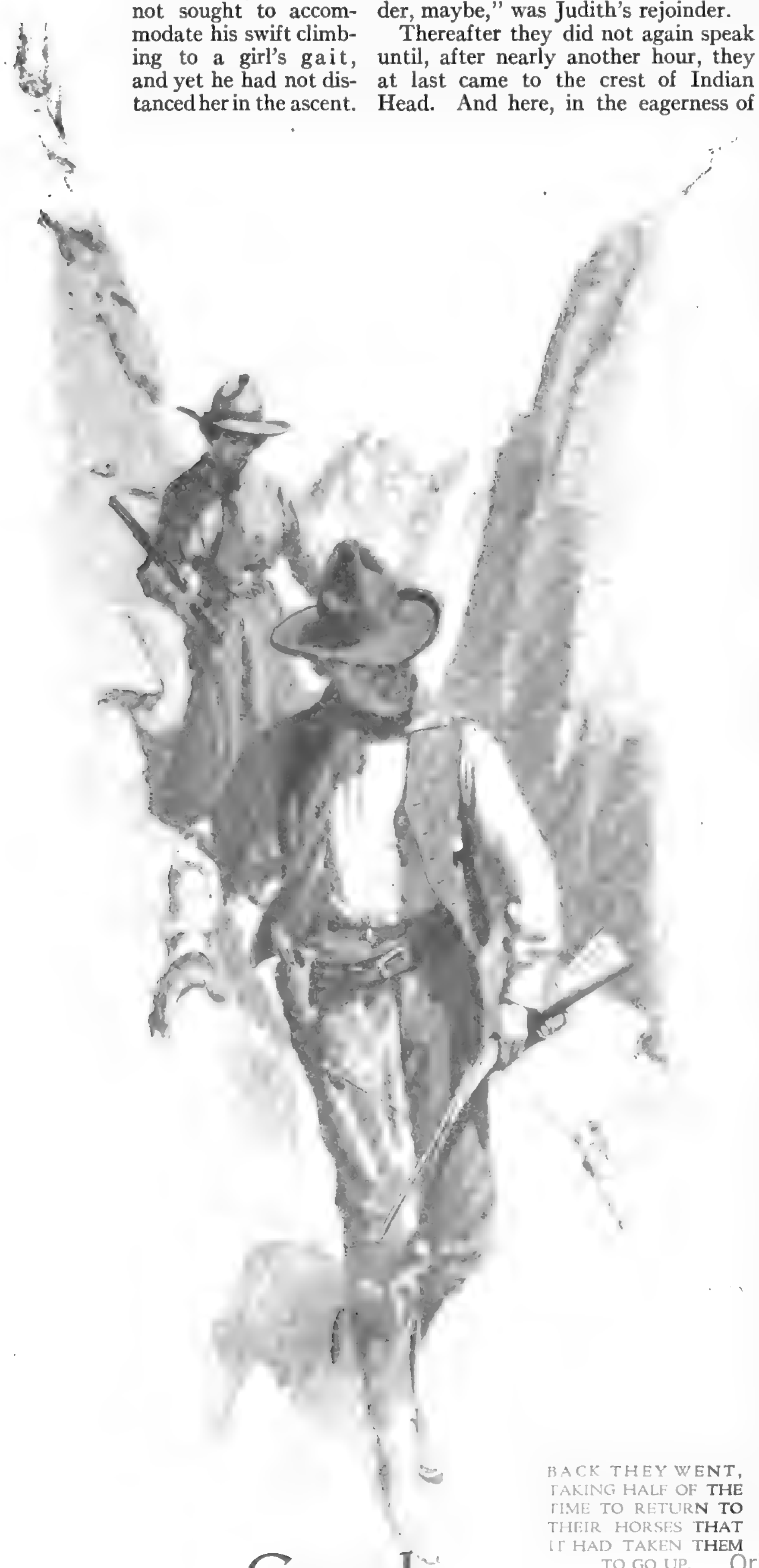
"You knew about it all the time then?"

"If we hadn't been on our high horses," she told him quietly, "I should have told you about it. It's the old Indian Trail. If the man we want turned east, then he went right on to the lake before he stopped putting one foot in front of the other. Unless he hid out all night, which I don't believe."

"What makes you think he went that far?"

"There's no other trail up here that gets anywhere. If he left this one for a short cut he'd know, if he knows anything, that he'd have to take a chance every ten steps of breaking his neck in the dark. Now," and she rose swiftly, confronting him, "the thing for you to do, Bud Lee, is to get back to your horse, take the road, make time getting to the Upper End and see what you can see there!"

Back they went, taking half the time to return to their horses that it had taken them to go up. Losing no time, they rode back to the ranch-house where Judith, with no word of adieu, left him to go to the house. Lee made a late lunch, saddled another horse, and when the bunk-house clock stood at a quarter of four, started for the ride to the Upper End.



BACK THEY WENT, TAKING HALF OF THE TIME TO RETURN TO THEIR HORSES THAT IT HAD TAKEN THEM TO GO UP.

"That girl's got the savvy," was his one remark to himself.

Blue Lake, while but three miles further eastward, flashed its jeweled waters into the sun from a plane fully five hundred feet higher than the tall chimneys of the ranch-house. About it stood the most precipitate granite cliffs to be found hereabouts. They rose, sheer and majestic, still another five hundred feet, here and there eight hundred and a thousand. The lake, half a mile in diameter, circular like some polished mirror presented by an ancient giant to his lady-love, was shut in everywhere by these crags and cliffs save at the west, where the overflowing water, going to swell the turbulent river, poured like molten crystal through a wide gorge.

THE further cliffs marked the eastern boundary line of the ranch. Beyond them lay a small plateau, scarcely of greater acreage than the lake itself, itself rimmed about on three sides by still other steep precipices.

Lee, coming to the water's edge, along the trail which led from the Upper End feeding-grounds, stopped here, seeking to guess where the end of the old Indian Trail came down. And here again, startling him for a second time, Judith rode up.

She, too, had a fresh horse; she too now carried across her arm a rifle. Bud Lee frowned.

"What makes you so certain, Bud Lee," was her abrupt word of greeting, "that Bayne Trevors is back of this deal?"

"When did I say that?" he countered.

"Yesterday, when I told you Charlie Miller had been held up, you intimated that a long-headed man had planned the whole thing. That means Trevors, doesn't it?"

"One of us," said Lee calmly, ignoring her question and looking her straight in the eyes, "is going back. Which one?"

"Neither!" she retorted promptly. She even smiled confidently at him. "For I won't. And you won't."

"Do you need to be told," he asked her coolly, "that this is no sort of job for a girl? You'd only be in the way."

"If you want glittering generalities," she jeered at him, "then listen to this: A man's job, first, last and all the time, is to be chivalrous to a woman! And not a bumptious boor!"

And with that she spurred by him, taking the trail which led off to the right and so under the cliffs where a great, ragged chasm opened into them. In spite of him, Bud Lee grinned after her. And, seeing that she was not to be turned back, he followed.

They left their horses and following the old footpath, made their way into the chasm deeper and deeper, and little by little climbed upward. The climb was less difficult than it looked, and fifteen minutes brought them to the upland plateau. And to the door of an old cabin, made of logs, set back in a tiny grove of cedars.

"I haven't been here for a year," cried the girl, forgetful of the constraint which had held them until now. "It's like getting back home for the first time! I love it."

"So do I," Lee said within himself. "And it's the closest thing to home I've got!"

"Look!" exclaimed Judith. "Some one has been repairing the old cabin! He's made a bench yonder under the big tree, too. And he has walled in the spring with rocks, and . . . Who in the world can it be? There's even a little flower garden, wild flowers!"

But Lee, for no reason clear to himself, flushed. He offered no explanation at first. Here he spent many a day when he could have a few hours to himself, lying on the grass, looking out over the immensity of the wilderness; here he came many a night to sleep under the stars, far from the other boys, when his soul craved solitude; here upon many a Sunday, when work was slack, did he come to smoke alone, loaf alone, read from the few books on the shelves.

"Maybe," he suggested at last, when it was clear that Judith was going straight to the door, "this is where our stick-up gents hang out! Choice place for a cut-throat to hibernate, huh?"

"I don't believe it," answered Judith positively. "The man who made his hermitage here has a soul!"

Behind her back Lee smiled. The flush came again into his face.

"We've got something to do," he said hastily, "without wasting time poking into old shacks. Where's the Indian trail you talked about?"

"Shack!" cried Judith indignantly. "You make me sick, Bud Lee! I'd rather own this cabin—live here, than have a palace on Fifth Avenue!"

SHE knocked at the door, knowing that silence would answer her, but hoping to have a man, calm-eyed, gentle-voiced, a romantic hermit in all of his picturesqueness, come to the door.

"Going in?" asked Lee in well simulated carelessness.

"No," she told him freezingly. "Why should I? Would you want people poking about into your home just because it was in the heart of the wilderness and you weren't there to drive them out?"

"No," answered Bud gravely. "Now that you ask me, I wouldn't! Let's go find that trail."

"But," continued Judith, "not being a fool, and realizing that one of the men we want might possibly be in hiding in here, I am going to peek in."

"Not being a fool," he repeated after her, adding gently, "and being a girl, which means filled with curiosity."

A disdainful shoulder gave him his answer. The door was unlocked, after immemorial Western custom, and Judith opened it. Lee heard her little gasp of pure delight.

"He's a dear, the man who lives here!" she announced positively. "You can just tell by looking at his home."

Looking in over her shoulder, Bud Lee wondered just what in his one-room shanty had caught her enthusiasm. He was secretly pleased that it had done so, though that "it" was somewhat vague in his masculine mind. There was the rock fireplace with an iron hook protruding from each side for coffee-pot and stew-pot; a bunk with a blanket smoothed over cedar boughs; a little shelf with a dozen books; little else, so far as he could see or remember, to catch at Judith's delight. Yet she, looking through woman's eyes, read in one quick "peek" the character of the dweller in this abode. One who was content with little, who loved a clean, outdoor life, and who was tranquilly above the pettiness of life. Judith closed the door softly.

"I'd like to look inside his books!" she confessed. "But I won't."

The lean horse foreman chuckled.

Judith sniffed at him.

"You haven't any curiosity about such things as books," she retorted. "To be sure, why should you have?"

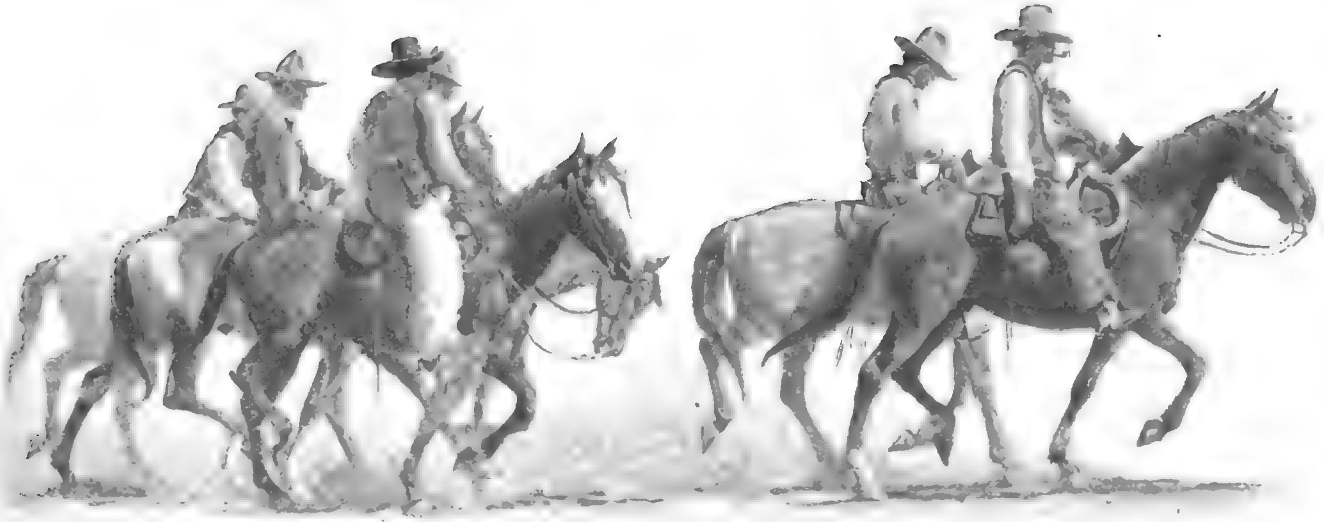
Again, leaving the cabin, she went before him. Going straight across the plateau she showed him where one could clamber up a rather steep way to the ridge. Once up there it was but ten minutes until, in a hollow, they found the monument marking a trail, a stone set upon a boulder.

It was after five o'clock. When, following the trail back and forth in its winding along the side of the ridge, they found the signs they sought, it was fast growing dark. But there, in a narrow defile where loose soil had filtered down, were tracks left by a large boot. Lee went down on his hands and knees to study them in the dusk. He got up with a little grunt and moved down the trail. Again he found tracks, this time more clearly defined. So dark was it now that they had lighted several matches.

"Two men," he announced wonderingly. "Fresh tracks, too. Made this morning or last night, I'll bet! One coming east from Indian Head. The other coming west from the plateau behind us! Who's he? Where'd he come from?"

"He's the second of the two men who shot at you," said Judith quickly. "Don't I know every trail in this neck of the woods, Bud Lee? He followed another old, worn-out trail on the south side of the ranch. They met here, I knew they would!"

"What for?" Lee frowned through the darkness at her eager face. "What would they want to get together for? If they had any sense they would scatter and clean out of the country."



THE CATTLEMAN HEADED TOWARD THE CABIN AT THE OTHER END, HIS MEN RIDING WITH HIM, AN EAGER, WATCHFUL CROWD.

"Unless," Judith reminded him, "they don't intend to clean out at all! Unless they mean to stick to the cliffs and try their hands again at their sort of game. They'll figure that we will expect them to be a long way from here by now, won't they? Then where would they be safer than right here in these mountains? Give me a rifle and something to eat, and I'll defy an army getting me out there. And think of it: If this is Trevors's work, if he means business, think what two gunmen on these heights could do to us! They could pick off a three-thousand-dollar stallion down in the pens; they could drop more than one prize bull or cow; they could," she added sharply, "if they thought about girls as some men think, they could take a chance on scaring Judith Sanford out of the country."

Lee stared at her a long time in silence.

"I wouldn't have said," he offered finally, "that Bayne Trevors would make quite so strong a play as that."

"You wouldn't! Then look him in the eye! And where's his risk, if he's picked the right men? And if he backs them up, keeping the back door open when they want to run for it? You just gamble your boots, Bud Lee, that Bayne Trevors . . ."

Without warning, without a sound of report, there came a wiry whine into the still air, a little venomous ping, and a bullet sped by just over their heads. No other sound to tell whence this blood-seeking missile had come. But, through the gloom, they both saw the flash of the gun as it spat fire and lead, and as though one impulse commanded them, Judith's rifle and Bud Lee's went to their shoulders, and two reverberating reports rang out in answer.

"Lie down, damn it!" cried Bud Lee to the girl at his side, as again there came the flash from the cliffs off to the right and as again he answered it with his rifle.

"Lie down yourself!" snapped Judith. And once more her rifle spoke with his.

For one instant, framed against the darkening sky along the cliff edge five hundred yards away to the right, they saw the silhouette of a man, leaping from one boulder to another, a man who looked gigantically big in the uncertain light. They fired; he jumped again and passed out of sight.

"Got his nerve," grunted Lee as he fired at the running figure.

As an answer there came the third flash, the third bullet striking the trail in front of them. And then the fourth flash, from a point a hundred yards to the left of the other.

"That's Number Two," muttered Lee. "They've got us in the open, Judith. Let's beat it back to the cabin."

"I'm with you," said Judith, between shots. "It's just foolishness" . . . *bang!* . . . "sticking out here" . . . *bang!* . . . "for them to pop us off." *Bang! Bang!*

They ran then, Bud slipping in front of her, his tall body looming darkly between her and the cliffs whence the shots came.

He slid along the sharp slope to the plateau, putting out his arms toward her. And as she came down, Bud Lee grunted and cursed under his breath. For there had been another flash out of the thickening night, this one from the refuge toward which they were running.

A third man was shooting from the shelter of the cabin walls. And Lee had felt a stinging pain as though a hot iron had scorched its way along the side of his leg.

"Hurt much?" asked Judith quickly. Without waiting for an answer she pumped two shots at the flash by the cabin.

"No," grunted Lee. "Just scared. And now what? I want to know."

CHAPTER EIGHT

Lee and Judith Make Two Discoveries

BUD LEE, in the thicker darkness lying along the edge of the plateau, sat with his back against the rocks, giving swift first aid to his wound. He brought into requisition the knotted handkerchief from about his throat, bound it tightly around the calf of his leg, saying lightly to Judith:

"Just a fool scratch, you know. But I've no hankering to dribble out a lot of blood from it."

Judith made no answer. Lee took up his rifle and turned to where she had been standing, a moment ago. She was not there.

"Gone!" he grunted, frowning into the blackness hemming him in. "Now where do you suppose she's gone? Fainted, most likely."

He got up and moved along the low rock wall, seeking her. A spurt of flame from the east corner of the cabin drew his eyes away from his search, and he pumped three quick shots in answer.

"Little chance of hitting anything," he muttered. "Too blamed dark. Just fool's luck that I got mine in the leg."

Again he sought Judith, calling softly. There was no answer. Once more the spurt of flame from the shelter of the cabin wall. Then fifty yards off to Lee's right, some fifty yards nearer the cabin, another shot.

The first suspicion that one of the men from the cliffs had made his way down to join the issue at close quarters, was gone in a clear understanding. That was the bark of Judith's rifle; she had slipped away from him without an instant's delay, was creeping closer and closer to the cabin.

"Damn the girl!" cried Lee angrily. "She'll get her fool self killed!"

But as he ran forward to join her, he

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

realized that she was doing the right thing—the only thing if they did not want to lie out here all night for the men on the cliffs to pick off in the morning light. He knew that she could shoot; it seemed that she could do everything that was a man's work and which a woman should know nothing about.

A fresh thought locked his hand like steel about his gun-stock. Suppose that Judith, in the mad thing she was attempting, should actually succeed in it, that she should bring down the man she was attacking? How would Bud Lee feel about it when the boys came to know of it? What would Bud Lee answer when they asked what he was doing about that time? "Nursin' a scratched leg? Mos' likely! Huh!" He could hear old Carson's dry cackle.

Frowning into the night, he thought that he could made out the dim blur of Judith's form. The girl was standing erect; shooting, too, for again the duel of red spurts of flame told where she and her quarry stood.

Meantime Lee ran on, changing his original purpose, swerving out from where Judith was moving on, turning to the left, hopeful to come to close quarters with their assailant before she could go down under that sharp rifle-fire or could bring down the other. For certainly, if she kept on that way, the time would come when some one would stop hot lead.

Now Lee carried his rifle in his left hand, his revolver in his right. From the cliffs came a shot and he grunted at it contemptuously. It could do nothing but assure those below that there was still some one up there.

"Three of them to our two," he estimated, "counting the two jaspers on the cliff. Two of us to their one, counting what's down here. And that's all that counts right this minute."

A shot from Judith; a shot from the cabin; two shots from the cliffs. The two shots from above brought fresh news; they were from a point lower down, close together; the men up yonder were coming down. Lee hurried.

NOW, at last, his narrowed eyes made out the faint outline of that which he sought. Close to the cabin, low down, evidently upon his knees, was the most important factor to be considered now. Still Lee was too far away to be certain of a hit, and he meant with all of the grim determination in him, to hit something at last. He ran on. And now he knew that he had drawn the fire away from Judith. A rifle-ball sang close to his side, another, another. But he had lost the dim shape of the kneeling man, who, he thought, had risen from his knees and was standing, his body tight-pressed to the cabin.

"Why the devil doesn't he run for it?" wondered Lee.

But evidently, be the reason what it might, the man had no intention of running. A bullet cut through Lee's sleeve. And at last, not fifty paces away now, Lee answered. He ran in as he fired and, running, emptied the cylinder of his revolver, jammed it into his waistband, clubbed his rifle, and realized that there were but the two rifles on the cliffs to take into consideration. That other rifle, at the cabin, was still.

"Out of ammunition? Or plugged? Or playing possum? Which?"

"Stop shooting!" he shouted to Judith, his voice ringing out sharply.

"I'm coming!" she cried back to him.

Almost at the same instant, their two rifles ready, they came to the cabin. And to a prostrate form. A man lay at the corner, moving helplessly, groping for the gun fallen from his hands, falling back.

"Open the door," said Bud. "I'll get him inside and we'll see who he is. Hurry, Judith; those other jaspers are working down about as fast as they know how."

Judith, taking time to snatch up the fallen rifle, ran around to the door. Lee, slipping his hands under the armpits of the wounded man, dragged him along the ground in Judith's wake. They got into the cabin, closing the door after them, and Lee, striking a match, went to a little shelf where there was a candle.

"Bill Crowdy!" gasped Judith, as the candle brought out of the shadows a pain-tortured face.

Almost before Lee saw the man's face he saw the canvas bag tied to his belt, a bag identical with the one he himself had brought from the bank at Rocky Bend.

"The man that stuck up Charley Miller!" he said slowly. "And there's your thousand bucks, or I'm a liar. I get something of their play now: those two fellows up there were waiting to meet him and split the swag three ways. And I've got the guess they'll be asking a look-in yet!"

He dropped into its place a heavy bar across the door; went to the two small windows and fastened the heavy oaken shutters. Then he came back to Judith who, with white face, was bending over the wounded man. Crowdy's eyes were closed; he looked to be on the verge of death.

Lee knelt and with quick fingers sought the wound. There was a hole in Crowdy's chest, high up near the throat, that was bleeding profusely. At first that seemed the only wound. But in a second Lee had found another. This was in the leg, and this, like Lee's, was bound tightly with a handkerchief.

"Got that, first rattle out of the box!" commented Lee. "See it? That's why he stuck on the job and didn't try to run for it! Looks like a rifle-ball had smashed right into the bone!"

He didn't look up. His fingers, busy with the string at Crowdy's belt, brought away the canvas bag. There was blood on it; it was heavy and gave forth the mellow jangle of gold.

"You win back your thousand on to-night's play," he said, holding up the bag, lifting his eyes to her face.

But Judith drew back, shrinking away from it, her eyes wide with horror.

"I don't want it! I can never touch it!" she whispered through white, trembling lips.

Suddenly she was shaking from head to foot, shaking piteously, her eyes fixed in terrible fascination upon Crowdy's face. Lee tossed the bag to the bunk across the room, whence it fell clanking to the floor.

"Now she's going to faint," was his thought. "Well, I won't blame her so damn much. Poor little kid!"

BUT he did not look at her again. He tore away Crowdy's shirt, seeking to discover just how serious the wound in the chest was. The collar-bone had been broken; the ball had plowed its way through the upper chest, well above the heart, and could be felt under the skin of the shoulder. Unless Bill Crowdy bled to death, he stood an excellent chance of doing time in the pentitentiary. Lee stanched the flow of blood, made a rude bandage, and then, lifting the great prone body gently, carried it to the bunk. Crowdy's lax arm, extended down at the side of the bunk, seemed to be reaching again for the canvas bag; the red fingers touched it with their tips.

"Now," said Lee, speaking bluntly, afraid that a tone of sympathy might merely aid the girl to "shake to pieces," "we've got a chance to be on our way before Number Two and Number Three get into the game. Let's run for it, Judith."

Judith went to the bench by the fireplace and sank down upon it. For a moment she made no reply. Then she shook her head.

"We'll stay here until morning," she said finally, her voice surprising Lee, who had looked for a sign of weakening to accord with her sudden pallor and visible trembling.

"What for?" he wanted to know.

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JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

"We'll have another fight on our hands if we do. Those fellows, this deep in it, are not going to quit, knowing that there's all that money in the shack!"

"I don't care," said Judith firmly. "I won't run from them or anybody else I know! And, besides, Bud Lee, I am not going to give them the chance to get Crowdy away. . . . Do you think he is going to die?"

"No. I don't. Doc Tripp will fix him up."

"Then here I stay, for one. When I go, Bill Crowdy goes with me! He's going to talk, and he's going to help me send Bayne Trevors to the pen."

Bud Lee expressed all he had to say in a silent whistle. He'd made another mistake, that was all. Judith wasn't going to faint for him to-night.

"Then," he said presently, setting her the example, "slip some more cartridges into your rifle and get ready for more shooting. I'll put out the light and we'll wait for what's next."

JUDITH replenished the magazine of her rifle. Lee, watching from under the low-drawn brim of his hat, noted that her fingers were steady now. Crowdy moved on his bunk, lifted a hand weakly, groaned, and grew still. Presently he stirred again, his eyes opening.

"Water!" he moaned. "I'm burnin' up inside."

Lee went to the water-bucket standing in a corner. It happened to be half full. He filled a cup, and lifting Crowdy's head, held it to the fevered lips.

"Not exactly what you'd call fresh, is it, Crowdy?" he said lightly. "But the spring's outside and I'm scared to go out in the dark."

Crowdy drank thirstily and lay back, his eyes closed again. Lee rearranged his bandage.

"Put out the light now?" he asked Judith.

"No," she answered. "What's the use, Bud? There are no holes in the walls they could stick a gun-barrel through, are there?"

No one knew better than he that there were not.

"You see," said Judith, with a half-smile, heroically assumed, "I'm a little afraid of the dark, too! Any way, since we've got to spend the night with a man in Crowdy's shape, it will be more cozy, won't it, with the light on?"

She even put out her hand to one of the books on the shelves which she could reach from her bench.

"And now," she added, "I'm sure that our Hermit won't mind if we peep into his library, will he?"

"No," answered Lee gravely. "Most likely he'll be proud."

Lee found time to muse that life is made of incongruities, woman of inconsistencies. Here with a badly hurt man lying ten feet from her, with every likelihood of the night stillness being ripped in two by a rifle-shot, Judith sat and turned the pages of a book.

It was a volume on the breeding and care of pure-blooded horses. Odd sort of thing for her hermit to have brought here with him! Her hand took down another volume. Horses again; a treatise by an eminent authority upon a newly imported line from Arabia. A third book; this, a volume of Elizabethan lyrics. Bud Lee flushed as he watched her. She turned the pages slowly, came back to the fly-leaf page, read the name scrawled there and, turning swiftly to Lee, said accusingly:

"David Burrill Lee, you are a humbug!"

"Wrong again," grinned Lee. "A hermit, you mean! 'A man with a soul.' . . ."

"Scat!" answered Judith. But, under Bud Lee's teasing eyes, the color began to come back into her cheeks. She *had* been a wee bit enthusiastic over her hermit, making of him a picturesque ideal. She had visioned him, even to the calm eyes, gentle voice. A quick little frown touched her brows as she realized that the eyes and voice which her fancy had bestowed upon the hermit were in actuality the eyes and voice of Bud Lee. But she had called him a dear. And Lee had been laughing at her all the time—had not told her, would never have told her. The thought came to her that she would like to slap Bud Lee's face for him. And she had told Tripp she would like to slap Pollock Hampton's. Good and hard!

From without came the low murmur of men's voices. Judith laid her book aside and drew her rifle across her knees, her eyes bright and eager. At infrequent intervals for perhaps three or four minutes the two voices came indistinctly to those in the cabin. Then silence for as long a time. And then a voice again, this time quite near the door, calling out clearly:

"Hey, you in there! Pitch the money out the window and we'll let you go."

"There's a voice," said Judith quietly, "to remember! I'll be able to swear to it in court."

Certainly a voice to remember, just as one remembers an unusual face for years, though it be but a chance one seen in a crowd. A voice markedly individual, not merely because it was somewhat high-pitched for a man's, but rather for a quality not easily defined, which gave to it a certain vibrant, unpleasant harshness, sounding metallic almost, rasping, as though with the hiss of steel surfaces rubbing. Altogether impossible to adequately describe, yet, as Judith said, not to be forgotten.

Judith noticed a puzzled look on Bud's face. He called out, "What did you say out there?"

Word for word came the command again, "Pitch the money out of the window and we'll let you go."

Lee turned triumphantly to Judith.

"I've got his tag!" he whispered to her. "I played poker with that voice one night not four months ago in Rocky Bend!"

"Who is he?" Judith whispered back. "With Crowdy down, if we know who one of these men is, the rest will be easy. Who is he?"

"A bad egg," Lee told her gravely. "He's done time in the state pen. He's been out less than a year. Gunman, stick-up man, convicted once already for manslaughter."

"Not Chris Quinnion, Bud Lee!" she cried excitedly. "Not Chris Quinnion!"

"Sh!" he commanded softly. "There's no use tipping our hand off to him. Yes; it's crooked Chris Quinnion. You don't know him, do you?"

He had never seen her eyes look as they looked now. They were as hard and bright as steel; no true woman's eyes, he thought swiftly. Rather the eyes of a man with murder in his heart, a merciless man with uplifted knife, hate-sharpened.

"Then thank God!" whispered Judith, her voice tense. "Can you keep a secret with me, Bud Lee? Were it not for the man calling to us now, Luke Sanford would be here in our stead! Crooked Chris Quinnion served his time in San Quentin because my father sent him there! And he had not been free six months before he kept his oath and murdered my poor old dad!"

"Well?" came the interrupting snarl of Quinnion's voice, like the ominous whine of an enraged animal, "what's the word?"

"Give us five minutes to think it over," returned Lee coolly. And, incredulous eyes on Judith's set face, he said gently: "I was on the ranch when the accident happened. He must have driven that heavy car a little too close to the edge of the grade. The bank just naturally gave way."

Judith, her lips tightly compressed, shook her head.

"You didn't find him under the car, did you? And the blow that killed him might have been dealt with some heavy weapon in the hands of a man standing behind him, mightn't it? I know, Bud Lee, I know!"

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JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

"How do you know?" he demanded insistently. "You weren't here even."

"No. I was in San Francisco. But the day before, I had a letter from father. He expected me home very soon. He was going out, he said in his letter, to look at the road over the mountain. He wrote that the grade was dangerous, especially at the very place where the car went over! He wanted me to know so that in case he could not get the work done on it before I came, I would be careful. On top of that would he go and run his car into such danger as that? Oh, I know!" she cried again, her hands hard upon her rifle. "I know, I tell you! From the first I suspected. I knew that Chris Quinnion had threatened a dozen times to 'get' father; I knew that soon or late he would try. I wrote Emmet Sawyer, our county sheriff, and told him what I believed, asked him to go to the spot and see what the signs told. A square man is Emmet Sawyer, and as sharp as tacks."

"And he told you that you were mistaken?"

"He did nothing of the kind! He reported that the tracks of the car showed that it had kept well away from the bank, that evidently it had stopped there, that again it had gone on, swerving so as to run close to the edge! I know what happened: Father got out to look at the dangerous spot and to put up the sign he had brought with him and that was found in the road. Chris Quinnion had followed him, perhaps to shoot him down from behind, Chris Quinnion's way! Then he saw a safer way to gain his ends. He came up behind poor old dad and struck him in the head with something, rifle-barrel or revolver. He started the car up and let it run over the bank. He——"

She broke off then. Bud Lee felt that he knew what she would say if she could bring herself to go on; that she would tell that crooked Chris Quinnion had thrown the unconscious man down over the bank to lie, bruised and broken, by the wrecked car.

"You've got to be almighty sure before you make a charge like that," he reminded her. "If Quinnion had done it, why didn't Emmet Sawyer get the dead wood on him?"

"Because," she whispered quickly, "a man fooled Sawyer! Yes, and fooled me! Quinnion established an alibi! A man whose word there was no reason to doubt said that Quinnion was with him at the time of the murder. And that man was—Bayne Trevors!"

"Trevors?" muttered Lee. He shook his head. "Trevors is a hard man, Judith. And he's a scoundrel, if you want to know! But frame up a murder deal—plan to murder Luke Sanford—No. I don't believe it for a moment!"

"Is he the man to miss a chance that lay at his hand? The main chance for him? The chance to hold a man like Chris Quinnion in the hollow of his hand, to make him do his bidding, to set him just such work as he is doing now? Answer me! Is Bayne Trevors above a deal like that?"

Bud Lee's answer was silence.

"And there is one other thing," went on Judith swiftly, taking care that her words went no further than Bud Lee, "known to no one but Emmet Sawyer, whom I told, and me and Chris Quinnion: In father's letter he told me that a man had paid him some money the day before, and that he was going to drive to Rocky Bend to bank it. 'There are some tough customers in the country,' he wrote, 'and it's foolhardy to have too much money at a time in our old safe.' That money, several hundred dollars, was never banked. It was not found on his body. Where did it go?"

"Even that doesn't incriminate Quinnion, you know."

"No. The rest is pure guesswork on my part. Guesswork based on what I know. Not enough to hang Chris Quinnion, Bud Lee. But enough to make me sure. He's working at Trevors's game right now. If we can prove that it is Trevors's game, it will go to show how worthless his alibi was."

"Well?" called Quinnion, the third time. "What about it? We ain't goin' to wait all night."

"Tell him," whispered Judith, her hand on Lee's arm, "to come and get it if he wants it! One of us can hold the cabin against the two of them while the other slips out in the dark and rides back to the ranch-house for help. If we're in luck, Bud Lee, we'll corner the bunch of them before daylight!"

Lee stood a moment looking down into her face, his mind filled with uncertainties. With all his soul he wished that Judith had not come with him tonight, that he had only himself to think of now. Quinnion, not to be further put off, called again, the snarl of his voice rising into ugly threat. Still Lee, thinking of Judith, hesitated.

"It's the only way," she insisted. "If we gave them the money they'd want Bill Crowdy next. If they got Crowdy away with them into the mountains I am not sure that they could not hide until they got him safe in Trevors's hands. Then we'd have the whole fight still to make, sooner or later—and maybe next time no cabin walls to hide behind! It's our one bet, Lee!"

And Bud Lee, seeing no better way ahead for them, blew out the candle, forced Judith to stand close to the rock chimney of the fireplace, took his station near her, and answered Quinnion, saying shortly:

"Come ahead when you're ready. We're waiting."

Quinnion's curse, the crack of his rifle, the flying splinters from the cabin door, came together like one implacable menace.

"And now, Bud Lee," cried Judith quickly, "I don't mind telling you, not seeing the end of this for us, that you are a man to my liking!"

"My hat's off," said Lee, with grave simplicity. "And in any old kind of a fight a man wouldn't want a better pardner than I can reach now, putting out my hand. He'd want—just a thoroughbred! And now, little pardner, let's give them—fits!"

Judith, even as Quinnion's second shot tore into the door, laughed softly.

"Finish it as you began it, Bud Lee! Even George Washington swore at Monmouth, you know!"

So Bud Lee amended his words and spoke his thought:

"Then, pardner, let's give 'em hell!"

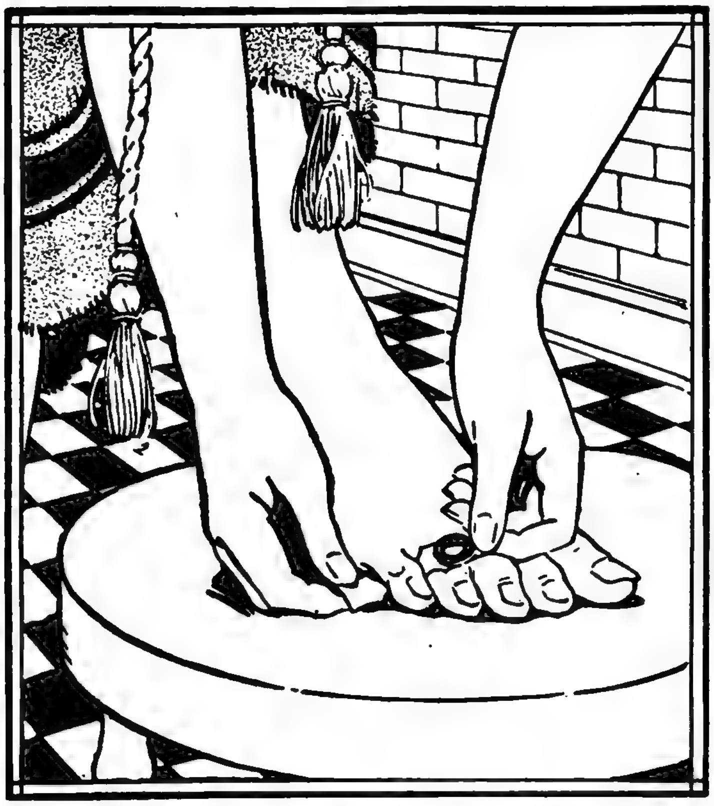
Crouching in the dark, reserving their own fire while they waited for something more definite than the bark of a rifle to shoot at, their hands met.

CHAPTER NINE

Pollock Hampton, Hero

IT CAME about, quite as matters often do, that at the three-mile-distant ranch headquarters it was one who knew comparatively little of the ways of this part of the world who was first to suspect that all was not well with Judith Sanford. To Pollock Hampton her failure to appear at dinner was significant. Together with the other newcomers to the ranch from the city, he had been deeply moved by yesterday's outlawry.

Drawing upon a vivid imagination, he peopled the woods with desperate characters. When an hour after dinner passed without bringing Judith he began to show signs of nervous anxiety. Without making his fears known to his friends, he went to the office and telephoned to Doc Tripp. All that Tripp could tell him was that he didn't know where Judith was and didn't care; she could take care of herself. Though the veterinarian didn't say as much, he was at the moment puzzled by the new sickness among the hogs, and his irritable concern in this allowed him scant interest in other people's affairs.



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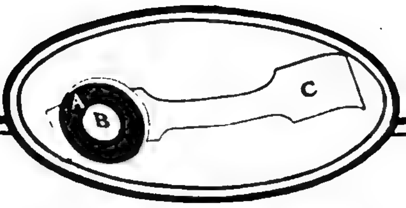

How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

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Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

"I never fear corns—because of Blue-jay"

Thousands tonight are congratulating themselves on freedom from touchy corns.

They are the knowing ones who use Blue-jay Plasters.

Many have tried harsh liquids.

Many have pared their corns.

But without permanent relief. And with constant danger.

Put a Blue-jay Plaster on that throbbing corn and relief is instant. The little, magic spot of medicated wax soothes while it works.

Then in 48 hours the corn usually comes out—without pain. A few stubborn ones require a second or third application.

This is the scientific way, discovered by a great chemist, produced by Bauer & Black—recommended by doctors.

After the first demonstration of this little wonder-worker, you'll never consent to have a corn again.

You'll keep a package of Blue-jay Plasters always handy, so if the faintest corn appears you can stop it.

Prove this quick relief, this permanent removal, tonight.

A package of Blue-jay Plasters may be had at any drug store for 25c. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

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JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

Hampton learned from Mrs. Simpson that in the afternoon Judith had had a hurried lunch, had taken her rifle and ridden away. Where? Mrs. Simpson did not know. But she grasped the opportunity to confide in Hampton a certain suspicion which she held in connection with the robbery and killing of Bud Lee's horse under him—a suspicion which was growing rapidly into positive certainty. She didn't like to mention the matter to him, since Fujioki was his servant. But had he noted Fujioki and that other black Spanish José? They had a community of interest which must extend far beyond racial kinship; they were, even at this very second, out in the courtyard together, talking in subdued voices. Mrs. Simpson had been raised a lady, Mr. Hampton, sir; and she knew that in the best families one was not supposed to eavesdrop. But at a time like this.... Well, she had crept up behind the lilac bushes and they *were* speaking guardedly about the hold-up! Almost in whispers, with every sign of guilt——

"Hurried lunch?" said Hampton. "Took her rifle, did she?"

His eyes had grown very serious as he stared down into Mrs. Simpson's concerned face.

"Send José to me," was what he said next.

"Aren't you afraid, Mr. Hampton?" she exclaimed, picturing to herself this pleasant young gentleman at death grips with the somber José.

But she obeyed and called José, whom Hampton merely sent to the men's quarters with word for Carson and Lee to come right up to the house. Mrs. Simpson, witnessing the bloodless meeting from the hallway, was a little relieved and very much disappointed.

HAMPTON, lighting a cigar, strode up and down the office, the frown gathering upon his usually smooth brows. Plainly, if something had happened to Judith the responsibility of whatever was to be done in the matter lay upon his shoulders as next in authority.

"Here I am," announced Carson briefly. "What is it?"

"I am a little worried, Carson," said Hampton quickly, "about Miss Sanford."

"Huh?" grunted the old cattleman.

"Judith hasn't put in an appearance and it's growing late," continued Hampton hastily, his eyes watching eagerly for the reflection of his own emotion upon Carson's leathery face. "I'm afraid——"

"Afraid? Afraid of what? You don't think she eloped with your Jap or stole the spoons, do you?" snapped Carson. He had been interrupted at the crucial point in a game of cribbage with Poker Face, and the cattleman's weak spot was cribbage. He glared at Hampton belligerently.

"Where is Lee?" questioned Hampton sharply. "I told José I wanted the two of you. Why didn't he come?"

"Dunno," answered Carson, still without interest. "I ain't seen him. Wasn't in for supper——"

"I tell you," cried Hampton, angry at Carson's quiet acceptance of facts which to him were darkly significant, "he, too, was out with his rifle to-day; I saw him myself. Now he, too, fails to show up! Don't you see what all this trouble points to?"

Carson, a man who seldom lost his poise, and one-half of whose brain was still given over to the hand he meant to play with Poker Face, merely sighed and shook his head.

"I'm real busy down at the bunk-house, Mr. Hampton," at last came his quiet answer, "where me an' Poker Face is figurin' out something important. As for worryin, about a man like Bud Lee or a girl like Judy, why, I just ain't goin' to do it a-tall. Mos' likely if you'll call up the Lower End——"

"I've done it!" Whirling in his impatient stride across the room, Hampton came swiftly to Carson's side. "They're not there. They left the Lower End this afternoon and came on here. Then, both armed, they rode away again at four or five o'clock. I tell you, man, something has happened to them."

"Don't believe it," retorted Carson. "Not for one little half-minute, I don't. What's to happen? Huh?"

"You know as well as I do what sort of characters are about. The man who robbed Charlie Miller—who shot at Bud Lee."

"Whoa!" grinned Carson. "Don't you go and fool yourself. That stick-up gent is a clean hundred miles from here right now an' still goin' real lively. If any other jasper lent him a hand, why, he's on his way, too. Not stoppin' to pick flowers. It's the way them kind plays the game."

Carson was so cheerfully certain, so amused at the thought of Bud Lee and Judith Sanford requiring anybody's assistance, so confident concerning the methods of outlaws, that finally Hampton sent him away, half assured, and went himself to his friends in the living-room. Here he found the major and Mrs. Langworthy reading and yawning. Marcia laughed at a jest of Farris's, while Rogers sought to interest her in himself. The every-day, homelike atmosphere had its effect in allaying picturesque fears. Hampton noted how her handful of days in the country had done Marcia a world of good, putting fresh, warm color in her rather pale cheeks, breeding a new sparkle in her eyes. She was good to look upon.

He let half an hour slip by in restless inactivity. For, no matter what Carson might say or these people in here do, Judith had not yet come in. When Marcia addressed a bright remark to him, he started and stammered, "I *beg* your pardon!" They laughed at him, saying that Pollock Hampton was growing absent-minded in his old age. But their banter failed to reach him; he was telling himself that some accident might have befallen one or both of two persons whom he frankly admired for their efficiency; he was asking himself what would Bud Lee or Judith do, were the tables reversed?

BY HALF-PAST eight they had caught his uneasiness. At every little sound they turned expectantly. Still no Judith. Mrs. Simpson, comfortable woman that she was, came in, bustling with apprehension. Mrs. Langworthy shook off for a little her listlessness and recounted how she had watched "that girl" riding like a wild Indian toward the Upper End. Perhaps her gun had gone off accidentally.

"Or," she concluded with a touch of venom, "it wouldn't be above her to run off with that long horse-foreman."

"Eh?" said the major. "Don't believe it. A fine—Ahem. Where should she run to? And why run at all?"

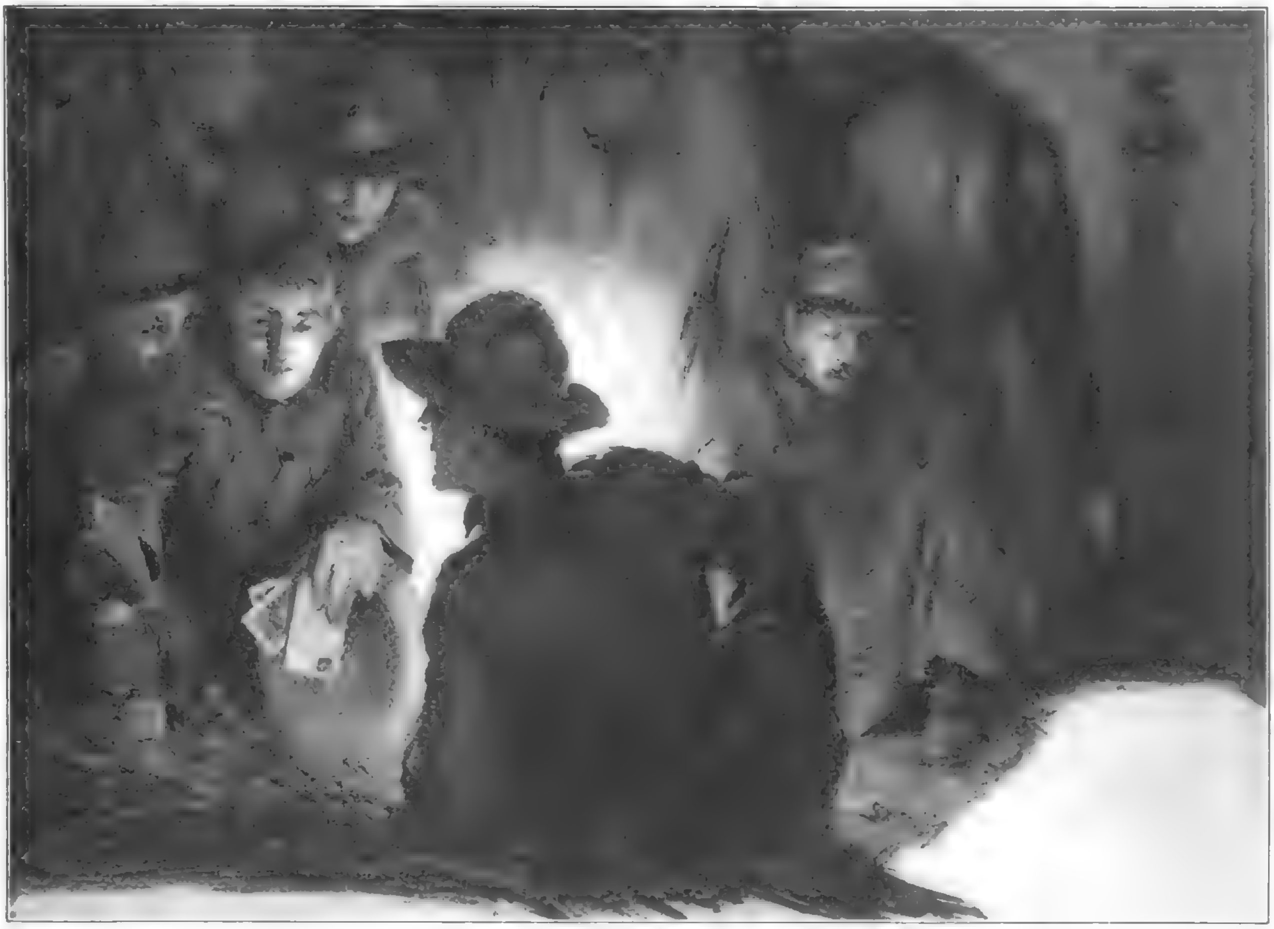
Marcia looked a quick distress to Mr. Hampton.

"It *is* late," she said timidly. "Oh, Pollock! Do you think——"

No longer to be restrained, Hampton left them, going abruptly to his room for a rifle and cartridge belt. He intended to slip out quietly, feeling that he would get from Farris and Rogers only the sort of disbelief he had gotten from Carson. Marcia met him in the hall; she had heard his quick steps, and guessed that he was going out. Now clearly, though she was frightened, she was delighted with him. He had never thrilled her like this before. She had never guessed that Pollock Hampton could be so stern-faced, so purposeful. She whispered an entreaty that he be careful, then as he went out, ran back to the others, her eyes shining.

"Pollock is going to see what is the matter," she announced excitedly.

Whereat Mrs. Langworthy stared at her and then indicated facially her supreme disgust. The major suggested taking something, the occasion so plainly demanding it.



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JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

Hampton passed swiftly through the courtyard. The night, filled with stars up above, was thick and black with shadows on the earth. He saw the light of the bunk-house gleaming brightly. On his way down the knoll he came upon Tommy Burkitt.

"Is it Mr. Hampton?" asked Tommy, coming close in the darkness to peer at him.

"Yes. What is it? Who are you?"

"I'm Burkitt, Tommy Burkitt, you know—Bud Lee's helper. I—I am afraid something has happened. Lee hasn't come in yet; they tried to pick him off once already, you know."

"Neither has Miss Sanford come in," said Hampton quickly, sensing here at last a fear that was fellow to his own. "They rode toward the Upper End. You know the way, Burkitt?"

He moved on toward the corral, Burkitt turning and coming with him.

"Sure I know the trail," muttered Tommy. "You're goin' to see what's wrong with 'em? Miss Judy, too! My God!——"

"Bring out a couple of horses," Hampton commanded crisply. "We've lost time enough already."

"I'll go tell Carson an' the boys——"

"I have already told Carson. He says it's all nonsense. Leave him alone."

Tommy, boy that he was, asked no further questions, but ran ahead and brought out two horses. In a twinkling he had saddled them, and the two riders, each with a rifle across his arm, were hurrying over the mountain trail.

IN THE blackness which lay along the upper river Hampton gave his horse a free rein and let it follow at Tommy's heels. The roar of the lashing water, the pounding of shod hoofs, the whining creak of saddle-leather were the only sounds coming to them out of the night. When, finally, they drew rein under the cliffs at the lake's edge all was silent save for the faint distant booming of the river below them.

"Now which way?" whispered Hampton, his voice eloquent of suppressed excitement and eagerness.

Tommy was shaking his head in uncertainty when suddenly from above there came to them the sharp report of a rifle. Then, like a bundle of firecrackers, a volley of half a dozen staccato shots.

"God!" muttered Hampton. "Listen to that, Burkitt. They're at it now——we're on time——"

Tommy slipped from the saddle wordlessly, came to Hampton's side and tugged gently at his leg, whispering for him to get down. Leaving their horses there, they slipped into the utter darkness of the narrow chasm in the rocks which gave access to the plateau above.

"Now," cautioned Tommy guardedly, as they came to the top, "keep close to me if you don't want to take a header about a thousan' feet. Look!" He nudged Hampton and pointed. "There are two horses across yonder; Bud's an' Miss Judy's, mos' likely."

Hampton did not see them, did not seek to see them. Something new, vital, big, had swept suddenly into his life. He was at grips firsthand with unmasked, pulsing forces. A tremor went through him and he was not ashamed of it; for it was not the quaking of fear, but the thrill in the blood of a man who, plucked from a round of social artificialities, finds himself with the smell of burnt powder in his nostrils and who feels a swift eagerness for what may lie just yonder waiting for him. "They're at it now!" he whispered to Burkitt. Men—yes, and a girl!—were shooting, not at just wooden and paper targets, but at other men! At men who shot back, and shot to kill.

"Listen," said Burkitt. "Somebody's in the old cabin; somebody's outside. Which is which? We got to be awful careful."

They began a slow, cautious approach, slipping from bush to bush, from tree to tree, standing now and then to frown into the folds of the night's curtains. Abruptly the firing ceased. They could now make out vaguely the two forms of the attackers, having located them a moment ago by the spurting flames from their guns. Then, "Got enough in there?" came the snarling voice of Quinnion. "If you haven't, I'm goin' to burn you out an' be damned to you!"

He got an answer he little expected. For Hampton, running out into the open, now that he knew that Bud and Judith must be in the cabin, was firing as he came. Burkitt's rifle spoke with his.

"Run for it, Shorty!" yelled Quinnion. "You know where. We're up against the Blue Lake boys."

"Bud!" shouted Tommy. "Oh, Bud!"

"In the cabin," came Bud's ringing answer. "Give 'em hell, Tommy! Coming!"

With his words came the sound of the door snapping back against the wall, the angry sounds of Tommy's rifle and Hampton's pumping hot lead after two racing forms.

"They'll get away!" shouted Hampton, a sudden red rage upon him. "Damn it! It's too dark——"

Then Tommy gave over shooting and cursed and yelled at Lee to hold his fire. For instead of two there were three flying forms, three fast-racing, blurring, shadowy shapes merging with the night. Pollock Hampton, his rifle clubbed in his hand, whipped out of himself with emotions new to him, was running with a college sprinter's speed after Quinnion and Shorty, calling breathlessly:

"Damn it, they'll get away!"

Once Quinnion stopped to shoot back. The hissing lead went wide of the pursuer and he gave over firing and settled down to good, hard running, disappearing from Hampton's staring eyes. But Shorty was still to be seen, running heavily.

"Don't shoot, Bud!" cried Tommy again as two figures ran out of the cabin. "Hampton's out there—the damn fool——"

"Hampton, come back!" shouted Lee, running after him.

But Hampton was gaining on the heavy-set Shorty and had no thought of coming back. Nor a thought of anything in all the wide world just then but overtaking the flying figure in front of him.

Shorty stumbled over a fallen log and rose cursing and calling:

"Chris! Lend a hand."

That little chance of an uprooted tree saved Hampton's life that night. Shorty, falling, had dropped his gun and hurt his knee. For a moment he groped wildly for the lost rifle, then, cursing again, ran on without it. Hampton cleared the log, and with a yell rather befitting a victorious savage than the young man Mrs. Langworthy hoped to call her son, threw his long arms about Shorty's neck.

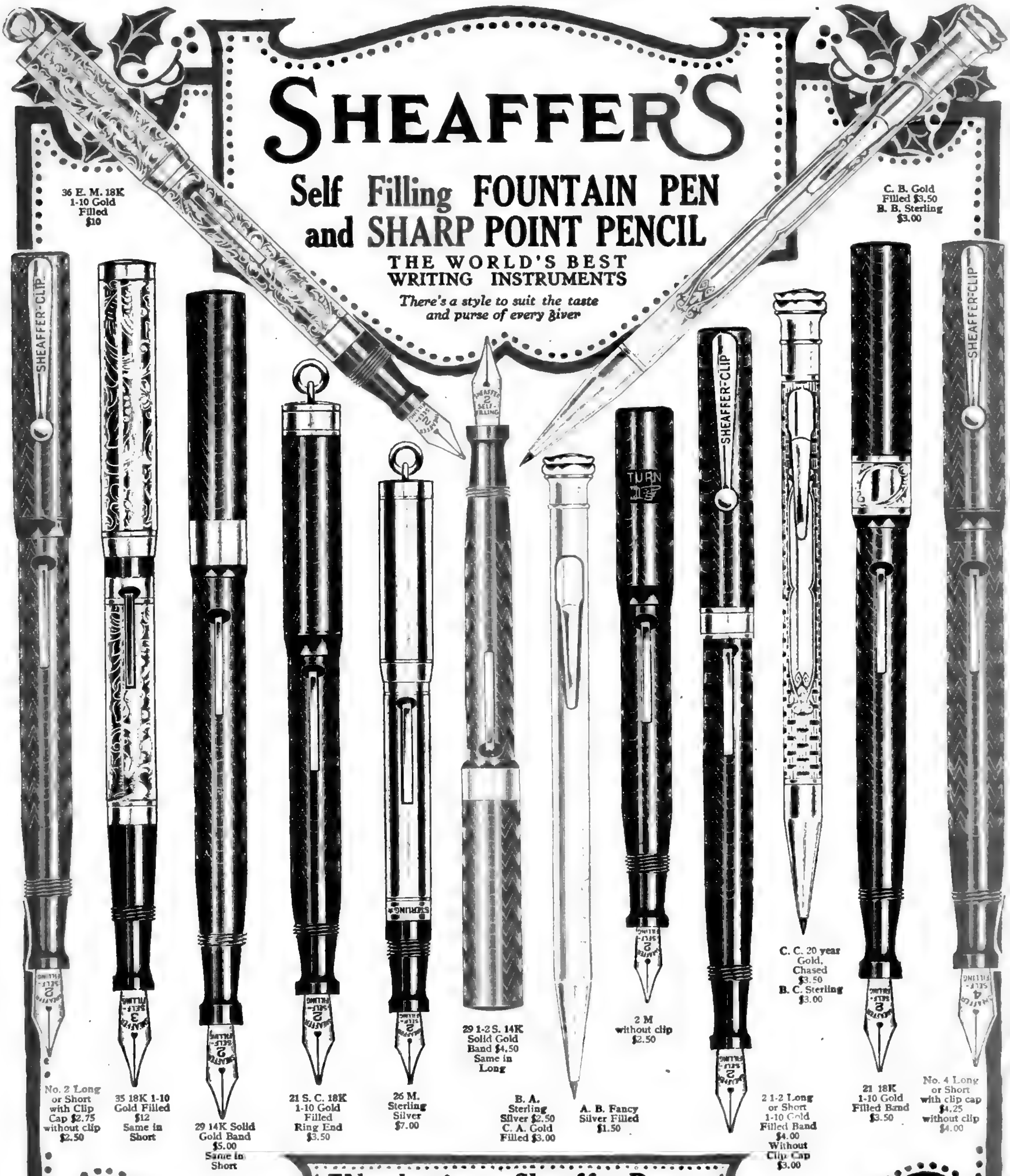
"I got him!" shouted Hampton. "By glory——"

Shorty drove a big brutal fist smashing into his captor's face. But Hampton merely lowered his head, hiding it against Shorty's heaving shoulder, and tightened his grip. Shorty struggled to his feet, shaking at him, tearing at him, driving one fist after the other into Hampton's body. But with a grimness of purpose, as new to him as was the whole of to-night's adventure, Hampton held on.

Judith and Lee and Burkitt came to them as they were falling again. Now suddenly, with other hard hands upon him, Shorty relaxed, and Hampton, his face bloody, his body sore, sank back. He had done a mad thing—but triumph lay in that he had done it.

"A man never can tell," muttered Bud Lee, with less thought of the captive than of the captor—"never can tell."

"I am thinking," said Judith wonderingly, "that I never quite did you justice, Pollock Hampton!"



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JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

CHAPTER TEN

Lee Meditates on the Charms of Two Ladies

HAMPTON'S captive, known to them only as Shorty, a heavy, surly man whose squat figure was much like that of Bill Crowdy's, and whose small, close-set eyes burned evilly under his pale brows, rode that night between Hampton and Judith, down to the ranch-house. He maintained an absolute silence after the first outburst of rage, appearing to hear none of the questions addressed to him. His hands tied behind his back, a rope run round his waist and down on each side through a cinch-ring, he sat idly humped forward, making no protest.

Burkitt and Lee, despite Judith's protests because of Lee's wounded leg, remained at the cabin with Bill Crowdy. Crowdy had lost a deal of blood, and though he complained of little pain, was clearly in sore need of medical attention. Judith, coming to the bunkside just before she left, assured him very gently that she would send Doc Tripp to him immediately and, further, that she would telephone into Rocky Bend for a physician. Crowdy, like Shorty, refused to talk.

"Aw, hell," he grunted as Lee demanded some explanation of what influence had brought him with Shorty and Quinnion into this mad project, "let me alone, can't you?"

And Lee let him alone. He and Burkitt sat and smoked and so passed the remaining hours of a long night. The folly of seeking Quinnion in this thick darkness was so apparent that they gave no thought to it, impatiently awaiting the dawn and the coming of the men whom Judith would send.

THE events of the rest of the night and of the morrow may be briefly told: Shorty's modest request of a glass of whisky was granted him. Then, his hands still bound securely behind him by Carson, he was put in the small grain-house, a windowless, ten-by-ten house of logs, lined with sheet iron inside.

An admirable jail this, though its sheet iron and heavy logs had been planned rather to keep rodents out than men in. A heavy padlock snapped into a deeply imbedded staple, with the great hasp in place, the key safely in Judith's possession, Shorty was left to his own thoughts while Judith and Hampton went to the house.

In answer to Judith's call, Doc Tripp came without delay, left brief, disconcerting word that without the shadow of a doubt the hogs were stricken with cholera, and went on with his little bag to see what his skill could do for Bill Crowdy.

"Ought to give him sulfur fumes," grunted Tripp. But his hands were very gentle with the wounded man for all that.

Pollock Hampton had no thought of sleep that night; didn't so much as go to bed. He lay on a couch in the living-room, and Marcia Langworthy, tremendously moved at the recital Judith gave of Hampton's heroism, fluttered about him, playing nurse to her heart's delight. The major suggested that Hampton have something, and Hampton was glad to accept. Mrs. Langworthy complacently looked into the future and to the maturity of her own plans. In truth, good had come out of evil, and Marcia and Hampton held hands quite unblushingly.

Before daylight Carson, with half a dozen men, had breakfasted, saddled and was ready to ride to the Upper End to begin the search for Quinnion. But before he rode, Carson made the discovery that during the night the staple and hasp on the grain-house door had been wrenched away and that Shorty was gone. And he had left behind him no sign of the way of his going. Carson's face was a dull, brick red.

Not yet had he brought himself to accept the full significance of events. A hold-up, such as Charlie Miller had experienced, is one thing; a continued series of incidents like these happening upon the confines of the Blue Lake Ranch, was quite another.

Hampton, knowing nothing of conditions in the mountains, had been quick to imagine the predicament in which he had found Judith and Bud Lee. To Carson that had been a thing not to be thought of. Now, only too plainly he realized that Shorty had had an accomplice at the ranch headquarters, a friend who had come to his assistance.

Carson blamed himself for the escape. And yet, he growled to himself, in a mingling of shame and anger, it would have looked like plumb foolishness to sit out in front of that heavy door all night, when he himself had tied Shorty's hands.

"Quinnion might have let him loose," he mused as he went slowly to the house to tell Judith what had happened. "An' then he mightn't. If he didn't, then who in the devil did?"

Judith received the news sleepily and much more quietly than Carson had expected.

"We'll have to keep our eyes open after this, Carson," was her criticism. Remembering the night when she had been so certain that there had been some one listening to her talk with Tripp, she added thoughtfully: "We've got to keep an eye on our own men, Carson. Some one of our crowd, taking my pay, is double-crossing us. Now, get your men on the jump and we won't bother about the milk spilling. If we are in luck we'll get Shorty yet. And Quinnion, Carson. Don't forget Quinnion! And we've still got Bill Crowdy; we'll get everything out of him that he knows."

The cattleman rode away in heavy silence, headed toward the cabin at the Upper End, his men riding with him, an eager, watchful crowd. But Carson had his doubts about getting Quinnion, his fears that it would be a long time before he ever put a rope again to Shorty's thick wrists.

DURING the day Emmet Sawyer, the Rocky Bend sheriff, came, and with him Dr. Brannan. Sawyer assured Judith that he would be followed shortly by a posse led by a deputy, and that they would hunt through the mountains until they got the outlaws. He listened to all that she had to tell him, and then looked up Bud Lee.

"You didn't see Quinnion?" he asked. "Could you swear to him if we ever bring him in? Just by his voice?"

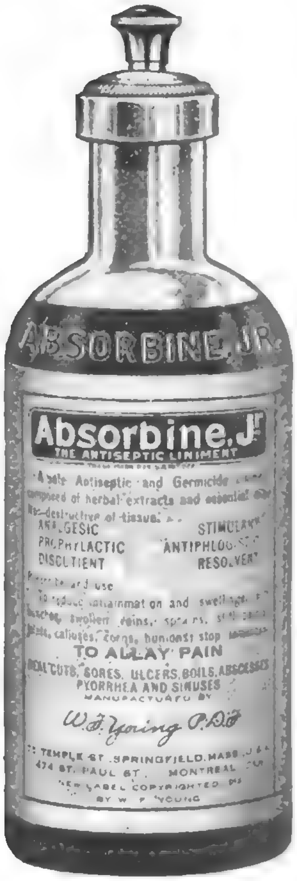
"Yes," answered Lee. "I can. But see if you can't get Crowdy to squeal. We're shy Shorty's real name, too, you know."

To all questions put him, Bill Crowdy answered with stubborn denial of knowledge or not at all. He had been alone; he didn't know any man named Quinnion; he didn't know anything about Shorty. And he hadn't robbed Miller. That canvas bag, then, with the thousand dollars in it? He found it; picked it up in a gully.

"I won't do any talkin'," he grunted in final word, "until I get a lawyer to talk to. I know that much, Sawyer, if I don't know a hell of a lot. An' you can get it out'n your head that I'm the kind to snitch on a pal—even if I had one, which I didn't."

Crowdy, at Dr. Brannan's orders, was taken to Rocky Bend, where Sawyer promised him a speedy trial, conviction, and heavy sentence unless he changed his mind and turned state's evidence. And—to be done with Bill Crowdy for good and all—he never came to stand trial. A mad attempt at escape a week later, another bullet hole given him in his struggle with his jailer, and with lips still stubbornly locked, he died without 'snitching on a pal'——the one tiny, bright spark in Bill Crowdy.

*The next instalment of "**Judith of Blue Lake Ranch**" will appear in the [illegible]*



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INVADED AMERICA

(*Continued from page 16*)

There is a slight variation of form in the *Westliche Post* of St. Louis. which takes up the cry in this phrase:

"Germany's war has bent but not broken."

And it, too, cites *The Wanderer*.

But the most amazing—I had almost said alarming—variation upon the Deutschtum-through-organization theme is that developed in the *Lawrence Anzeiger und Post:*

> **"One should not only be enrolled in the Turnverein: one should also be on the spot when one is called"** (called for what!), **"especially the boys"** (of military age, presumably). **"Precisely at the present time a wide field is open to every member of a Turnverein who wishes to fight and act in the spirit of the North American Turnerbund."**

What is the "spirit of the North American Turnerbund"?

Is it the spirit of revolution? Or of armed treason calling upon its enrolled members to be ready to fight at the summons? Or what manifestation of *Deutschtum* is indicated?

PERHAPS all the hyphenated editorializing and exhortation to our disaffected aliens to stand together is sheer bluff. And yet—

I recall a quiet visit by the authorities to a house—quite an imposing house—in an expensive suburb of New York, and their subsequent emergence bearing seventeen rifles.

The occupant of the house, a member of several German organizations, explained that he was fond of shooting. The only available game in the vicinity is English sparrows; and English though they are, even an apostle of *Schrecklichkeit* would hardly gun for them with an army rifle—let alone seventeen army rifles.

Also, when the trunks of a man suspected of complicity in local German plots were searched, twenty-six automatic revolvers were discovered. The man was a German club member; quite an extensive club member. Very possibly he felt it necessary to go armed. A permit is required to carry a pistol in New York. To carry twenty-six would require a wheel-barrow.

Furthermore, previous to the war, agents with anywhere from fifty thousand to thirty thousand units of small armament were in communication with the von Papen, von Bernstorff, von Igel clique. How far the trade went I can not say. But there was an obvious interest in arms among Germans in America. When I consider these matters (only a fractional part of what the Secret Service knows) and ponder upon the rallying cries of *Deutschtum*, "bent but not broken," I wonder whether perhaps my country is too tolerant of the alien within its gates.

Just how German is—a certain Middle Western state? This is the theme of Mr. Adams's second piece of investigation in this important series on American disloyalty and German intrigue. The article will appear in the January number.

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When Johnny comes marching into camp—is the subject of Mr. Hungerford's January article. He is finding out everything about our boys in the cantonments.

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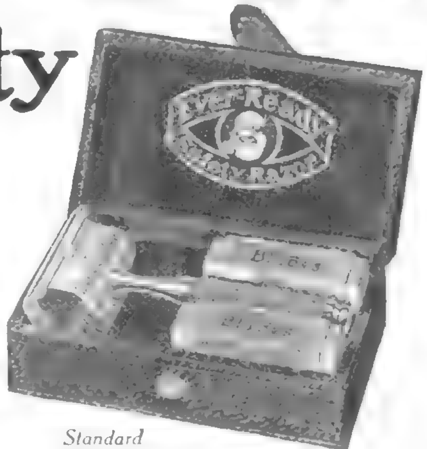

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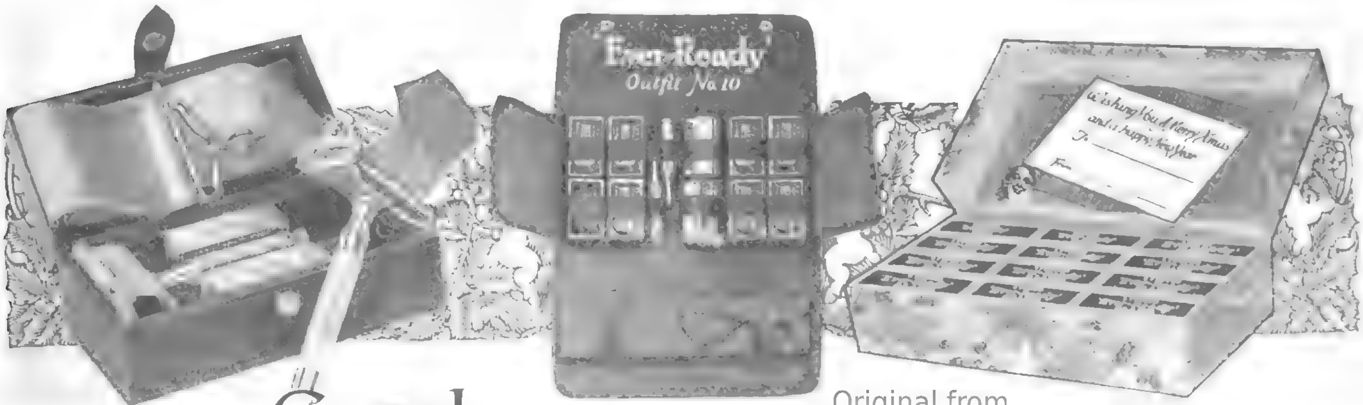


THE MEASURE OF A MAN

(*Continued from page 22*)

speech. He looked consciously at his new suit. "Do you notice it? You said you liked gray."

All the woman in her, young and old, yearned to him. "I do like it. It makes you very smart."

"Then it's all right"—much relieved. "I never think of clothes—it's just for you."

She tucked the flowers in her belt after seating herself in the imposing restaurant. "I've never been at this hotel. Why did you choose it?"

He always had a reason for things, and as his reason for everything of late had something to do with her, she was in the habit of asking him questions, then sitting back and smiling softly as he answered.

"I doped it out," he replied. "You would surely come up-town by the subway and this would save you from walking; and while it hasn't rained, I feared it might. Though raindrops would fall gently on you, Helena darling."

"Silly!"

"Why not? These old stiffs who never smile! Besides I've been writing since I left you. I'm all let down. I made that girl do what you said she would do."

HELENA grew warm with the ardor of the creator. She was going to do this always—to tell him when he was wrong, and advise him. It was going to be a working partnership. It was going to be everything in the world that she had ever dreamed could be in the life of a woman.

She longed to tell him of her happiness, but the wisdom that comes as a compensation for the loss of the heart's first bloom kept her from admitting complete approval of him.

"Did you finish the chapter?" she asked.

"I would have, but something bothered me."

"Oh—poor Cal!" She would shield him from these intrusions.

"I don't remember what it was—yes, I do. Something was stuck under my door after a prodigious amount of knocking. I saw it as I went out." He was fishing absently in his pocket and brought out a letter. It was unopened, addressed to him in a hand which made small practise of the epistolary art. Without breaking the mucilage of the envelope, he tore it across and tossed it indifferently upon the table.

"You look lovely, Helena. Your business couldn't have been very wearisome."

She dismissed it with a wave of her hand. "It was all right." It was amazing even to her what little difference those revelations of the morning had made. "Why didn't you read your letter?"

He looked at it consciously for the first time. "That? It doesn't matter—some small sum or other."

"You mean—a *bill*, Cal?" There were no bills in her house that were not heeded.

He mistook her concern. "Nothing that will bankrupt me. It is the little fellow near by, who presses my clothes." A portion of the poor scrawl was gaping from the envelope. He picked it up, and, reading it, laughed genially. "See how he spells 'need.' " He handed it to her.

She read the torn plea—"obliged if you—have the amount—wife, and knead it, sir—with respecks. Nathaniel Blum."

She lifted her head quickly. Cal was now ordering what they had already decided upon—what they had said down in Virginia they would have on their first day in New York. She sipped water from her glass like a conscious child at a party. The blood was warmer to her cheek than it had been since she was a little girl. She could not remember how many years had passed since she had blushed for shame.

She thought that it was strange she had not blushed in Mr. Emsworth's office when he had told her of more serious faults. More serious? She looked down at the mute pleading of the poor little note. Perhaps, but not so plain to her.

"You're a rosy-posy," said her lover, laying down the menu and eying her delightedly.

She replied to him: "And you're a roguey-poguey." She indicated the bit of paper. "Why don't you pay your debts?"

"Those little ones? They can wait. They're used to it."

"But the little ones need the money."

"Yes, k-n-e-a-d. And I need peace, but this infernal man is always coming at the wrong hours!"

"What hours?"

"When I'm in."

They both laughed. They leaned across the table to look into each other's eyes. His review was satisfactory, but Helena gave a sharp little cry. Hunter interpreted it as pain, although the man at the table near by thought it was terror. Her hands were covering her eyes.

He leaned still further across and would have removed her hands. "My girl! What is it? Let me see your face. Look at me, Helena."

She looked at him again—at his full, sensitive mouth, at the irregularity of his pugnacious nose, at the delicate ears without lobes, but not into his eyes. For once more she had peered past the lights of love which he kept burning in the windows for her, back into his soul. "A wrong one!" had zigzagged with incredible agony across her consciousness.

He was standing now. She knew he was quite capable of picking her up in his arms and carrying her over to the window if she did not quickly resume the normal.

"Sit down. People will think we're quarreling. It was a stitch in my side—it's gone."

He flung himself back into his chair. "It may be your heart—your heart! Oh, Helena, you can't have anything but a perfect heart?"

"It *is* perfect."

"You promise?"

"It has only one thing the matter with it—you."

His balance was restored. "Then it's all right."

"Is it?" She lifted her eyes with a heavy effort and stared squarely into his. They were all right, too—his eyes. All right again. Distress was shining out of them—sympathy for her. It wouldn't come to her again—that revelation of some ugly spirit. She wouldn't let it, that was all. She could manage. She brushed the pinched call for help upon the carpet.

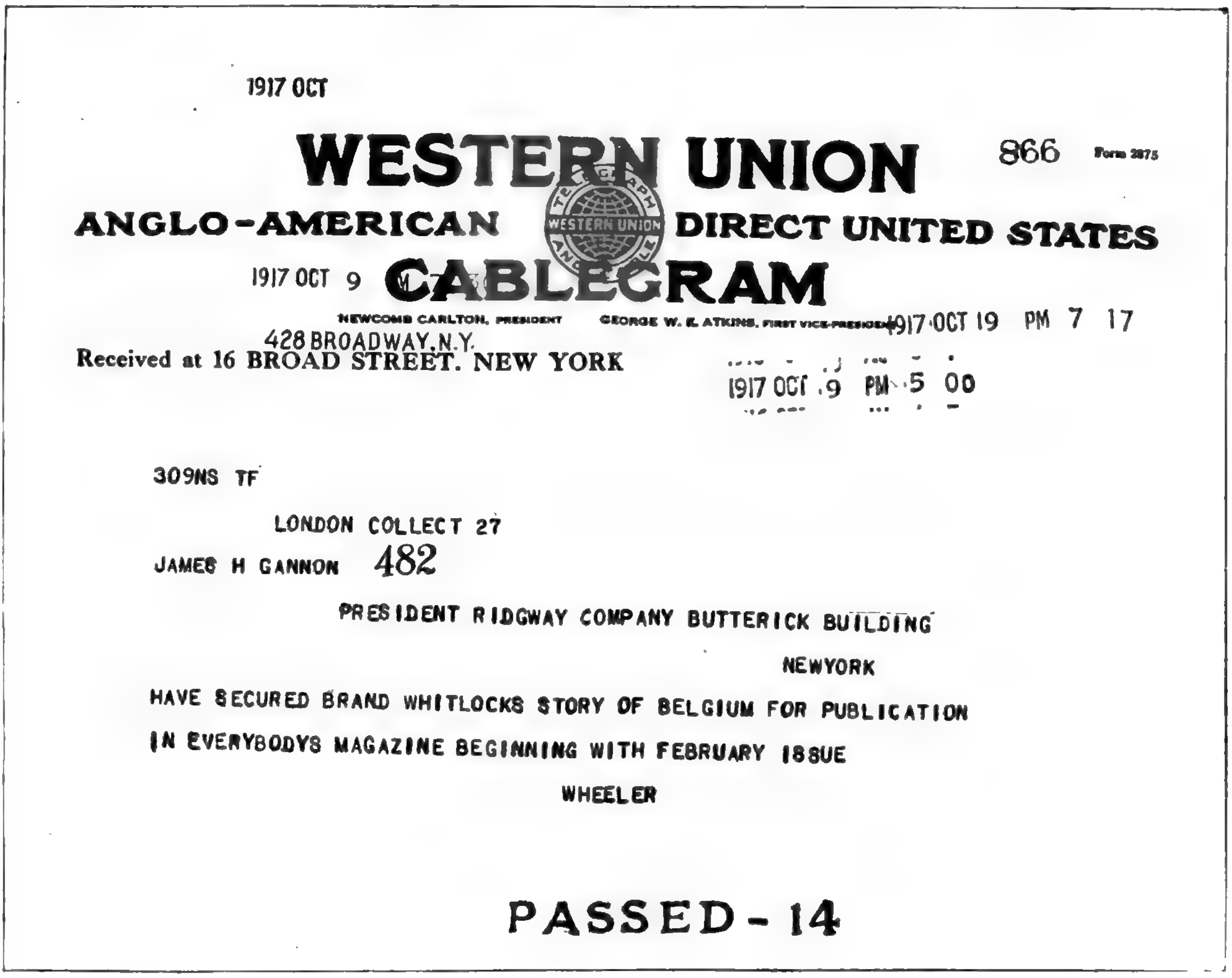
"Let us talk of getting married," said he. "And of the garden and the house, and the room I am planning for you." His voice grew quiet and deep. "Your room in my house, Helena!"

"Ice?" asked the waiter.

They laughed. The luncheon went on.

THROUGH the coy promises of spring for a luxuriant summer they went on budding also. He likened the growth of their love to the season itself. "It was but the sap in our veins in Virginia," he told her. Now and then the wind blew cold, there were flurries of snow, and, carrying the figure dangerously far, she would feel her love checked, uncertain. She asked herself, if, with these mercurial changes, her love could ever reach fruition. The flowers did not know when the wintry blasts were coming. They, too, had no weapon of defense—no premonition. On these days she avoided his eyes, for unwelcome fear was now her portion, or, as the neurologists put it, the fear of fear.

She avoided any reference to material matters that might occasion an



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WHEELER

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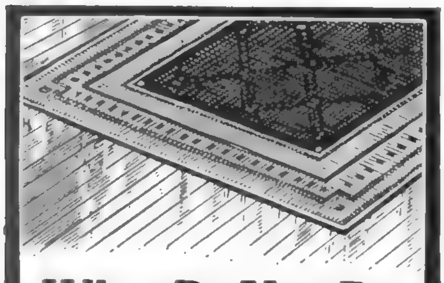
We hope to get the manuscript here in time for the January number. Failing that, it will surely start in February.



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expounding of Cal's views on the subject of petty obligations. She had so successfully accomplished this, that at times—when the day was fair—she again believed she could keep it out of their life altogether.

It was with some such idea of evasion that she had refused to take tea with her aunt at his lodgings—refused until the elderly lady became insistent upon seeing what "dear Cal" needed. Once in the quiet dignity of his old-fashioned rooms she regretted that she had not gone before. For in his own surroundings such shyness of the artist that was his, left him. He was dominant, sure. He was a householder. And such duties as would be hers he gently pressed upon her. She made the tea, she presided over the little cakes. Charmed with the tingling intimacy this ministering to his guests brought them, they talked apart from the others of the homely affairs of the kitchen. He went fully into the domestic arrangements of his quarters, of the little slavey who was at the beck and call of all the lodging-house. She was very funny—Helena was to see her. He would ring for more cream. The party was a huge success; they would send her out for more.

SURE of safe ground, she spoke indulgently of tipping, of the service with the smile that personal recognition always grants a generous dispenser. She had been with him in restaurants and remonstrated with him for his prodigality. How much more delightful was it to give to the less important menials who fetch and carry for us! That she met with no response could well have been occasioned by the entrance of the landlady's youthful drudge.

The stiff bows upon her head were no more unyielding than the child's sullen face. There was no joy of service in her bearing. There was no response between the lodger and the little girl. Helena was loved by those around her. With a terror that was oddly at variance with the simplicity of the scene, she sat mute during the brief exchange of words between the two.

"I ain't paid to go out to the dairy," the girl was saying. "It's extra."

For reply he gave her a jesting shake, turning her about.

She moved perforce, more mindful than he of the eternal proprieties. For he was entirely at home. He was himself, this was himself. "They'll say 'not without the money,'" had been her last protesting grumble.

"Run along," Hunter commanded.

The laugh he gave upon her departure was so warm that Helena turned to him as a plant to the sun, sure of complete cooperation. But again she cried out in pain, for, beyond the shimmer of the iris of his eyes, she saw mean shallows. "A wrong one!" came howling to her from out the air.

It was soon over—the stitch in her side. And after his anxiety was stilled, and the inquiring guests each advised a best physician, she went away. Her aunt, pleased to volubility, enlarged upon the possibilities of their future. "He is a family man," was her high summary. "You will be together in all things."

Yes, in all things. In the little things of life. There would be the tailors who press clothes, and the cobblers near by, and the creamery at the corner which withheld its credit. There would be the unpretentious menials who from experience did not obligingly deplete their purse for fear of languid reimbursement. And with every rediscovery of his slackness when ostentatious giving was not necessary would come this harrowing unveiling of his inner self. She would have to look within his eyes all through her life.

Events moved as swiftly as the rushing in of a summer at last established. Hot days came which did not ripen, rather scorched to maturity the fruit of her love of him. She did not brace herself against the pace of her existence. She was carried with it, ran with it breathlessly, straining toward whatever end lay ahead of her.

She loved him and deplored him, loved him and was ashamed of him, loved him and knew that he would always be an alien to her. There were, indeed, generations of worth back of her. Generations of simple people who had paid their debts with due regard for the necessities of those whose burdens must be quickly lightened.

Far from avoiding the moral deviations of his nature, she now feverishly sought to be entirely convinced one way or the other. It must be one way or the other. Already her aunt was visiting the white sales and bringing home soft garments for her autumn bridal.

THE Fates when honestly importuned spin busily for us, but the old women cunningly mask their work. In July, as her aunt was feeling that conventionality must force her from the bargain-counter into the country, Cal came rushing to them, splendid with the promise of the immediate future. He must go West. He was sent to do some keen investigating. It would bring him prestige and money.

"I ran all the way," he gasped. "I had to choose between seeing you and packing my bag. I'm getting some toilet articles at the drug-store. I leave so deadly soon."

She responded to his eagerness even as she clutched at him to hold him close to her. "I'll go to your rooms and send on your bag to you."

"You great girl!" There was an

enfolding silence. "An army wife is nothing to you."

"May I pry?" she laughed.

"Into every corner of my heart—and desk."

"I'm not afraid of love-letters."

"Well, you needn't be afraid of bills. I sat late last night and sent checks to clubs, the hotels where I sign, and the taxis, so everything is off my chest."

She believed him. She could believe him with her head upon his breast. But she did not lift her face to his until he raised her chin and kissed her lips. He kissed her eyelids too, for they remained dropped over her eyes until he left the room. From the windows she saw his broad shoulders among the crowd, the back of his fine head, the brown of his soft hair. She had passed her hand over his head just as he left her that she might remember.

WHAT happened at his lodgings was the natural march of the procession of her life. She was not left in confusion over that. The rooms were still vibrant of him. She moved timorously at first, as would a young girl on her wedding-night, fearful, waiting, uplifted. Books lay about, the food of a mind cultivated beyond spiritual discrimination. Her pictures everywhere, bits of verse before some, flowers before others. The plants in the window had been watered by an over-zealous gardener. She had given them to him. Above the thick noises of the street she heard the drip, drip, upon the floor from the pots replete with moisture.

She must search for a cloth. She passed into his bedroom blithely—with no emotion now beyond the joy of immediate usefulness. The bed was in order. Upon the counterpane was laid his beautiful linen, fresh from the iron of some painstaking woman. Pinned upon the pillow was a bit of paper, unfolded, its surface covered with the woman's latest task for him:

> I have been hear, and I will come agen when I have took home another wash. Plese see me, sir, or leave me something on acc't. It has went on for six weeks now. It has went up now in all to $7.80. MRS. J. GEDDING.

Helena's purse swung from its handle upon her arm. With the instinct of her forebears to discharge their duty, she searched and found the sum among its contents. She laid it on the bed, and, discovering his kit-bag, she gathered up what effects she thought to be essential. It was to be her last service for him. She would acquit herself well. She took a sort of twisted humor in calling upon her ancestors to help her through this packing of dear garments. They had forced her into this; they must see her out of it.

They behaved pretty well about it. The tears came, but her groping hands found that for which she sought. It

The Fate of the Unprepared

Among the remarkable events of this war no fact stands out more startlingly than the tragic sacrifice of Russia's unequipped soldiers.

The army has been victimized by intrigue and treachery. Guns were sent to the front without ammunition and ammunition without guns. Supplies were provided that when unpacked proved to be rubbish. Left stranded by communications that broke down under slight pressure the brave Russian troops hurled themselves again and again against foes perfectly prepared.

From the very verge of victory they doggedly fell back fighting with stones and clubs and iron bars, resisting heroically but ineffectively.

No thought can be more abhorrent to Americans than that of our boys ruthlessly slaughtered because of lack of equipment or support which it is the first business of us at home to supply.

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was most pitiful to hear her in that room, for she broke aloud into little bursts of speech as she worked, which showed the agony of her mind. "Why, I never asked to love him—I never asked to." She bent over a drawer, extracting brilliant socks. "I would like to have had him right." But there was no deviation from her set purpose—although he must have been there too. "I couldn't go on, Cal," she cried suddenly. "I would be afraid to look at you." He answered sometimes and she replied to him patiently. "I know you don't, my dear, my dear. How can you understand when the very thing is lacking which could make you understand. I don't blame you, darling." Possibly his grief was great. "Oh, my dear boy, it's nothing that you can correct. I could pay the bills. It's a beast within you that I'm in terror of. It won't hurt you, my darling; don't be afraid of it."

THERE was a silence for a space as she firmly pressed down the contents to make room for more. But as she rose to fold a long dressing-gown she again became articulate. Her voice was bitter. "Wouldn't one think you were tall enough!" He may have asked her what she meant, for some of it was voiced. "I should have known before just what was wrong. I should never have gone to you so eagerly, Cal. I should have tried to wait. But I didn't recognize the missing inches. They were so disguised." She must have told him the whole story. "Yes, it's the same yardstick, my dear, my boy. Yes, for me, too. You are right. Who knows but I am missing many, many inches just because I can't be big enough to take you as you are!" But he was man enough to shield her from his words. "Yes, I know, dear; you would never hurt me."

She bent low over the bag and with an effort locked it. Then she stood upon her feet and made a long speech to the empty room. "Yes, we must all have certain definite qualities, Cal dear, to come up to the full measure. We must have the generosity that makes no show in the world; then *real* honesty—not the kind that is honest because nobody knows that it isn't; and integrity even if we—we have no little house in the country." The little house came near breaking her, but she picked up the great bag, and lugged it to the desk. "And all the while I'm loving you," she kept repeating as she was tugging it along. "All the while I'm loving you."

She addressed and affixed an express tag and placed the key in an envelope for mailing. The moment had come when she must send some word to him. It was at the desk with the pen in her hand that she shook her head to a man's last pleading. Her voice was heard for the last time in Hunter's rooms. "You see, my dear lost one, I've got to write it, no matter how ugly it reads. It's bigger than my desire—this aversion. It's the instinct of women, I expect, to keep the race pure." She made a few scratches of the pen. "He'll think I've gone mad, and come rushing home to me. But my work will keep me far from him. And after a while he'll hate me." For his hurt's sake she yearned for that day.

The scrap of paper that was to meet his eyes looked mad enough. But she addressed and stamped the envelope and dropped it in a post-box as she left.

"You do not pay the little people. I will never marry you," were the words which shut him out from her.

One of the most interesting features of the new size of EVERYBODY'S is the color inserts. In November four full-color paintings were reproduced. Everett Shinn, W. E. Hill, F. Luis Mora, and L. A. Shafer were the artists. In this issue the work of Shinn and Shafer appears again, together with a sea painting by Henry Reuterdahl, whose pictures of the Navy and Navy engagements are familiar to readers of EVERYBODY'S. There is also a full-color painting by Percy E. Cowen, which illustrates Henry Kitchell Webster's splendid serial, "The White Arc." These American Artists and one or two foreign painters will continue to do color pictures for EVERYBODY'S.

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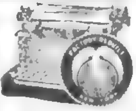

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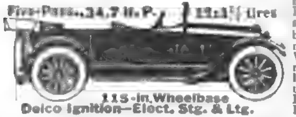

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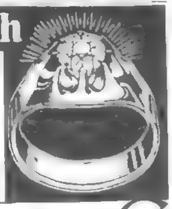

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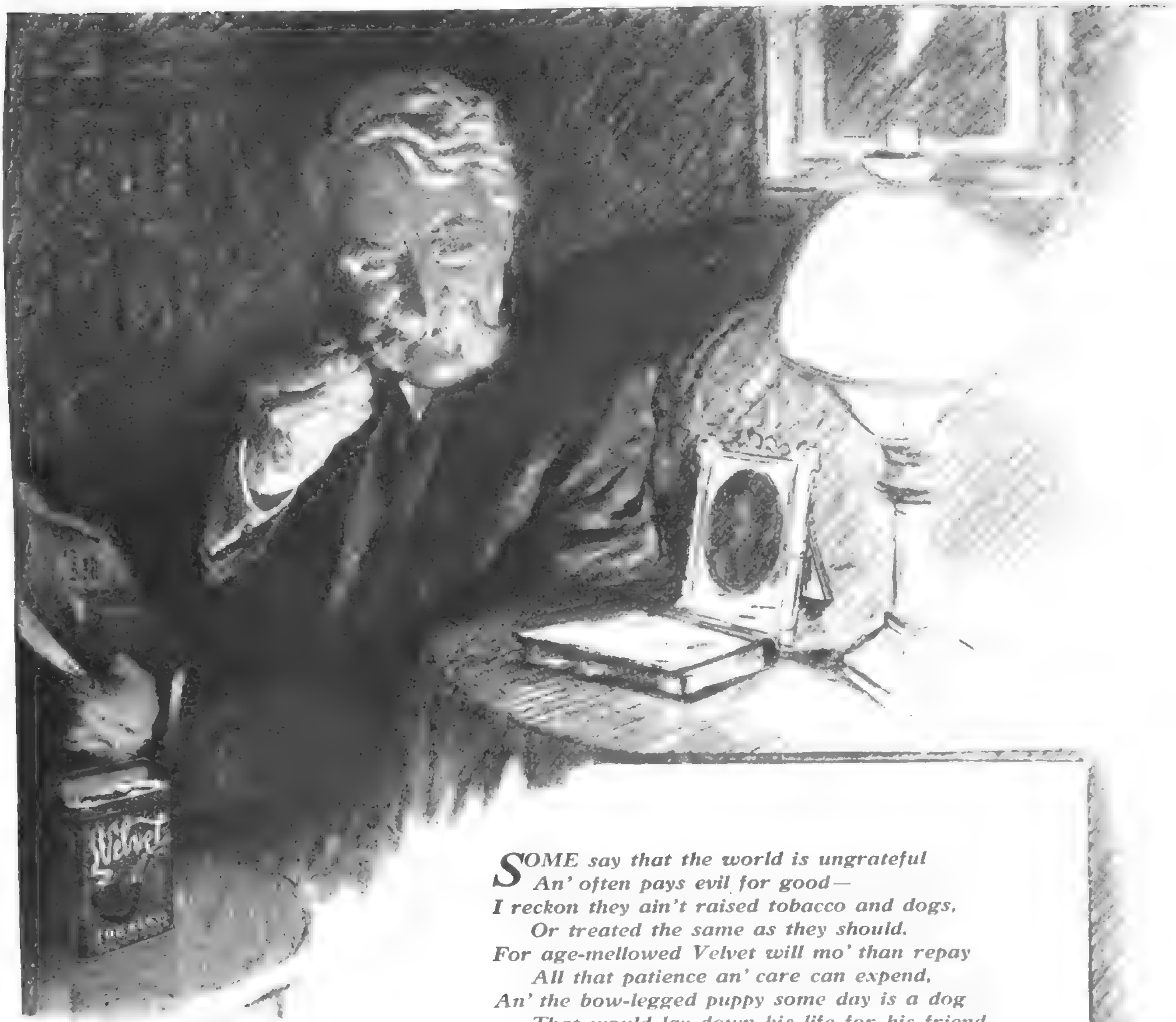

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I reckon they ain't raised tobacco and dogs,
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THE VOICE OF THE NATION

Letters from the "Tender-of-Service" File at Washington

A FEW months ago, the French War Office made public personal letters from young soldiers who had given their lives for France. They were fine letters—spiritual expressions from courageous boys, written to loved ones under the fire of battle, under the inspiration of a united defense of their mother country.

Those letters have been translated into foreign languages—and have become a spur to fighting men, an urge to all not yet fully awake. Wherever these letters were read, one heard the same comment: "That is France."

With this challenge to our own patriotism, we went to the War Department at Washington and asked members of the General Staff to read the French letters, and tell us if America was without her patriotic fires.

The War Department has no time for romance; no time for poetry and sentiment. Only the argument that evidence of burning patriotism in this country might have a valuable psychological effect upon the public, finally opened the "Tender-of-Service" file, which contains offers of all kinds sent to Government heads.

We are not a demonstrative nation. We are not given to heroics, nor to verbosity. We are short, businesslike, prosaic about everything we do. But back of all this machine-like brevity burns the same fire that keeps alive the soul of France. The heroic self-sacrifice of the warring nations has not really surprised Americans. The same big qualities, both dormant and aroused, live in this country.

Read these letters, written by men and women and boys. They have been taken from the official files of the War Department at Washington—the first time such a file has ever been available for publication in a magazine. Let them enhearten you and stir you to new patriotism.

(Telegram)
Mrs. Woodrow Wilson,
President's Mansion,
Washington, D. C.

My only children, three sons, are volunteers, one commissioned by the President and two in training. This is my gift to the country; and to alleviate my awful anxiety I want my husband to go with the boys. He is fifty years old and can only go with the President's permission. He was chaplain in the Spanish War in Cuba, and on the recommendation of the officers was honored with the rank of major. Physicians pronounce him in excellent health. If this were not true I should not consent myself nor ask this consideration. I have no way to reach the Great Man in the White House and no political influence to exert, but I felt that a woman's heart would be responsive to a mother's plea. I believe the President will see my case is special, and as the appointment is not political, dare I ask you to intercede for me? This message is my own and from my heart, and I hope you will forgive any broken proprieties.

Mrs. O. H. P. M.

Long Beach, California,
June 4, 1917.

Out of the uplands of Mississippi where "Rebels" abounded in '61, came this one hundred per cent. Americanism:

Hon. Woodrow Wilson,
President U. S. A.
Dear Mr. Wilson:

Three of my younger brothers, Robert M. Bass, Forest Bass and John B. Bass, all have joined the Navy to help fight Germany.

We are sorry to see them go; sorry it must be. But there are three more of us able to fight, only the two other boys are still one and two years too young for service, and I am married and am farming 1200 acres of land, and most of it will be wanted in something to eat, and in that way I hope to do my part in this war. Lower the age limit and the other boys will join, and if the time comes when the unmarried men can not take care of Germany, then I am ready to get into the fight also. I am thirty-five years of age, and ready to do anything you want me to do to put this proposition through. No man shall say that the Bass family are not all the way for their country.

Respectfully yours,
Dr. J. R. BASS.

Floweree, Miss., May 2, 1917.

These boys have all since enlisted.

Few of us realize that the blood of the Orient has been stirred into our melting-pot. The yellow men from our sister republic make loyal citizens.

This is one of the many service letters from Chinese, filed in the War Department:

Hon. Woodrow Wilson,
Washington.
My dear Mr. President:

I know that it is unnecessary for me to bring to your attention the unqualified Americanism of those citizens who are of Chinese origin. There are some Chinese, Mr. President, with red blood in their veins.

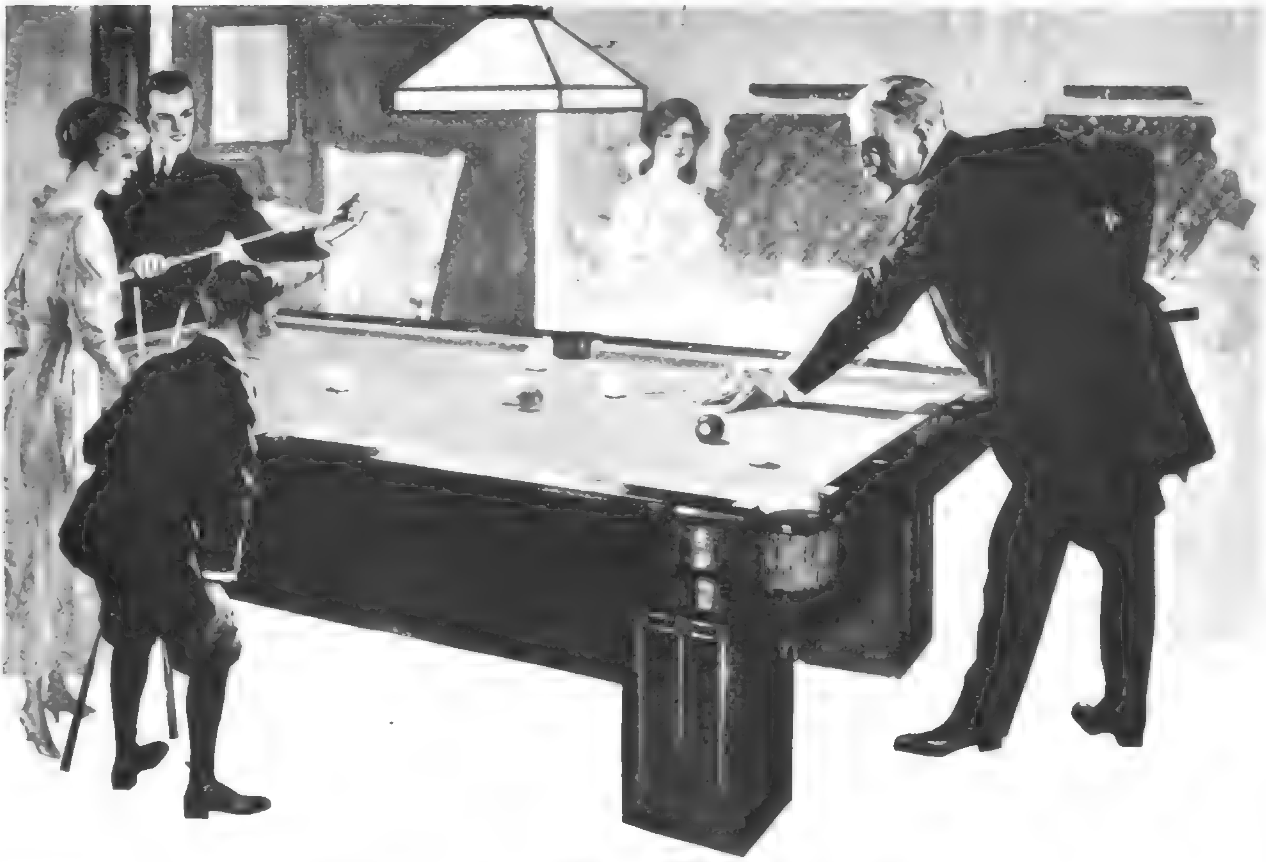
I know that I speak for the entire Chinese race in America, when I assert their unqualified loyalty and unswerving support of your administration and your policies in the trying times now at hand. We want to lend our aid and assistance in whatever manner it can best be utilized.

We, of my race, want to demonstrate as efficiently as possible, our loyalty to America; we want to assist in defense of the country, to which end it is aimed to organize a body of soldiery from the citizens of my race in the shape of a military training corps; and this is to ask that you be good enough to designate some one as a leader therefor.

Respectfully,
LUKE CHESS.

Yonkers, N. Y., April 3, 1917.

Unless you have a wife and little children you can not appreciate the sa[illegible] offers:



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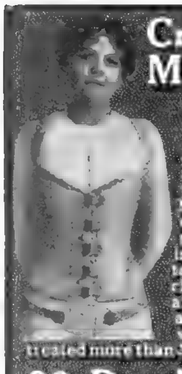

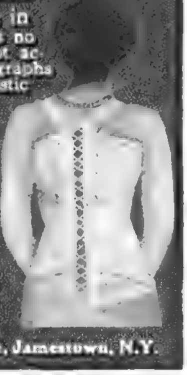

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To the President of U. S. of A.,
Washington, D. C.
Your Excellency:

In consequence of the crisis through which our country is now going, I wish to express my feeling concerning my duty as a citizen. I am a rural carrier from Bangor, Pa., married, and have two children. I am thirty-seven years of age, in good health. If my country needs me I am at her service any time you may wish to call me. I am stating my position above, so you may judge my circumstances. I am a good shot with rifle, and have a fair insight into military tactics.

Your obedient servant,
GRIFFITH J. DAVIES.
Bangor, Pa., April 10, 1917.

Sixty years ago this veteran must have been such a boy as the stanch thirteen-year-old from Pennsylvania. And sixty years hence B. L. will rally to the flag as valiantly as B. P. B. did before him.

Woodrow Wilson,
Washington, D. C.
My dear Mr. President:

I was mustered into the U. S. Army in 1862 at Camp Chase, Ohio; I have never been mustered out. Can you make use of me? I am not yet seventy-five years old. I voted for Lincoln and would like to help save the nation he died for. Yours to command,
Wilton, O., March 2, 1917. B. P. B.

Secretary of War Baker,
Dear Sir:

I am a boy who will be thirteen years old July 31st. I am in the last year of grammar school. I would like to help my country. Can you give me a job in the Army? Hoping to receive a favorable reply soon, I remain,

Yours truly,
Uniontown, Pa. B. L.

An "encumbrance" who does her bit! L. L. is indeed blessed among husbands.

The Adjutant-General, U. S. A.,
Washington, D. C.

I herewith respectfully offer myself for any service the Government may assign me to.

My physical condition is good. Have no encumbrances but a wife who is willing to sacrifice anything for our country, and she is capable to care for herself. Should I be called for service I would require about fifteen days for the disposition of my live stock and farm.

Very respectfully,
L. L.

Time does not dim the courage of these our old soldiers. The War Department has received thousands of these letters from men past threescore.

To the Honorable Postmaster,
Chanute, Kansas.
Dear Sir:

I am seventy-two years old or will be next September. If there is anything the matter with me except the seventy-two years I am carrying, I do not know what it is. I am five feet and seven inches tall. I have had a great deal of business with the United States directly and indirectly, helping as a boy to deliver cavalry horses to all the different commands in the West during the '60's. Later, from 1880 to 1900, I furnished Government supplies, at, I think, every fort in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and some in Texas. Also in what is now Oklahoma. I worked thirty-two years in the Claim and Law Department of the Santa Fé, and to-day I am out of a job. I can do and have done everything but preach. What use has Uncle Sam for an old fellow like me? I am ready to go anywhere or do anything.

Yours very truly,
Chanute, Kansas. J. D.

Only an American father would have written his heart into twenty-eight words.

Woodrow Wilson,
President of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

My fifty-eight years of age will not deter me from joining my two sons if necessary in the defense of the honor and rights of our country. T. M. C.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

This, from a former senator, is typical of a mass of letters from men who have served the country in high places and now seek some obscure niche.

Dear Mr. Tumulty:

Though past the age of military service, yet as a naturalized citizen who has spent practically all his life under the blessed shelter of our flag, I am profoundly anxious, by bearing some part in the war which has just been declared, to acknowledge in some faint degree the debt—immeasurable and inextinguishable—which I owe this nation.

If there be any field, however obscure, in which a man just turned sixty-three, whose health is robust, could serve the Government without displacing a younger, and therefore presumably a more valuable man, I should esteem assignment to it a very great favor. I know of none myself, hence this letter, which I venture to hope you will not deem an unwarrantable invasion of time now doubtless absorbed in the tremendous events that are passing. Yours sincerely,
New York, April 7, 1917. W. B. C.

The same character that makes a boy self-supporting at seventeen has expressed itself in many such determined letters sa this:

War Department,
Washington, D. C.
Gentlemen:

I am an American boy, seventeen years old and support myself. Owing to an astigmatism of the left eye, I have been rejected by the Army, Navy and Naval Militia. I am unaware of any other physical defect which would prevent my enlisting. As I cannot serve my country on the firing-line, I would like to offer my services in any capacity in which they will be accepted. Yours respectfully,
J. J. G.
Brooklyn, N. Y., May 12, 1917.

This from the heart of a cowpuncher. The kind of material from which Colonel Roosevelt drew his famous Rough Riders. Enough of these men to make a regiment wrote to the War Department.

Hon. Newton D. Baker,
Dear Sir:

As I've tried every way I knew to be of some use to Uncle Sam, I'm asking you if you couldn't locate me. Now I sure enough hate to bother you, because I reckon you're all somewhat busy, but as I've got a crippled right hand, I'm afraid of being exempted, or whatever you call it. Now my hand don't keep me from handling a gun. And as I sure hate to see the lads a-going to France and me a-laying low, it kinda hurts.

Now, I'm a-punching cows out here pretty close to the border, and pretty well located with the country. Maybe I could come in handy out here, that is, if I can't go to France. Now I don't know Him very well, but I trust in the Almighty for a chance and could I get that chance through you?

Hoping I'll not be disappointed.
I'm yours in trust,
W. L.
Comstock, Texas, July 10, 1917.

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You can become a successful salesman. Study in spare time. Get the necessary training and make good in a big-paying sales position. Ours is the one course of practical training that links ability to opportunity and fits you to *earn while you learn.* It teaches you how to prepare the "Selling Talk"—how to approach the prospect—how to manage the interview—how to close the sale. Employers of salesmen everywhere are calling for N. S. T. A. men. Our Employment Department has constantly on file more requests for salesmen than we can possibly fill.

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Are you progressing fast enough in the selling field—are you in the $5,000 to $10,000 Class? If not, you need more training—more sales coaching—more power to persuade people to purchase your products. You may not have selected the line of goods best adapted to your particular ability—there may be any one of a hundred reasons why you are not one of the big successful men in the selling field today. Investigate our methods and learn how you can increase your income. Hundreds of salesmen having from two to twenty years' experience have used our selling plans and methods—hundreds have increased their earnings from fifty to five hundred percent.

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THE CAMPS OF THE FIRST HALF MILLION—*Continued from page 29*

Council of National Defense, but as the big chief of organized labor, to zealously guard its interests.

Wehle worked patiently and persistently. And upon the nineteenth day of June he succeeded in having an agreement signed by Secretary Baker and Mr. Gompers which provided that the cantonment workers in all classes of organized labor should be worked in accordance with the union scale of wages, hours and conditions prevailing on June first in the community nearest to the location of each cantonment.

The agreement looked simple—and in reality was not. It was a test. It was a showing of patriotism for Samuel Gompers. For when he signed it he recognized the "open shop"—the right of non-union workers to labor alongside union men. What that meant in inside criticism only Mr. Gompers knows.

The Unions and the Government

LEST I be accused of painting too bright an aureole about Mr. Gompers's head, let me also tell you what Mr. Gompers got. It, too, was *something*. You may count upon that. Mr. Gompers is patriotic; but he is no man's fool. The meanest of his enemies will admit that. And when the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy—for such matters as concern his department—signed the agreement, Mr. Gompers held the first official recognition of the Union by the United States Government in its entire history. Moreover, he had the assurance that union working conditions would be carried into territory where they had hardly been known before. Either of these things was worth, in the estimation of the stern old labor chief, the swallowing of the bitter pill of the open shop.

Give and take. That has been one of the big, practical lessons of the present war. Consideration. Cooperation. They are but bigger names for the very same thing.

Not that the agreement worked without a halt. There were numerous hitches, some of them laughable, others almost tragic. For ever the clock-hand swung forward; the duration of the war, the sum of its toll in human life was in no indefinite measure hung upon the prompt completion of the cantonments. Time was more than a factor. Time was almost the prime essential.

Yet there did come a time when the officers of one of the highly organized unions of skilled workers on the cantonment at Chillicothe, not being fully aware of the large responsibility that Gompers had assumed, grew restive under the constant influx of non-union labor upon the job. Threats of strike began to fill the air. They came to the ears of the big chief down at Washington. He telegraphed to Chillicothe—one single dispatch—and there were no more rumors of a strike.

A more serious situation developed among the plumbers down at Camp Jackson—and again because of the "open shop," the red rag before the face of the average union man. The local union of Columbia, aroused to a man, began telegraphing all the surrounding communities to send no plumbers to Camp Jackson.

The constructing quartermaster also was aroused. He sent a short account of the situation by wire to the Secretary of War and did not hesitate to call it "ordinary treason." The Secretary of War called the attention of one Samuel Gompers to the little matter and one Samuel Gompers got busy upon the long-distance telephone. The result again—little short of miraculous. Within a week the secretary of the plumbers' local of Columbia was writing to the constructing quartermaster at Camp Jackson saying that it all had been a mistake and that his union would yield to no other in the full measure of its patriotism.

Then there were times when the shoe was on the other foot. A union man named Calkins was discharged by a contractor at Camp Dix, at Wrightstown, apparently because he had complained of unsanitary conditions at the commissary. Investigation showed that these conditions had existed. The contractor stood pat. He maintained stoutly that Calkins was an agitator and a mischief-maker. An adjustment commission took up the case and found in favor of Calkins. He was reinstated, and work at the cantonment went forward.

The Wages of War

WAGES paid were, of course, terrific. Laborers of every sort received more than they had probably received in their entire lives before. Time and a half and double time became the rule rather than the exception.

Even at the Southern cantonments, where labor commanded the lowest scales, practical carpenters received fifty cents an hour for a ten-hour day; their unskilled helpers thirty cents an hour. And it was being said that the ability to hit a nail on the head three times out of five was the final measure of skill.

But time ever was the factor, and the cantonments promised were fit and ready for the War Department to begin its work of organizing and training the National Army before the end of September.

Certain it was that money poured into some of the little cities of the land this summer as it had never been poured before. The most impressive sight I saw in Chillicothe on a single

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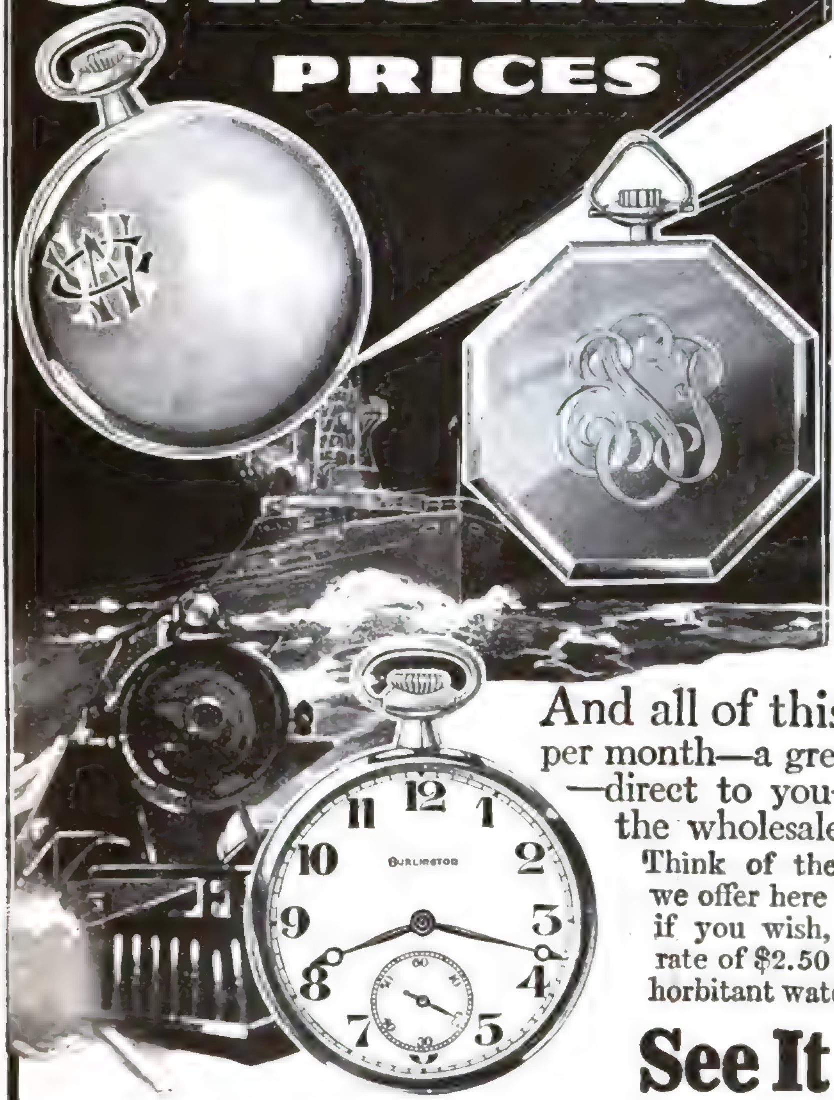

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COLONEL I. W. LITTELL, WHO WAS IN CHARGE OF THE SPECIAL DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY, CREATED FOR THE PLANNING AND CONSTRUCTION OF THE NATIONAL ARMY CANTONMENTS.

September day was the extended array of drunken men—laborers who were being discharged from the camp as it approached completion. These were men to whom opportunity had come—perhaps for the first time in their hard lives. They had money in their pockets—a plenty of it. They might have bought clothing for their backs, better homes for their families, Liberty Bonds to help the nation that had helped them so liberally. But they preferred to "blow it in." And that, in itself, was a commentary upon one phase of excessive war-time prosperity.

The Men and Materials

WE HAVE drifted away from Ayer. It, too, had its labor troubles—but it also had its labor. And so the great end was gained. The men came in droves, all through June and well into July—until there were more than 9,000 of them upon the job. The contractor arranged to both feed them and house them, even though this meant the erection of one hundred and twenty wooden buildings which would have to be torn down when the cantonment was finished and buckling to its real work.

For six weeks they poured from every passenger train that pulled into the busy little junction station at Ayer; from most of the freight-trains too, for it was only a fairly wise "hobo" who learned last summer that a muttered explanation about having a job promised at this cantonment or at that, brought him, instead of the usual threats and imprecations from the railroaders, a smile, a wish of good luck and a free ride to the end of the run.

Upon the heels of the labor, the 16,000,000 feet of lumber, the rest of the materials, too. The Boston and Maine Railroad, which serves Ayer, and so Camp Devens, has had its own troubles within the past few years. But it went to its war task with a genuine enthusiasm, and within ninety days it brought nearly 1,500 carloads of material into the camp—and with hardly an hour's detention to a single one. Special railroad sidings had been provided right at the camp, and near these the saw-mills.

A cantonment of 1,000 buildings would require more than 20,000 door-frames and window-frames. There were not enough sash-and-blind factories in the land to turn these out in ninety days—to say nothing of the requirements of the fifteen other cantonments. So twenty portable saw-mills went into service down by the railroad tracks at Ayer. They took the timber in the rough, and from it were quickly fabricated not only doors and door-frames and sashes and windows, joists and flooring and planking and siding, but such real refinements as counters for the mess-kitchens and tables for the big dining-rooms.

The Magic City

THERE was an engineer's office, equipped with full duplicate sets of plans, hard by the saw-mills, and each finished piece of wood as it came from saw or planer was marked with symbols and numbers which showed not only the exact structure for which it was designed, but the use to which it was to be put in that building.

After that the carpenters' work at the building was but simple. He, too, had plans, and upon the plans the numbers and the symbols. His was a problem of erection solely; of placing each piece of lumber in its place. A hammer was his necessity. A saw was not part of his proper equipment. And if an inspector found him using one, he was open to reprimand. Sawing meant the misuse of one bit of lumber, and somewhere else the right piece of lumber would show up, too short for its place, and delay would begin.

This sounds complicated, but it was not—thanks to forethought. The contractor did his work thoroughly and well. His roads were good, and in order that the truckers who brought the finished, numbered, dovetailed wooden pieces of his problem into their proper places should not lose their way in the huge job, he had guides placed at the important road intersections. Their business it was to send each truck to its proper place.

No wonder, then, that buildings sprang up like magic through late July and well through August; that a building an hour ceased to be a novelty, and a building each fifteen minutes became the accepted thing.

One might pass down a cantonment street in the morning and see a vacant lot at a certain corner; might return in the afternoon and find that corner filled with a two-story building into which electricians were already running their wires and steam-fitters their heating-pipes. In fact, there are several instances where an entire building was put up in an hour and a half.

And it is in the cantonment records that, not once but several times, timber which had been standing as living pine-trees in a Mississippi forest was within seven days a barracks in which men were living!

By the end of August the fervor of building-raising at Camp Devens subsided, and erecting work shifted to the base hospital and the remount station, both of which were after-contracts and awarded at a later day.

By the time these lines reach your eyes they, too, will have been completed and, in the eyes of the citizenry of Ayer, almost old. But the main camp was promised on September first, and on the first day of September the enterprising young Springfield contractor in charge of the work wired Washington that his job was one hundred per cent. complete.

Camp Devens was sharing with Camp Travis and Camp Zachary Taylor the distinction of being completed and ready at the end of the promised time—a feat which even the greatest of the optimists down in the War Department had in their hearts deemed almost impossible. And upon the fifth day of September the first of the selected men—its future population—were marching into its portals, whistling and singing and cheering in the boyish exultation of a crisp and perfect summer day.

What Shall Be Done With Them?

YESTERDAY a wilderness; to-day a city; to-morrow, what?

It would be a sad commentary upon the wisdom of the United States as a nation if this great task, repeated sixteen times across the land, were to be regarded as but temporary.

It would be hard to think of these young men coming into the sixteen cantonments and enjoying the tremendous benefits of their physical and mental drill and discipline, and then to feel that those benefits were to be denied to other young men, of oncoming years and generations.

In the opinion of many folk, Congress erred when, in its conscription law, it failed to look forward to other years and did not provide that a system whose need was shown so sharply by our first war crisis should not remain in existence permanently and in anticipation of the next.

Perhaps these folk are wrong. Perhaps Congress saw the greater necessity of immediate universal training and feared that the adoption of so radical a measure as a permanent policy might draw the entire emergency structure down to defeat.

If that was so, Congress acted wisely. But it is not too late now for it to look forward to the permanent policy. The draft and the cantonments have both come, and the country, instead of receiving them with fear and foreboding,

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BOOTH NO. 1
CENT

NTRAL RESTAURANT

THE TOP PICTURE SHOWS A CANTEEN AT CAMP DEVENS, AYER, MASSACHUSETTS.
EXAMINING THE DRAFTED MEN AT THE ENTRANCE.
THE RESTAURANT WHERE THE CAMP BUILDERS WERE FED. ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY TEMPORARY BUILDINGS HAD TO BE ERECTED FOR THE CARE OF THE CAMP BUILDERS ALONE.

has received them with great enthusiasm and an almost universal approval.

Despite the tremendous time pressure, despite the pressure of every other sort, the sites of the sixteen cantonments are, in the main, good.

To make them permanent, very little of the work that has already been done would have to be done again. The present buildings, painted to protect them against the ravages of the weather, would serve very well as summer camps, at least, for a number of wars. And the more moderate and seemingly the more reasonable of the plans for permanent universal training in times of peace provide for the camp work to be done in the summer months. And there is not one of the sixteen cantonments that to-day is not admirably fitted for just such purpose.

If peace should come within a few months—and this is a hope that few may dare to hope—and these cantonments are given to a nation-wide scheme of universal military training, they will be worth every cent of the $150,000,000 or so that they have cost—even to the huge charges for both labor and raw material.

As emergency provisions toward the winning of the war, they have been worth that cost. As permanent protections for the safety of our land and our democracy, to say nothing of the upbuilding of the quality of our manhood, they may well be worth a dozen times that huge figure.

"WHEN JOHNNIE GOES MARCHING IN"

In the January number Mr. Hungerford will tell how the soldiers of the New National Army were transported to camp, and set up camp housekeeping.

If Our Stomachs Only Had Windows!

By R. W. LOCKWOOD

EUGENE CHRISTIAN

If our stomachs only had windows so that we could see and realize what happens in the struggle to digest some of the combinations of food we swallow, it is likely that our habits of eating would be revolutionized overnight.

I believe that fully 90% of all sickness is caused by the inability of our digestive organs to cope with the food we ask them to assimilate. So ill-chosen are our daily foods that we not only fail many times to benefit by their brain and body-building elements, but are also unable to properly and regularly eliminate the waste.

The dangerous body poisons which are formed as a consequence seep into the blood and gradually lower our efficiency, sap our vitality, and rush a great many of us to an early death. Eugene Christian, the noted food specialist, says the fact that the average American dies at 43 is due more to wrong food combinations than to any other cause. Acidity, fermentation and constipation are merely symptoms of serious ills that must naturally follow unless the *cause* is eliminated.

This question of proper food combinations is the most important in the field of eating. Very often one food of great value in itself, when eaten in combination with another equally good food, produces a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explodes. Is it any wonder then that so few of us are more than 50% efficient in our daily lives, that we accomplish just about one-half the tasks which we set out to do, and see so many of our fine ambitions crumble to dust?

But just as wrong food combinations cause sickness, so do right combinations prevent and correct it by removing the cause. If we will give Nature half a chance, she will do her share towards producing the results for which we are striving, as Eugene Christian is proving for hundreds of people to-day—and as he proved in his own case.

Twenty years ago Eugene Christian was at death's door; for several years previous he had suffered all the agonies of acute stomach and intestinal troubles, until his doctors—among them some of the most noted specialists in the country—gave him up to die. As a last resort, he commenced to study the food question himself. As a result of what he learned, he succeeded in literally *eating his way back to health* without drugs or medicines of any kind and in a remarkably short space of time.

Eugene Christian is to-day nearly sixty years old—or shall I say young? For he has more vitality, more ginger, more physical endurance than most youngsters in their teens. For almost fifteen years he has not had even so much as a cold.

To-day Eugene Christian is teaching hundreds of other men and women how to eat their way to buoyant health and increased energy by properly combining and proportioning their every-day foods, and entirely without the use of medicine. An interesting feature of Christian's work is the fact that you can secure the foods he recommends at any store or out of any garden. No special or patented foods are required.

I have been told that a number of wealthy people who have gone to him after everything else had failed have been so happy at their complete restoration to health through his simple suggestions that they have voluntarily sent him checks for from $500 to $1,000 in addition to his regular charge.

So much interest has been displayed throughout the country in the results of corrective eating that Eugene Christian has written a set of 24 Little Lessons for the use of the thousands of people unable to call at his office.

These Little Lessons, which are sent for examination to any one on request, contain the boiled down experience of Eugene Christian's twenty years' study of foods and their relation to health and efficiency, and give actual menus covering every condition of health and sickness, for every age and for all seasons, climates, and occupations.

The letters received by Eugene Christian from users of these lessons telling their experiences with Corrective Eating are as startling as they are full of interest.

Just the other day he received a letter from Mr. I. J. Ayres, head of an insurance agency in Hutchins, Texas, who wrote: "My health began to fail about one year ago. Up to this time I had enjoyed reasonably good health all my life—am 58 years old. I had, however, been troubled with constipation nearly all my life. My health grew worse and I lost in weight from 140 to 120 pounds. When I began using the Little Lessons I began to improve from the first, and now for months I have felt better than I have for years past, and am completely cured of constipation. My restoration to health is due to the Little Lessons in Scientific Eating."

Another letter of interest just received is from a prominent Manchester, New Hampshire, man. He writes: "At the time I sent for the Little Lessons I was troubled with a very bad acid stomach, fermentation, etc. My stomach pained me as badly as any ulcerated tooth. After receiving them (the lessons) I followed directions and in about ten days the pain grew less. In two weeks I was free from pain. Gradually I grew stronger, also gaining weight. Weight was 112—now 130. Last June it was an effort for me to walk one mile. Since last November I have been in the woods almost daily hunting and walking from four to fifteen miles per day." And he says "the lessons did it."

Another interesting letter is from the head of a manufacturing concern in Fillmore, New York, who writes: "I was troubled with fermentation and constipation, had to take something every day to move my bowels, my weight was normal but I had no strength. I followed your directions and am much better. Do not take any laxatives—bowels move every day and am much stronger."

These are only a few, but they are typical of letters that come almost every day from users of the Little Lessons, and the message is always the same. As one woman writes: "Corrective Eating has relieved me of much suffering—in fact, I think it has saved my life, for which I am so grateful." And then she tells the whole story of how after everything else had failed and she was growing worse each day the Little Lessons showed her the way to health and strength.

Truly these lessons are doing a remarkable work in putting Eugene Christian's scientific knowledge of food in the hands of so many thousands of sufferers throughout the country.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with this great food specialist, because every point is so thoroughly covered and so clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will help to produce the increased physical and mental energy which you are seeking the day you receive the lessons. And you are quite likely to feel some results after your very first balanced meal.

If you would like to examine the 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write the Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. 1612, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask to have the lessons mailed for five days' trial with the understanding that you will either send the small price asked, $3, or remail the books. Merely clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

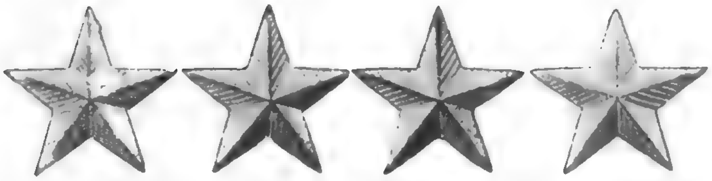
CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, INC., Dept. 1612, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City

You may mail me the "Lessons in Corrective Eating" for examination. Five days after I receive them I will either send you $3 (full payment) or remail them to you.

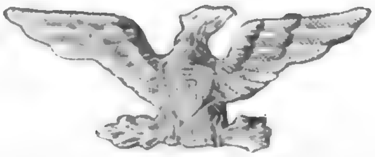
Name.. **Address**..........

ARMY INSIGNIA

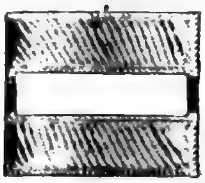
Distinguishing Marks of Officers and Branches of Service



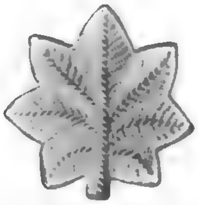
FOUR SILVER STARS DESIGNATE A GENERAL; THREE, A LIEUTENANT-GENERAL; TWO, A MAJOR-GENERAL; ONE, A BRIGADIER-GENERAL.



A SILVER SPREAD-EAGLE DESIGNATES A COLONEL.



TWO SILVER BARS INDICATE A CAPTAIN; ONE, A LIEUTENANT.



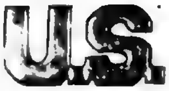
SILVER OAK LEAF INDICATES A LIEUTENANT-COLONEL; GOLD, A MAJOR.

THE rank of an Army officer is shown in various ways—most simply by the insignia which are worn either on the shoulder-strap or on the shirt or coat collar. The arrangement of braid on the overcoat sleeve indicates rank when other insignia are concealed. The rank of a non-commissioned officer is shown by the black V-shaped stripes on the coat and overcoat sleeve, called chevrons.

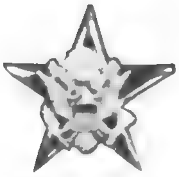
The designation of the highest rank, General, was, up to very recently, an eagle between two small silver stars. General Bliss, recently made a General and Chief of Staff, has set aside this regulation and adopted instead four silver stars on each shoulder. He and General Pershing are the only officers who now wear this insignia. A Lieutenant-General wears a large silver star between two small silver stars; Major-General, two small silver stars; Brigadier-General, one small silver star; Colonel, a silver spread-eagle; Lieutenant-Colonel, a silver oak-leaf; Major a gold oak-leaf; Captain, two silver bars; First Lieutenant, one silver bar; Second Lieutenant, no designation except hat-cord and leggings worn by all officers, and by officers only.

To designate the branch of Service, officers and men wear on right side of the collar a button with U. S. for the Regular Army; U. S. N. G. for the National Guard; U. S. N. A. for the National Army. On the left side of the collar they wear one of the insignia shown below.

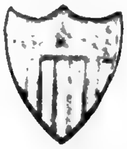
The hat-cords of privates and non-commissioned officers are blue for Infantry, yellow for Cavalry, scarlet for Artillery; orange, blue and white for Signal Corps, including aviators; white and purple for Engineers; purple, white and blue, Medical Corps; buff, Quartermaster's Corps; black and red, Ordnance Corps. All officers wear a gold-and-black cord.



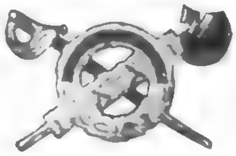
REGULAR ARMY.



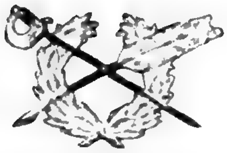
GENERAL STAFF OFFICER.



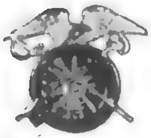
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.



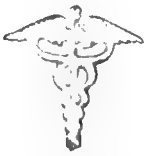
INSPECTOR-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.



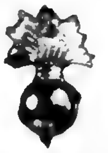
JUDGE-ADVOCATE GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.



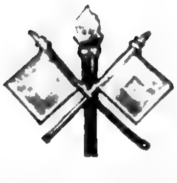
QUARTERMASTERS CORPS.



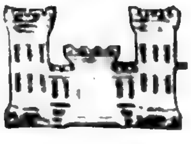
MEDICAL CORPS.



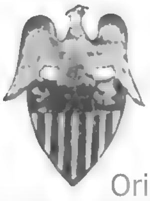
ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.



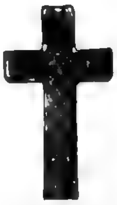
SIGNAL CORPS.



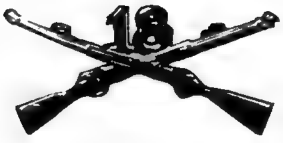
ENGINEERS CORPS.



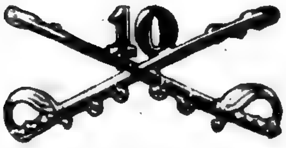
AID TO MAJOR-GENERAL.



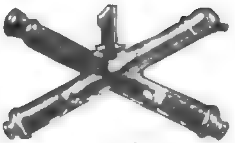
CHAPLAIN.



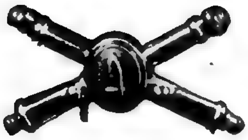
18th INFANTRY.



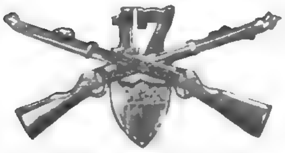
10th CAVALRY.



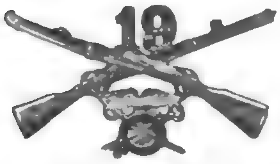
FIRST FIELD ARTILLERY.



COAST ARTILLERY.



ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT, 17th INFANTRY.



QUARTERMASTER'S CORPS, 19th INFANTRY.

The insignia of the Adjutant-General's Department and of the Quartermaster's Corps are often combined, as shown on this page, with insignia of Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery and Engineers, to indicate that the wearer belongs to the Adjutant-General's Department or Quartermaster's Corps of the Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, or Engineers, as the case may be.

Three stars in the shield of Aid to Major-General indicate Aid to Lieutenant-General; two stars, Aid to Major-General; one star, Aid to Brigadier-General.

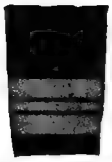
The numbers over the Infantry, Cavalry or Artillery insignia indicate the regiment. The letter P in this position indicates Philippine service; P. R., Porto Rican service.

The Marine Corps uses insignia of rank similar to those of the Army. The Marine Corps campaign hat is the same as the Army hat, but without the cord. Marine Corps officers wear a gold hat-cord on the campaign hat.

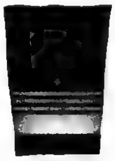
The stripes on the lower left sleeve of dress and service uniforms of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps show length of service. Each stripe represents four years' service in the Navy and Marine Corps, and three years' service in the Army.

NAVY INSIGNIA

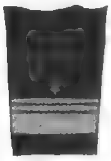
RANK and branch of service are indicated most simply by sleeve stripes and by collar insignia on ordinary blue service uniforms, and by shoulder-straps on white service uniforms, when no stripes or collar insignia are worn. The sleeve stripes are as follows:



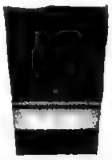
ADMIRAL OF THE NAVY.



ADMIRAL.

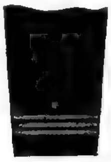


VICE-ADMIRAL.

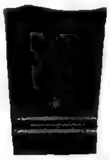


REAR-ADMIRAL.

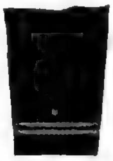
CAPTAIN.



COMMANDER.

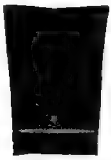


LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER.



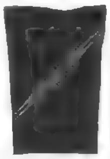
LIEUTENANT.

JUNIOR LIEUTENANT.



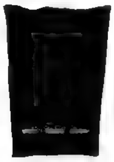
ENSIGN.

MIDSHIPMAN, 1st CLASS.



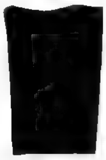
MIDSHIPMAN, 2nd CLASS.

CHIEF BOATSWAIN, GUNNER OR MACHINIST.

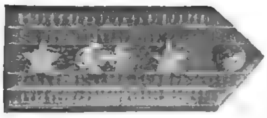


CHIEF CARPENTER, SAILMAKER OR PHARMACIST.

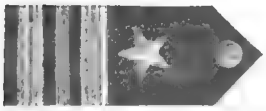
BOATSWAIN, GUNNER, MACHINIST, OR MATE.



CARPENTER, SAILMAKER, PHARMACIST OR PAY CLERK.



REAR ADMIRAL.

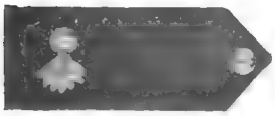


LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER.

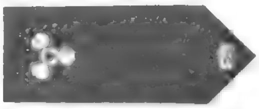
An Admiral wears shoulder markings similar to that shown for Rear-Admiral, with anchor and four stars; Vice-Admiral, anchor and three stars; Rear-Admiral, anchor and two stars.

Captain wears shoulder marks similar to that shown for Lieutenant-Commander, with four broad stripes; Commander, three broad stripes; Lieutenant-Commander, two broad, one narrow stripe; Lieutenant, two broad stripes; Ensign, one broad stripe. Chief Officers of the various branches wear shoulder marks as shown below, with one broad stripe added.

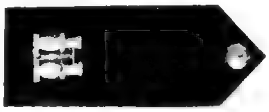
The same insignia elements which compose the shoulder markings are used in the collar markings, though their arrangements are, in some cases, somewhat different.



GUNNER.

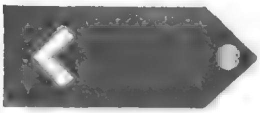


WARRANT MACHINIST.



MATE.

BOATSWAIN.



CARPENTER.

PAY CLERK.

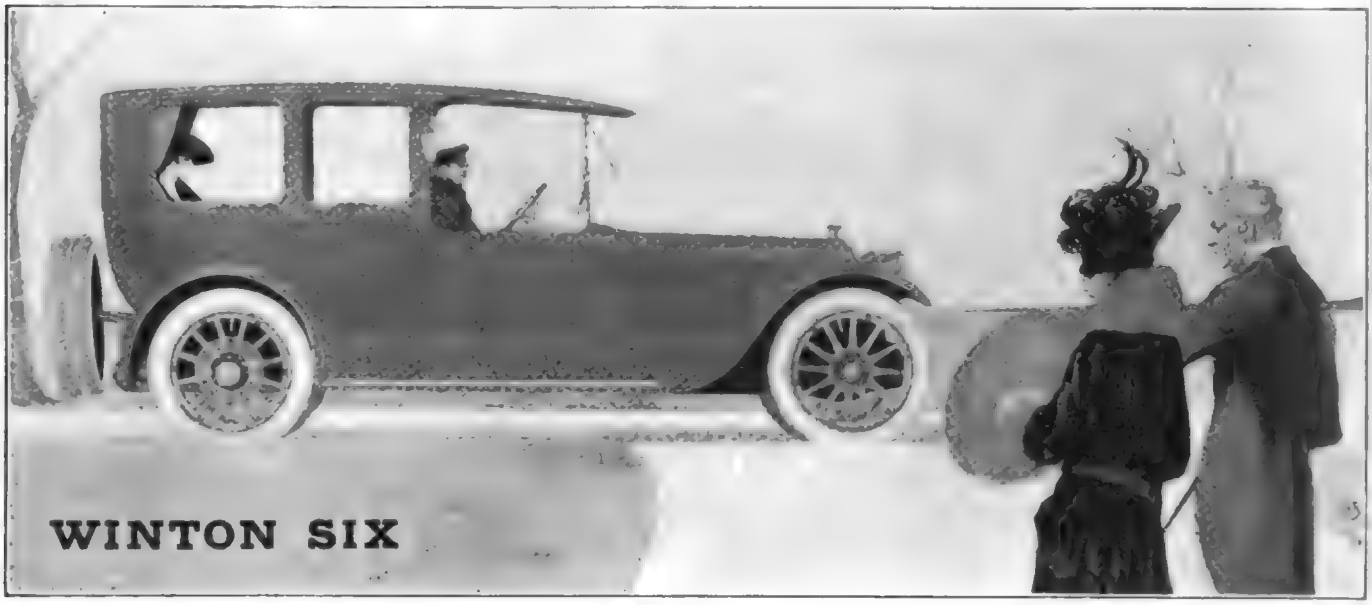
AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY

Note to our readers: Your correspondence is invited. We will immediately forward to you, without cost, catalogues or information about any make of car or cars. If you prefer, address the manufacturer direct.

Models=Number of chassis **Vac.**=Vacuum **Pres.**=Pressure **Grav.**=Gravity **FF**=Full-Floating **SF**=Semi-Floating

Gasoline Pleasure Cars Names of Cars and Addresses of the Manufacturers listed alphabetically.	Models	Cylinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse Power	Wheel-Base	Make of Rear Axle	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Carburetor	Starting and Lighting System	2 Passenger	3-4 Passenger	5 Passenger	7 Passenger	Coupe	Sedan	Limousine
ABBOTT, Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Cont.	3¼x4½ 3½x5¼	25.35 29.40	122 122	Salisbury Salisbury	¾F	32x4 34x4	Vac. Vac.	Stromb'g Stromb'g	Remy Remy	$1295 1595	$1295 1595		$1295 1595	$2150	$1920 2150	
ALLEN, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4	Sommer	3¾x5	22.5	112	Adams	FF	32x3½ 33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1095	$1095			1395	
ALTER, Plymouth, Mich.	2	4-6	Al-Chal.	3⅛x4½ 3x4½	15.63 21.60	106 114		FF	30x3½ 32x3½	Vac.		A.-Chal.							
AMERICAN SIX, Plainfield, N. J.	1	6	Rutenber	3⅛x5	23.4	122	Salisbury	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	G & D	1465	1465	1375				
ANDERSON, Rock Hill, S. C.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.25	120	Hess	FF	33x4	Grav.	Zenith	W'house			1395			2100	
APPERSON ROADPLANE Kokoma, Ind.	2	6-8	Own	3½x5 3¼x5	30 34	130		DF	34x4 35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield Johnson	Bijur	1990 2250			1990 2250		3250	
AUBURN, Auburn, Ind.	2	6	Teetor Cont.	3⅛x5 3½x5¼	23.4 29.4	120 131		¾F FF	34x4 35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy Delco		1195	1195	1635		1380 1935	
AUSTIN, Grand Rapids, Mich.	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	142	Own	2S	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	3750	3750	3750	4950		4950	$5250
BELL, York, Pa.	1	4	Lycom	3½x5	19.6	112		FF	31x4	Vac.		Dyneto			895				
BIDDLE, Philadelphia, Pa.	1	4		3¾x5¼	22	121		¾F	32x4 33x4½	Vac.	Zenith	G & D	2500	2585	2860			4180	
BIRCH, Chicago, Ill.	2	4-6	Lycom.	3½x5 3 x4½	20	114 116	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Grav.	Zenith	Dyneto			845 955				
BOUR-DAVIS, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.35	118		¾F	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy			1250				1600
BREWSTER, New York, City	1	4	Own	4x5½	25.6	125	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	U. S. L.	6700	7200	7200		7900	7900	8000
BRISCOE, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	Own	3.687x5⅛	16.25	105	Own	FF	30x3½	Grav.	Buick	Auto-Lite	725	725	725			850	
BUICK, Flint, Mich.	3	4-6	Own	3⅜x4¾ 3⅜x4½	18.2 27.3	106 118 124	Own	¾F FF	31x4 34x4 34x4½	Vac.	Marvel	Delco	795	1265	795 1265	1495	1695	1795 2175	
BUSH, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5		116	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.		Delco			875				
CADILLAC, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3⅛x5⅛	31.25	125 132	Timken	FF	35x5 34x4½	Pres.	Own	Delco	2590	2590		2590		3535	4085
CASE, Racine, Wis.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29	125	Columb.	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1875		1875		2375	
CARTER BROS, Hyattsville, Md.	1	8		3¼x5¼	33.8	128		SF	34x4½	Grav.		G & D	1800	1800		1800			
CHALMERS, Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.4	117 122	Timken	SF	32x4 34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	1250	1475	1250	1350	1625	1850	2925
CHANDLER, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	123	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	G & D		1595		1595	2195	2295	2895
CHEVROLET, New York City	3	4-8	Own	3.687x4 3.687x5¼ 3⅜x4	21.7 21.7 36.45	102 108 120	Own Own Own	¾F	30x3½ 33x4 34x4	Gear Grav. Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite	620 935	1385	635 935 1385		1060	1060 1475	
COEY FLYER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				106	Hyatt	SF	30x3½	Grav.			695		695				
COLE 8, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	8	N'way	3½x4½	39.22	127	Columb.	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1995		1995	2495	2695	
COLUMBIA, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	115	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Ward Leonard		1450	1295			1995	
COMET, Decatur, Ill.	1	6	Lewis	3½x5	29.7	125	Walker	¾F	33x4	Vac.	Miller	Dyneto			1285				
COMMONWEALTH, formerly Partin-Palmer, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5	40	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		895	895				
CRAWFORD, Hagerstown, Md.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	30.	122½	Timken	SF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	2250	2250	2250	2250	2250	2750	3000
CROW ELKHART, Elkhart, Ind.	1	4	Own	3½x5	19.6	114		FF	32x3½	Grav.	Zenith	Dyneto		845	935				
CROWTHER DURYEA, Rochester, N. Y.	1	4				112			32x3½	Grav.	Zenith	Dyneto		650	650				
CUNNINGHAM, Rochester, N. Y.	1	8	Own	3¾x5	45	132 142	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	4250 4750	4250 4750	4250 4750	4250 4750	5500	5500	5500 6000
DANIELS 8, Reading, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	127	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	3100	3100	3100	3100			
DAVIS, Richmond, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3¼x4½ 3½x5¼	25.35 29.40	119 124	Hyatt Hyatt	¾F FF	34x4 34x4½	Vac. Vac.	Stromb'g Stromb'g	Delco Delco		1485	1485 1595	1485 1785		1795 1850	
DETROITER, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	119	Timken	SF	33x4	Vac.	Ball & Ball	Auto-Lite		1425	1395			1875	
DISPATCH, Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	Wis.	3¾x5	22.5	120	Own	New	36x3½	Vac.	Rayfield	D-U S L	1150	1200		1250	1400	1400	
DIXIE FLYER, Louisville, Ky.	1	4	Lycom.	3¼x5	16.92	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		895	895			1295	
DOBLE STEAM CAR, Detroit, Mich.	1	2	Own	5x4		135	American	SF	33x5	Pres.	Stromb'g	Wag. Lty		2500		2500			
DODGE BROTHERS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3⅞x4½	24.03	114	Own	FF	32x3½ 33x4	Vac.		No. East	885		885		1350	1350	
DORRIS, St. Louis, Mo.	1	6	Own	4x5	38.4	130	Timken	FF	36x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house		2785		2785	3225	3350	4150
DORT, Flint, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¼x5	16.9	105	Walker	¾F	30x3½ 31x4	Grav.	Carter	W'house		725	725			1095	
DRUMMOND, Omaha, Neb.	1	8	Spillman	3 x5	28.8	120		¾F	34x4	Vac.		W'house		1800	1800				
EAGLE, Sandusky, Ohio	1	5	Own	3¾x5	28	118	Salisbury	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Wagner			1500			1850	
DUNN, Ogdensburg, N. Y.	1	4	Own	3 x4	14.5	84	Detroit	SF	30x3	Grav.	Monarch	none	295						
ELCAR, Elkhart, Ind.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5	19.6	115	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto	845	845	845				
ELGIN, Chicago, Ill.	1	6	Falls	3x4½	21.6	117	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner		1095	1095			1645	
EMPIRE, Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4-6	Teetor Cont.	3⅞x5 3¼x4½	24 25.6	115 120	Peru Hess	SF FF	33x4 34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite	1165	1345	1125 1345	1375		1685	
ERIE, Painesville, Ohio	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	23	118	Salisbury	¾F	33x4	Grav.	Schebler	Dyneto	850		850				
F. I. A. T., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	1	4	Own	5⅛x6¾	42	140		SF	35x5	Pres.	Zenith	W'house	5500	5500	5500	5500		6500	
FORD, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¾x4	22.5	100	Own	SF	30x3 30x3½	Grav.	Holley Kingston		345		360		505	645	
FRANKLIN, Syracuse, N. Y.	1	6	Own	3¼x4	25.3	115	Own	SF	32x4 33x4½	Vac.	Own	Dyneto	2000	2050	2050			2950	3200
GEM, Grand Rapids, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	31.9	112	Walker	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Standard	Dyneto			845				
GLIDE, Peoria, Ill.	1	6	Rutenber	3⅛x5	23.44	119	Amer.	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1395	1395			1595	
GRANT, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3x4½	21.6	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner		875	875		1010	1050	
HACKETT, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	22.5	112	Walker	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Buick	Dyneto							
HAL TWELVE, Cleveland, Ohio	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	135	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	2600	2600		2600		3500	4500
HARVARD, Troy, N. Y.	1	4	Sterling	3x4½	14.4	100		SF	28x3	Grav.		Wagner	750						
HATFIELD, Sidney, N. Y.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	22.5	106 115	Peru	FF	31x4 32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	875	950	950				
HAYNES, Kokomo, Ind.	2	6-12	Own	3½x5 2¾x5	29.4 36.3	121 127	Own	¾F	34x4 34x4½ 35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Leece Neville		1725 2225	1595 2095	1725 2225		2260 2390 2760 2890	
HOLLIER, Chelsea, Mich.	2	6-8	Falls Own	3x4½ 3x4½	21.6 28.8	116	Own	SB	32x3½ 34x4	Vac.	Stewart	Splitdorf			1135 1325				
HOMER-LAUGHLIN, Los Angeles, Cal.	1	8	Own	2¼x3¾	16.2	112	Own		30x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Disco	1050						
HUDSON SUPER SIX, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	125½	Timken	SF	32x4½ 35x4½	Vac.	Own	Delco		1750		1650		2175	2925
HUPMOBILE, Detroit, Mich.	2	4	Own	3¾x5x	22.5	119 134		FF	34x4 35x4½										
INTERSTATE, Munice, Ind.	1	4	Beaver	3½x5	19.6	110	Peru	SF	33x4	Grav.	Schebler	Remy	875	950	925			1325	

(Continued on page 110)



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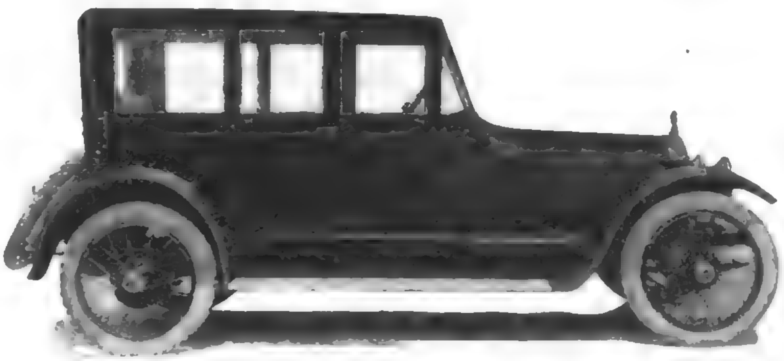
Continued from page 108

	Models	Clyinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse Power	Wheel-Base	Make of Rear Axle	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Carburetor	Starting and Lighting System	2 Passenger	3 4 Passenger	5 Passenger	7 Passenger	Coupe	Sedan	Limousine
														$1495					
JACKSON, Jackson, Mich.	1	8	Ferro	3x3½	28.8	118	Salisbury	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite	$1495	1575	$1495	$1570		$2195	
JONES, Wichita, Kans.	1	6	Lewis	3½x5⅛	35	125	Timken	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite			1675	1675		2550	
JORDAN, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.40	127	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur	1795	1895		1795		2650	$3300
											Ball &			1585					
KING, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3x5	28.8	120	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Ball	Bijur		1700		1650		2300	
KISSEL KAR,		6	Own	3¼x5	25.35	117	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy							
Hartford, Wis.	2	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.68	128	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco							
KLINE KAR,																			
Richmond, Va.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	120	Hess	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house	1275	1295	1295			1995	
LAUREL, Richmond, Ind.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112		FF	32x4½	Grav.		Disco		895	895	895			
LENOX, Boston, Mass.	1	6	Buda	3¾x5½	33.5	130	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Carter	Bijur			2650	2650			
LEXINGTON,						116			32x4										
Connersville, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	29.4	122	Hess	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1385	1385		$1510	1785	
LIBERTY, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.4	115	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	1350	1350	1350			1925	
LOCOMOBILE,			Own	4¼x5	43.4	139	Own	FF	36x4½	Pres.	Own	W'house		5150		5000			6200
Bridgeport, Conn.	2	6	Own	4½x5½	48.6	142	Own	FF	37x5	Pres.	Own	W'house		6050		5950			7200
LOZIER,		4	Own	4¼x6½	28.9	120		FF	36x4½	Pres.		G & D							
Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Own	3¾x6	36	132		FF	36x4½	Pres.		G & D							
LUVERNE, Luverne, Minn.	1	6	Cont.	3¾x5¼	42	130	Columb.	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	W'house		1600		1650			
McFARLAN SIX,																			
Connersville, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	4½x6	48.6	136	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	3500	3500	3500	3500	4600	4600	4650
MADISON, Anderson, Ind.	1	6	Rutenber	3⅛x	23.44	120	Amer.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1485	1485	1485			
									30x3½										
MAIBOHM, Racine, Wis.	1	4	Own	3⅛x4	15.63	105	Walker	¾F	31x4	Grav.	Zenith	Disco	795				995		
MARION-HANDLEY,																			
Jackson, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.6	125	Salisbury	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house		1650	1590	1650			
MARMON 34,																			
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Own	3¾x5¼	33.75	136	Own	¾F	32x4½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Bijur	3550	3550	3550	3550		4700	5000
MAXWELL,									30x3½			Simms-							
Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3⅝x4½	21.03	109	Own	¾F	31x4	Grav.	K. D.	Huff		745	745		1095	1095	
MERCER,						115													
Trenton, N. J.	2	4	Own	3¾x6¾	22	132	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	U. S. L.	3400	3500	3500				5000
METZ, Waltham, Mass.	1	4	Own	3⅞x4	24	108	Own	Solid	32x3½	Grav.	A. W. T.	W'house	650		650				
MITCHELL,				3¼x5	25.4	120	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Splitdorf	1250	1280	1250			1950	
Racine, Wis.	2	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	127	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house		1490	1510	1525	2135	2275	2850
MOLINE-KNIGHT,				3¾x5	22.5	118			34x4			Wagner-		1495	1495			2200	
E. Moline, Ill.	2	4	Own	4x6	25.6	122	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	Auto-Lite		1840		1840	2490	2400	
MONARCH, Detroit, Mich.	1	8				125										1500			
MONITOR,			G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.50	110			32x3½		Schebler			995	995			1270	
Columbus, Ohio	2	4-6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	117	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Heinze		1195	1195			1470	
MONROE,			Sterling	3x4¼	14	96	Walker		30x3	Pres.			565	635				965	
Pontiac, Mich.	2	4	Own	3¼x4½	16.9	115	Hess	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite			1095				
		6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.3	125	Timken	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco							
MOON, St. Louis, Mo.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco							
MOORE 30,																			
Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	106	Peru	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Disco	550	550	550				
MORSE, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	2	De Lux	3½x3⅝	11	105	Own	Solid	28x3	Grav.	Schebler		450						
MURRAY, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	128	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2800	2800	2800	2800	3300	3750	3750
		6	Own	3¼x5	25.35	121	Own	SF	34x4	Vac.	Marvel	Delco		1295	1295			1985	
NASH, Kenosha, Wis.	2	6	Own	3½x4⅝	29.4	125	Own	SF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur				1465			
NATIONAL,			Own	3½x5¼	29.4							W'house		1995		1995	2645	2820	
Indianapolis, Ind.	2	6-12	Own	2⅞x4¾	39.68	128	Columb.	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur		2595		2595	3245	3420	
OAKLAND, Pontiac, Mich.	1	6	N'way	2.81x4¾	19	112	Weston	FF	32x4	Vac.	Marvel	Remy	990		990		1490	1190	
											Johnson								
OLDSMOBILE,		6	Own	2.81x4¾	18.9	112	Weston	FF	32x4	Vac.	Ball &	Delco	1185		1185		1595	1695	
Lansing, Mich.	2	8	Own	2⅞x4¾	26.4	120	Weston	FF	34x4	Vac.	Ball	Delco		1467		1467			
OLYMPIAN,																			
Pontiac, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	37	114		FF	32x3½	Vac.		Auto-Lite		965			1340	1550	
		4	Own	3⅜x5	18.23	104	Own	¾F	31x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite	755	815					
		4	Own	3⅜x5	18.23	106	Own	¾F	31x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite			770			1215	
		4	Own	4⅛x4½	27.23	112	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		905	920				
OVERLAND, Toledo, Ohio	4	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	116	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		1105	1120		1410	1610	
OWEN MAGNETIC,		6	Own	3½x5¼	20.4	125			34x4½					3300	3300	3300	3600		4350
Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Own	3¾x5½	33.6	136		FF	35x5	Vac.	Zenith	Own		3950		3950			5000
			Own	3x5	43.4	128	Own	SF		Pres.	Own	Bijur		3700	3700	3700	4800		5250
PACKARD, Detroit, Mich.	2	12	Own	3x5	43.4	136	Own	SF	35x5	Pres.	Own	Bijur				4100			5650
						117													
			Rutenber	3⅛x5	23.4	124			32x4	Grav.	Stromb'g	G & D	1330	1330	1330				
PAIGE, Detroit, Mich.	3	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	20.4	127	Salisbury	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1775		1775	2850	2850	3230
PATERSON, Flint, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25	117	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1295	1265	1295		1795	
PATHFINDER,																			
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	135	Amer.	FF	35x5	Grav.	Stromb'g	Delco		3250		3250			
											Ball &								
PEERLESS, Cleveland, O.	1	8	Own	3¼x5	33.8	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Ball	Auto-Lite	2190	2340		2340	2850	2990	3690
												Ward-							
PHIANNA, Newark, N. J.	1	4	Own	3.906x6	25	125		FF	32x4½	Vac.		Leonard			5000				
			Own	4x5¼	38.40	134	Own		34x4½	Pres.	Own	W'house	4800	4800	4800		5700	5900	5900
PIERCE-ARROW			Own	4½x5½	48.60	142	Own		35x5	Pres.	Own	W'house	5400	5400	5400	5500	6400		6800
Buffalo, N. Y.	3	6	Own	5x7	60.00	147½	Own	SF	36x5½	Pres.	Own	W'house	6400	6400	6400	6500	7400		7600
PILLIOD, Toledo, Ohio	1	4	Own	4⅛x5		122	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Johnson	Auto-Lite	1485	1485	1485				
PILOT, Richmond, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	3⅛x5	23.4	119	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Delco		1295	1295				
PREMIER,																			
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Own	3⅜x5½	27.3	125½	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Johnson	Delco		2285		2285			3285
PRINCESS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	2.77	108		FF	32x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Disco	825	825	825				
PULLMAN, York Pa.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.6	114		FF	31x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto							
REGAL, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x4¾	19.6	108	Peru	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Carter	Auto-Lite			795				
				4⅛x4½	27.2	115		SF	34x4	Grav.	Johnson			985	985				
REO, Lansing, Mich.	2	4-6	Own	3.563x5⅛	30.4	126	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1385		1385		1950	
RICHARD, ClevelandOhio	1	8	Own	3¾x6¾	45	137	Own	FF	34x6	Vac.	Own	W'house				8000			
ROAMER,			Rutenber	3⅛x5	23.4									1890					3150
Kalamazoo, Mich.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	127	Hess	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur		2150		3150		2985	4500
												Ward-							
ROSS, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	130		FF	35x4½	Vac.		Leonard		1850		1850			
SAYERS SIX,																			
Cincinnati, Ohio.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.4	118	Bowers	FF	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Delco			1295				
				2¾x4	12.10	96			30x3		Schebler		395						
SAXON, Detroit, Mich.	2	4-6	Cont.	2⅞x4½	20	112	Timken	SF	32x3½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Wagner		935	935			1395	
SCRIPPS-BOOTH,			Mason	3.688x4	21.7	110	Walker	¾F	30x3½			Remy	1250						
Detroit, Mich.	2	4-8	Ferro	2⅝x3¾	22.1	120	Russel	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Wagner		1450					
SENECA, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4	LeRoy	3⅛x4½	27	108	Adams	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Schebler	A.-Chal.		735	735				
SIMPLEX,									36x4½		New-	Eismann	Chassis						
New Brunswick, N. J.	1	6	Own	4⅜x6¼	45.9	143½	Own	FF	37x5	Pres.	comb	Bosch	7000						
SINGER, New York City	1	6	Spillman	4x5½	38.4	139	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house							
STANDARD,		8	Spillman	33x5	28.8	121	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Zenith	Splitdorf							
Pittsburgh, Pa.	2	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	127	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Zenith	Splitdorf							
STANLEY STEAMER,												Aplco							
Newton, Mass.	1	2	Own	4x5		130	Own		35x4½			Ltg.		2200	2200	2300			
STATES,																			
Kalmazoo, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Dyneto	895	895	895				
STEARNS,				3¾x5⅝	22.5	119			34x4					1785	1785	1925	2300	2385	3200
Cleveland, Ohio	2	4-8	Own	3¼x5	33.8	125	Own	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	W'house		2575		2575	3200		3875
STEPHENS SALIENT																			
SIX, Freeport, Ill.	1	6	Own	3½x4¼	25.3	118	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1385	1385				
STUDEPAKER,					24.22	112						Wagner-	1025			1050			
Detroit, Mich.	2	4-6	Own	3⅞x5	36.32	122	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Schebler	Remy	1335			1385	1850	1850	2750
			Own	4⅛x6	30.6	120	Own	¾F	32x4½	Pres.	Stromb'g	Remy	2550						
STUTZ, Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4	Wis.	4¼x5½	36.1	130	Own	¾F	34x4½	Pres.	Stromb'g	Remy		2650		2770			
SUN, Elkhart, Ind.	1	6	Own	3⅛x5	23.4	116	Adams	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1345	1345	1345			
				3¼x4½	25.4	115			32x4				1265	1265	1265				
VELIE, Moline, Ill.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.6	124	Timken	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy				1595	1850	1835	
WACO, Seattle, Wash.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	37	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Disco			650				
WESTCOTT, Springfield, O.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1890	1940	1940	2790	2790	
									33x4½										
						124½			34x4½			Leece							
WHITE, Cleveland, Ohio	2	4	Own	4¼x5¾	28.9	137½	Own	SF	37x5	Vac.	Own	Neville		4600		4600	5650	5650	5800
WILLYS SIX, Toledo, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	120	Own	¾F	33x4½	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		1320		1320		2000	
WILLYS KNIGHT,		4	Own	4⅛x4½	27.19	121	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite				1485	2100		
Toledo, Ohio	2	8	Own	3⅜x4	36.45	125	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite				1985		2685	2785
WINTON SIX,			Own	3¾x5¼	33.75	128	Timken	FF	36x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur	2950	2950	2950	2950	3950	4200	3950
Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Own	4x5½	48.6	138	Timken	FF	37x5	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur	3500	3500	3500	3500	4500	4500	4500
WONDER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				126		FF	34x4	Grav.					900				
WOODS, Dual Power.																			
Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Cont.	2¾x4	12.12	124	Own	SF	35x4½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Own					2950		
WOODS MOBILETTE,																			
Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Perkins	3⅛x4	18	104		FF	28x3	Grav.	Carter	Disco	405						



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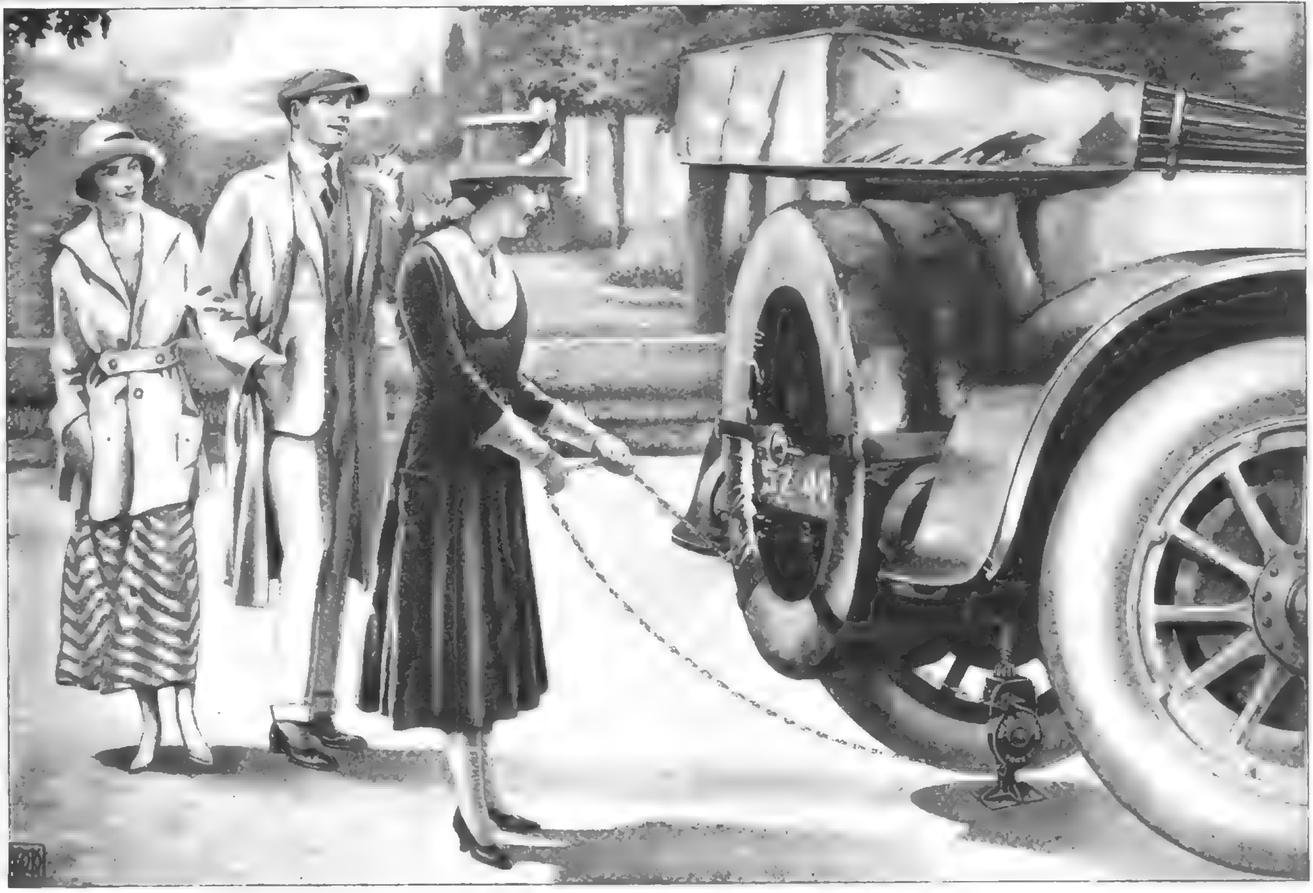
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Gasoline Trucks and Delivery Cars

All engines are 4-cylinder unless otherwise specified

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"**ACASON**," Acason Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Chassis only. Hotchkiss drive.	1½ to 5	On application
"**ACME**," Cadillac Auto Truck Co., Cadillac, Mich., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	$1750 to $3250
"**ARMLEDER**," The O. Armleder Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2750 and 3600
"**ATLAS**," Martin Truck & Body Corp'n, York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Hotchkiss drive.	1500 lbs.	885
"**ATTERBURY**," Atterbury Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 3½	2275 to 3675
"**AUTOCAR**," The Autocar Co., Ardmore, Pa., 1 model, 2 cylinders. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1½ to 2	1815
"**AVAILABLE**," Available Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1775 to 4500
"**BECK**," Beck Motor Truck Works, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2½	1080 to 2000
"**BEECH CREEK**," Beech Creek Truck & Auto Co., Beech Creek, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Gear drive.	3	3850
"**BESSEMER**," Bessemer Motor Truck Co., Grove City, Pa., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	1 to 3½	1250 to 3450
"**BETHLEHEM**" Bethlehem Motors Corp., Allentown, Pa. 4 models, bodies extra. Worm drive.	1¼ to 2¼	1245 to 1840
"**BOURNE MAGNETIC**," Bourne Magnetic Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 2 models. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	3300 to 4000
"**BRINTON**," Brinton Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 2 models. Chassis, including Cab.	1 and 2½	1250 to 2400
"**BRISCOE**," Briscoe Motor Corp., Jackson, Mich., 2 models. Complete. Shaft drive.	¾	725 and 750
"**BROCKWAY**," Brockway Motor Truck Co., Cortland, N. Y., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1650 to 3200
"**BURFORD**," Taylor Motor Truck Co., Fremont, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	2 and 4	2500 to 3650
"**CHASE**," Chase Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 5 models. Complete. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1500 to 3600
"**CLYDESDALE**," Clyde Cars Co., Clyde, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	1025 to 4200
"**COEY**," Coey Motor Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Express bodies extra. Shaft drive.	½	695
"**COLLIER**," Collier Motor Truck Co., Sandusky, Ohio, 1 model. With or without body. Direct bevel drive.	¾	900 and 995
"**COMMERCE**," Commerce Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. 3 bodies. Internal and Bevel Gear drive. Also semi-trailer.	¾ to 1	1340 to 1490
"**CONESTOGA**," Conestoga Motor Truck Co., Lancaster, Pa. 1 model. 3 bodies. Shaft drive.	1200 lb.	930 to 955
"**CORBITT**," Corbitt Motor Truck Co., Henderson, N. C., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1650 to 4200
"**COUPLE GEAR**," Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 3 models. Four-wheel drive. Complete. (Gas electric.)	3½ to 7	5800 to 6900
"**CRANE & BREED**," Crane & Breed Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O., funeral cars, etc., 6 cylinders.		3360 to 4200
"**CROWTHER-DURYEA**," Crowther Motor Co., Rochester, N. Y., 1 model. Complete. Roller drive.	½	600
"**DART**," Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Iowa, 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1850 to 3400
"**DAYTON**," Dayton Motor Truck Co., Dayton, Ohio, 6 models. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 7½	2650 to 4950
"**D-E**," Day-Elder Motors Corp'n, Newark, N. J., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 2½	950 to 2365
"**DE KALB**," DeKalb Wagon Co., DeKalb, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra.	2 to 2½	2100 to 2450
"**DENBY**," Denby Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 3 models. 1-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 3	1490 to 2525
"**DENMO**," The Grant Motor Car Corp., Cleveland, O. 4 models. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 3	995 to 2325
"**DIAMOND T**," Diamond T Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models. Chassis only.	1 to 5	1725 to 4600
"**DISPATCH**," Dispatch Motor Car Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 2 models. Complete. Internal chain drive.	¾	1150 to 1225
"**DORRIS**," Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2	2285
"**DOWNING**," Downing Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models.	¾ to 1½	600 and 750
"**DUPLEX 4-WHEEL DRIVE**," Duplex Truck Co., Lansing, Mich., 1 model.	3½	3600
"**ELLSWORTH**," Mills-Ellsworth Co., Keokuk, Iowa, 1 model. Complete.	½	695 and 720
"**ERIE**," Erie Motor Truck Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1500 to 3000
"**FARGO**," Fargo Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	2	2200
"**FEDERAL**," Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1750 to 4200
"**FORD**," Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich. 1 model. Chassis only. Shaft drive.	1	600
"**F. W. D.**," Four-Wheel Drive Auto Co., Clintonville, Wis., 1 model. Chassis only. Bevel Gear drive.	3	4000
"**GABRIEL**," Gabriel Motor Truck, Cleveland, Ohio, 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 2	2000 to 2400
"**GARFORD**," The Garford Motor Truck Co., Lima, Ohio, 10 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive. Special fire equipment & Road Builders.	1 to 10	1750 to 6000
"**GARY**," The Gary Motor Truck Co., Gary, Ind., 4 models. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	On application
"**GEM**," Gem Motor Car Corp'n, Grand Rapids, Mich. 1 model. Light delivery. Shaft drive.		675 to 750
"**GLOBE**," Globe Motor Truck Co., E. St. Louis, Ill., 3 models. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2	1375 to 1985
"**G. M. C.**," General Motors Truck Co., Pontiac, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra.	¾ to 5	On application
"**GRAMM-BERNSTEIN**," Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Co., Lima, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6	On application
"**HAHN**," Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Hamburg, Pa., 4 models. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1150 to 4150
"**HALL**," Lewis Hall Iron Works, Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Worm and Chain drive.	2 to 7	2150 to 3800
"**HARLEY-DAVIDSON**," Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 3 models. Cycle delivery.	300 lbs.	310 to 380
"**HARVEY**," Harvey Motor Truck Company, Harvey, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2½ to 5	2500 to 4000
"**HATFIELD**," Cortland Cart & Carriage Co., Sidney, N. Y., 3 models. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	1000 lbs.	765 to 820
"**HAWKEYE**," Hawkeye Mfg. Co., Sioux City, Iowa, 1 model. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1½	1750
"**HENDERSON BROS.**," Henderson Bros., North Cambridge, Mass., 2 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1200 lbs. and 1 ton	1225 and 1500
"**HEWITT-LUDLOW**," Hewitt-Ludlow Auto Co., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive. Also tractors.	1 to 5	2000 to 4550
"**HOOVER**," Hoover Wagon Co., York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	¾	1375
"**HORNER**," Detroit-Wyandotte Motor Truck Co., Wyandotte, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2350 to 4350
"**HOUGHTON**," The Houghton Motor Car Co., Marion, Ohio, hearses and ambulances. Worm drive.	¾	1685 to 1750
"**HURLBURT**," Hurlburt Motor Truck Co., New York City, N. Y., 5 models. Worm drive. Chassis only.	1½ to 7	2350 to 6500
"**INDEPENDENT**," Independent Motors Co., Port Huron, Mich., 2 models. Worm drive.	1 and 2	$1385 and $1850
"**INDIANA**," Indiana Truck Corp'n, Marion, Ind., 4 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 5	1550 to 4000
"**INTERNATIONAL**," International Harvester Co., Chicago, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ and 1	1450 and 1750
"**KEARNS**," Kearns Motor Truck Co., Beavertown, Pa., 1 model. Complete. Shaft drive.	1000 lbs.	785
"**KELLY**," The Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co., Springfield, Ohio, 8 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	2500 to 4750
"**KING**," A. R. King Mfg. Co., Kingston, N. Y., 1 model. Chassis only. Chain drive.	3½	2900
"**KISSEL**," The Kissel Motor Co., Hartford, Wis., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Bevel drive.	¾ to 5	1185 to 3750
"**KLEIBER**," Kleiber & Co., Inc., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2350 to 4500
"**KOEHLER**," H. J. Koehler Motors Corp., Newark, N. J., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1½	1150
"**KOENIG & LUHRS**," Koenig & Luhrs Wagon Co., Quincy, Ill., 1 model.	¾	900
"**LAMSON**," Lamson Truck & Tractor Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Four-wheel drive. Also tractor and dumping equipment.	3 and 5	4000 to 5000
"**LANGE**," Lange Motor Truck Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 2½	1950 to 2050
"**LARRABEE**," Larrabee-Deyo Motor Truck Co., Binghamton, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1300 to 3500
"**LENOX**," Lenox Motor Car Co., Boston, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. 12 to 28 tons haulage.	Tractor	On application
"**LESLIE**," Leslie Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Kerosene fuel.	¾	On application
"**LIPPARD-STEWART**," Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ to 2	1025 to 2600
"**LITTLE GIANT**," Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co., Chicago, Ill., 7 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1650 to 3450
"**MACCAR**," Maccar Truck Co., Scranton, Pa., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5½	2400 to 4500
"**MACK**," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 6 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 7½	2400 to 5000
"**MAXIM**," Maxim Motor Co., Middleboro, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus special. Worm drive.	2	3000 and 4000
"**MAXWELL**," Maxwell Motor Co., Inc., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1	865
"**M. H. C.**," Michigan Hearse & Motor Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., funeral cars, etc., 6 cylinders.		On application
"**THE MENOMINEE**," Menominee Motor Truck Co., Menominee, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	1425 to 4150
"**MODERN**," Bowling Green Motor Truck Co., Bowling Green, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1800 and 2800
"**MOELLER**," New Haven Truck & Auto Works, New Haven, Conn., 3 models. Bodies extra. Chain drive.	1½ to 5	2500 to 4500
"**MOGUL**," Mogul Motor Truck Co., St. Louis, Mo., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	1600 to 4000
"**MONARCH**," Monarch Light Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ and 1	750 and 950
"**MOON**," Jos. W. Moon Buggy Co., St. Louis, Mo., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 1½	1000 and 1650
"**MORELAND**," Moreland Motor Truck Co., Los Angeles, Cal., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1900 to 4500
"**MORTON**," Morton Truck and Tractor Co., Harrisburg, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Worm drive.	3	4250
"**NASH**," The Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wis., 3 models. Bodies extra. Bevel and Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2	1495 to 3250
"**NELSON LEMOON**," Nelson & LeMoon, Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive. Chassis only.	1 to 5	1700 to 4200
"**NETCO**," New England Truck Co., Fitchburg, Mass., 3 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies and fire apparatus extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 2	3000 to 5000
"**NILES**," Niles Car & Mfg. Co., Niles, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1500 to 2400
"**NORTHWESTERN**," Star Carriage Co., Seattle, Wash., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½	2300
"**OLD HICKORY**," Kentucky Wagon Mfg. Co., Louisville, Ky., 1 model Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	¾	875
"**OLD RELIABLE**," Old Reliable Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill. 12 models. Bodies and trailers extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1½ to 7	1950 to 5000
"**PACKARD**," Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 7 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6½	2450 to 5150
"**PANHARD**," Hamilton Motors Co., Grand Haven, Mich. 1 model. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1	795
"**PARAGAN**," Paragan Motor Truck Co., Auburn, Ind., 1 model. 4 bodies.	1	975
"**PEERLESS**," Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 6 models. Bodies and tractors extra. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 6	3000 to 5000
"**PIERCE-ARROW**," Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 5	3750 to 5500
"**RAINIER**," Rainier Motor Corp., Flushing, N. Y. City, 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½	995
"**RELIANCE**," Racine Motor Truck Co., Racine, Wis., 5 models. Enclosed Spur Gear drive.	¾ to 5	995 to 3850
"**REO**," Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich., 2 models. ¾-ton with express body. Other, chassis only. Shaft and Chain drive.	¾ and 2	1125 and 1800
"**REPUBLIC**," Republic Motor Truck Co., Alma, Mich., 5 models, ¾-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 3½	895 to 2750
"**RIKER**," The Locomobile Co of America, Bridgeport, Conn., 2 models. Bodies, tractor, etc., extra. Worm drive.	3 and 4	On application
"**ROWE**," Rowe Motor Mfg. Co., Downingtown, Pa., 5 models. Chassis only. Fire apparatus special.	1 to 5	2450 to 4500
"**RUSH**," Rush Motor Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	½	895
"**SANDOW**," Sandow Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1485 to 3450
"**SANFORD**," Sanford Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 5	1290 to 4600
"**SAURER**," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 2 models. Chassis only. Chain drive.	5 and 6½	4800 and 5800
"**SCHACHT**," The G. A. Schacht Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2750 to 4400
"**SELDEN**," Selden Truck Sales Co., Rochester, N. Y., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 3½	1075 to 3400
"**SERVICE**," Service Motor Truck Co., Wabash, Ind., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1500 to 4300
"**SIGNAL**," Signal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 sizes, 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1¼ to 5	1875 to 4475
"**STANDARD**," Standard Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 3 models. Worm drive.	2 to 5	2500 to 4000
"**STEGEMAN**," Stegeman Motor Car Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 5 models, 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 to 7	2600 to 5000

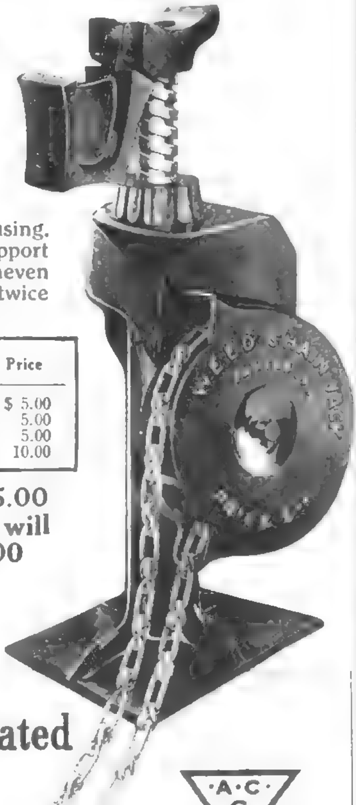
(*Continued on page 114*)



IT'S CHILD'S PLAY
to raise or lower a car with the

Weed Chain-Jack

The Jack That Saves Your Back



Simply a few easy pulls on its chain lifts or lowers the heaviest car while you stand erect—clear from greasy springs, tire carriers and other projections. Up or down—there's no labor.

Never gets out of order. Gears and chain wheel protected by a stamped steel housing. ***Chain heavily plated*** to prevent rusting. ***Has a strong cap,*** providing the kind of support from which an axle will not slip, while a ***broad base*** prevents the jack from upsetting on uneven roads. ***Every Weed Chain-Jack is submitted to a lifting test*** and will support over twice the weight it is ever required to lift.

The 8 inch and 10 inch sizes are made with an Auxiliary Step as shown in the accompanying illustration. When in operative position it adds two inches to the height of the jack.

Made in Four Sizes

Size	Height When Lowered	Height When Raised	Height When Raised With Aux. Step Up	Price
8 inch	8 inches	12½ inches	14½ inches	$ 5.00
10 inch	10 inches	15⅜ inches	17⅜ inches	5.00
12 inch	12 inches	18½ inches	No Aux. Step	5.00
12 in. Truck	12 inches	19¼ inches	No Aux. Step	10.00

10 Days' Trial. **If your dealer does not have them send us $5.00 for any size for pleasure cars or $10.00 for the Truck size, and we will send you one, all charges prepaid. For delivery in Canada send $6.00 for any size for pleasure cars or $12.00 for the Truck size.** ***Try it 10 days. If not satisfied, return it to us and we will refund your money.***

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Incorporated
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT
In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario.
Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World
The Complete Chain Line - all types, all sizes, all finishes - from Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

(*Continued from page 112*)

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"STERLING," Sterling Motor Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	2½ to 7	$2950 to $5250
"STEWART," Stewart Motor Corp., Buffalo, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 2	845 to 2195
"STUDEBAKER," Studebaker Corp. of America, South Bend, Ind., 2 models. With and without bodies. Shaft drive.	½ and 1	945 and 1300
"SUPERIOR," Superior Motor Truck Co., Atlanta, Ga., 2 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 and 2	1500 and 2000
"THOMAS," Thomas Auto Truck Co., Inc., New York City, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	3000 and 3500
"TON A FORD," (Extension Chassis), Ton A Ford Truck Co., Racine, Wis. Ford chassis and motor. Bodies extra.	1	685
"TOWER," Tower Motor Truck Co., Greenville, Mich, 5 models. Bodies extra.	¾ to 3	1150 to 2500
"TRABOLD," Trabold Truck Mfg. Co., Johnstown, Pa., 2 models. Chassis only.	1 and 2	975 and 1750
"TROJAN," The Commercial Truck Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1	1600 and 1700
"UNITED," United Motors Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 6 models of trucks and tractors. Bodies extra. Worm and internal gear drive.	2 to 6	2350 to 4250
"U. S.," United States Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 5 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	2½ to 5	2650 to 4550
"UNIVERSAL," Universal Service Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1½ to 3	2000 to 3400
"VEERAC," Veerac Company, Minneapolis, Minn., 3 models, 2 cylinders. Complete. Chain drive.	¾ and 1	950 to 1150
"VELIE," Velie Motors Corp'n, Moline, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2750 and 3600
"VIALL," Viall Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	¾ to 5	940 to 3500
"VIM," Vim Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 12 delivery bodies. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	½	815 to 1505
"VOLTZ," Voltz Brothers, Chicago, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain drive.	3 and 5	2750 and 3600
"WALTER," Walter Motor Truck Co., N. Y. City, 5 models. Also tractor. Bodies extra. Both rear and four wheel drive.	3 to 7½	4500 to 5000
"WARE," Twin City Four Wheel Drive Co., Inc., St. Paul, Minn., 3 models.	1-3-5	2800 to 4800
"WATSON," Watson Wagon Co., Canastota, N. Y. Tractor and trailer.	5	On application
"WHITE," The White Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus, etc., special. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 5	2300 to 5000
"WICHITA," Wichita Falls Motor Co., Wichita Falls, Texas, 8 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	1 to 5	1750 to 4000
"WILCOX TRUX," H. E. Wilcox Motor Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	On application
"WILSON," J. C. Wilson Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. 9-ton haulage body extra. Worm Gear drive.	1 to 3½	1650 to 3250
"WISCONSIN," Myers Machine Co., Sheboygan, Wis., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1¼ to 5	1650 to 4500
"WONDER," Wonder Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model, 3 bodies (truck and pleasure).	1	800 to 850

Electric Commercial Vehicles

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"ATLANTIC," Atlantic Electric Vehicle Co., Newark, N. J., 4 models. With or without bodies. Chain drive.	1 to 5	On application
"BEARDSLEY," Beardsley Electric Vehicle Co., Los Angeles, Cal., 2 models. Shaft drive.	150 and 2000 lbs.	$1185 and $2000
"C. T.," Commercial Truck Co. of America, Phila., Pa., 5 models. Chassis only. Gear drive.	½ to 5	1600 to 3800
"COUPLE GEAR" Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 2 models. Four-wheel drive. Complete. (Electric.)	3½ and 5	5200 and 6000
"G. V.," General Vehicle Co., Inc., Long Island City, N. Y., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	½ to 5	1560 to 3700
"LANSDEN," Lansden Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y., 6 models. Chassis only. Chain and Direct drive.	½ to 6	1450 to 3500
"WALKER," Walker Vehicle Co., Chicago, Ill., 6 models. Chassis only. Tractors up to 10 tons. Balance drive.	½ to 5	On application
"WARD ELECTRICS," Ward Motor Vehicle Co., Mount Vernon, N. Y., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm and Helical Bevel drive.	750 lbs. to 5	840 up

Electric Pleasure Cars

	Prices
"BEARDSLEY," Beardsley Electric Co., Los Angeles, Calif., 2 models, 3 bodies, W. B. 90 in. and 103 in.	$1285 to $3000
"DETROIT," The Anderson Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 chassis, 6 bodies, W. B. 100 in.	2125 to 2775
"FRITCHLE," Fritchle Electric Co., Denver, Colo., 2 models, 4 bodies (R. etc.), W. B. 96 in. and 104 in.	2400 to 3200
"HUPP-YEATS," Hupp-Yeats Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models, 2 bodies (2 coupés), W. B. 86 and 100 in.	1500 and 1750
"MILBURN ELECTRIC," Milburn Wagon Co., Toledo, Ohio, 1 model. W. B. 105 in.	1885
"OHIO," The Ohio Electric Car Co., Toledo, Ohio, 2 models, 2 bodies.	2680 to 3250
"RAUCH & LANG," Baker R. & L. Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 2 models, 2 bodies. W. B. 92 in. & 102 in.	3000 to 3200
"WOODS DUAL POWER," Woods Motor Vehicle Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model, 1 body. Combination electric and gas. W. B. 124 in.	2950

An Automobile Show Brought to Your Door

The first of the big 1918 Automobile Shows will be held in New York, January 5th to 12th. Other shows in other cities will follow later.

Long before show time you will have a fairly definite idea of your own requirements in a car—the type that best suits you in the matter of price, capacity, power or what not.

A few such cars may be known to you personally. All of them are listed in Everybody's Automobile Directory. Check up the ones that come within your range of requirements. Then let us secure catalogues for you from the manufacturers.

There is no charge for the service rendered, and the use of it enables you to determine beforehand just what exhibits are going to interest you most at the big show. Any selection you may make later will be based on intelligent knowledge of the entire field. Without wasting time or effort amid the distractions of a crowded show place, you can quickly look up the cars on your list and get down to brass tacks at once.

There is ample time to secure the information needed if you will check up on the foregoing pages the cars that seem to fill the bill and ask us for catalogues now.

Automobile Directory Department

Everybody's Magazine **New York City**

FREEZE-PROOF
70
65
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JOHNSON'S FREEZE-PROOF

Prevents Frozen Radiators

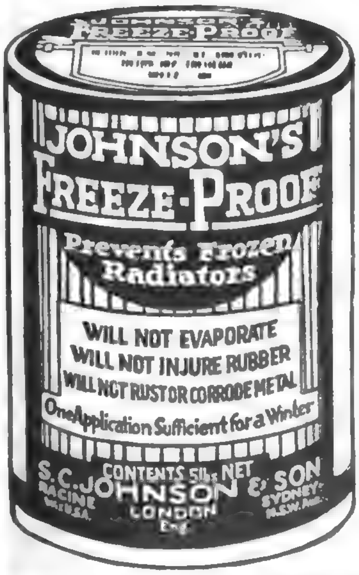
THE only way you can be absolutely sure that your radiator won't freeze up is to use a non-evaporating anti-freeze preparation. You can never be sure of Alcohol or any other product which evaporates with water.

Does not Evaporate or Steam

Johnson's Freeze-Proof does not evaporate with the water. One application is sufficient for the whole winter unless the solution is weakened by leakage of the radiator or hose connections—through the over-flow pipe—or by boiling over.

Economical and Easy

Johnson's Freeze-Proof is the most economical anti-freeze compound on the market. It is very easy to use—simply dissolve in water and pour into the radiator. One package is sufficient to protect a Ford to 5° below zero; for large cars use two packages to protect to 5° below zero, and three packages to protect to 20° below zero.


JOHNSON'S
FREEZE-PROOF
JOHNSON'S
FREEZE-PROOF
Prevents Frozen Radiators
WILL NOT EVAPORATE
WILL NOT INJURE RUBBER
WILL NOT RUST OR CORRODE METAL
One Application Sufficient for a Winter
CONTENTS 5lbs. NET
S. C. JOHNSON & SON
RACINE WIS. U.S.A.
LONDON Eng.
SYDNEY N.S.W. Aus.

Johnson's Freeze-Proof is put up in packages containing 6½ lbs. net which retail at $1.50 each in U. S. A.

Write for our Folder on Keeping Your Car Young —It's Free.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
Dept. EV12 Racine, Wis.

Absolutely Harmless

Johnson's Freeze-Proof does not injure rubber, cloth, packing or metal of any kind. It does not rust or corrode metal. There is less rust with Johnson's Freeze-Proof than there is with water alone or with a combination of water and alcohol.

Raises the Boiling Point of Water

The boiling point of water is 212°. The boiling point of alcohol is 131°. The boiling point of Johnson's Freeze-Proof and water is from 225° to 250° depending upon the amount of Freeze-Proof used.

Insist upon your dealer supplying you with Johnson's Freeze-Proof. It is readily procurable as practically all jobbers have it in stock.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will fill orders direct by prepaid Parcel Post to points in U. S. A., East of the Rockies.—Use coupon.

USE THIS COUPON

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. EV12, Racine, Wis.

I enclose $1.50 for which please send me prepaid one package of Johnson's Freeze-Proof.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

CITY & STATE..

MY DEALER IS..

Wh-r-r!

Whr-r-r!

Whr-r-r-r-r-r!

Spare your batteries

How winter starting is often made easier by a lower-cold-test oil

YOU press on your starter button in summer. Whr-r-r! The engine is under way.

But winter comes. Whr-r-r! Whr-r-r-r! Whr-r-r-r-r—Now starting is difficult.

Why?

True, the engine *is* colder. And gasoline vaporizes less readily. Starting is helped if you prime the cylinders, flood the carburetor or heat the intake manifold.

But there is one factor in overcoming this trouble that many car owners overlook. This is—correct lubrication. The lubricating requirements of your car may demand a different grade of oil in winter.

Winter lubrication requires special study. There are many factors to reckon with. The type of feed system is one. The size of the oil drillings is another. Exposed oil piping is a possible third. Other factors also enter in.

All these factors are carefully considered by the Vacuum Oil Company engineers in making up the Chart of Recommendations.

Of the 1917 cars, 112 require a different grade of oil to meet winter conditions.

The correct winter oil is listed for each make of car in our Complete Chart of Automobile Recommendations shown in part at the right.

Where no change is indicated you may be sure that the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified is correct for both summer and winter. Where a change is recommended, it is wise to follow the Chart's advice.

Write for new 56 page booklet containing complete discussion of your lubrication problems, list of troubles with remedies and complete Charts of Recommendations for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Tractors and Motor Boat Engines.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If your dealer has not the grade specified for your car, he can easily secure it for you.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world

Domestic Branches:

Detroit Boston New York Kansas City, Kan. Chicago
Minneapolis Philadelphia Indianapolis Pittsburgh Des Moines

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for gasoline engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted. This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Co.'s Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile Lubrication.

Model of	1917		1916		1915		1914		1913	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " (8 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" (Mod 33-34-35)					A	Arc.				
Apperson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Auburn (4 cyl)			A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.		
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Briscoe	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" (8 cyl)			A	A						
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.				
Case	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Chalmers			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc
" (Mod. 6-40)			A	Arc.						
" (Mod. 6-30)	A	A	A	A						
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Cole			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Cunningham					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Dart	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
" (Mod C)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A		
Detroiter	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)					Arc	Arc.				
Dodge	A	Arc	A	Arc.	E	E				
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.				
Empire (4 cyl)	A	Arc.	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.						
Federal	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Fiat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Grant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.		
Hal-Twelve	A	A	A	A						
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Hudson			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc.	A	Arc
" (Super Six)	A	Arc	A	A						
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Jeffery	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	A		
" (6 cyl)	A	A								
" Com'l	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.
Kearne			E	E	E	E				
" Com'l	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.				
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
King					A	Arc.	A	A	A	E
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.				
" Com'l	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Kissel Kar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" " Com'l	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " (Mod. 48)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" " (12 cyl)	A	A								
Lexington	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Lippard Stewart	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " (Mod. M)	A	Arc	A	Arc.						
" " (Mod. M W)	A	Arc.								
Locomobile	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.
McFarlan	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
" (22-70)					Arc.	Arc.				
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mitchell (8 cyl)			A	A						
Moline									A	Arc.
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Moon (4 cyl)					Arc.	Arc	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.		
National	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Oakland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)			A	A						
Oldsmobile			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc
Packard					A	Arc	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc
Paige					A	Arc	A	A	A	E
" (6-46)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.				
" (6-36 & 38)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Pathfinder	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Regal	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)			A	A	Arc	Arc				
Renault (French)			A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Richmond	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Riker	E	E								
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	F		
Selden	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Simplex	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.
Stearns Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
" " (8 cyl)	A	A	B	A						
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc.
Velie (4 cyl)					A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.		
Westcott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	A	Arc.
White	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
" (16 valve)	A	A								
Willys-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A		
Willys Six	Arc	Arc								
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc

Electric Vehicles—For motor bearings and enclosed chains use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" the year 'round. For open chains and differential use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" the year 'round.

Exception—For *winter lubrication* of pleasure cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for worm drive, and Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for bevel gear drive.

THE OMELETTE SOUFFLÉ

By Charles Truitt

ON THE coldest night that the city had known for many years, the patrons of the Café Frangipani lingered long over their dinner, dreading to meet the sharp wind that blew the snow in violent gusts against the heavily curtained windows. The tired waiters stood with moody faces and glowering eyes and under their breath cursed the men and women who, with flushed faces and eyes heavy from rich food and wine, sat far beyond the accustomed hour and prevented them from clearing the tables and seeking their own homes for the night.

At a table which for several months had been reserved for his special use, sat Mr. David Kennard, a rich furrier, beloved by the proprietors of the Frangipani because of his gluttonous fondness for the most expensive dishes and wines, and hated by every servitor in the place for the niggardly smallness of his tips, and the brutal insolence with which he continually expressed dissatisfaction with the service rendered him.

But he had never made complaint against a *garçon* named Étienne Duval, who for some time had been assigned to his service. Étienne, timid, white-faced, elderly, and thin, he seemed to hold in a domination which made one's nerves ice-cold to see.

This fleshy man with a hard mouth and small, cruel eyes like those of an elephant, had usually only to look fixedly at the little waiter's back to make that hare-minded creature run anxiously to his side with eyes apprehensively searching the table, to discover some fault with the service. But this evening there was an unfamiliar gleam in the waiter's pale-blue eyes, and also this evening Mr. Kennard was more than ever exacting and unreasonable. He had eaten enormously, and had settled back in the chair, his face purplish red, his breath coming thick and heavy from a body whose digestive processes were being very much overtaxed.

He felt rather than saw signs of Étienne's momentary release from his complete dominance and was ill at ease. He lowered his head and looked attentively, through half-closed eyes, at his "little rabbit," as he called him, then ordered an omelette soufflé with brandy, determined to find fault with the manner in which it was served, and in a row with the proprietors secure the dismissal of Étienne.

The omelette soufflés at the Café Frangipani were spectacular, famous, and expensive. As Étienne entered the room the scent of the rich old brandy in which the towering confection floated pervaded the place. As it was carried past their tables the guests stiffened with sudden attention, their nostrils sniffed with pleasure, and their eyes took on an expression of hungry zest as they followed the progress of the omelette, curious to see who was going to have the delight of devouring it.

Then the staid Café Frangipani saw the most exciting and unlooked-for event that had ever taken place within its classic walls.

Étienne, "the little rabbit," stood at the table at the end of the room, the steaming omelette raised aloft, and looked a moment at the fat, purple face and malicious, elephant eyes of Mr. Kennard. Then he threw the omelette straight into that face and those wicked, little eyes.

Blinded, choking with rage and pain, Kennard clapped his puffy, ringladen hands to his eyes and face, down which the smoking hot eggs and sugar flowed toward his clothes. The guests jumped to their feet and stood in excited confusion. The Frangipani brothers rushed to seize Étienne, while the cashier dashed out into the storm to call for help. Étienne, shrieking with shrill laughter, trembled in the grasp of the proprietors, who kept calling for some one to hurry the police. Two officers came quickly, shaking the snow from their coats and stamping their feet as they entered. One of them took charge of the culprit, while the other wiped Mr. Kennard's face and eyes with a napkin and helped to raise him to his feet.

Ten minutes later Magistrate McCleary was struggling to preserve his judicial gravity while a two-chinned, purple-faced citizen was excitedly describing the outrage committed against his person and dignity. McCleary controlled his lips, but after the first look at Kennard's collar and waistcoat he kept his eyes fixed on his desk.

KENNARD ended his denunciation in a series of incoherent sputterings and gesticulations, his eyes fixed malignantly on the shrinking figure of the waiter.

Étienne, horribly white, and shaking nervously, was pulled to his feet by two attendants of the court, who supported him on either side as he stood before the magistrate. Mr. McCleary looked at him whimsically for a moment and then asked, not harshly, why he had been so rude to the respectable Mr. Kennard. Étienne, frightened half to death, trembled convulsively, but for a moment could find no words. Then, as the magistrate peremptorily ordered him to speak, he shook himself free of the attendants and began:

"I do not know, *monsieur*. Yet I do know. If I can make myself clear—if you will be so kind as to understand—it was this: Monsieur Kennard is rich, oh, *so* rich, *monsieur le juge;* and he is not like those men who are rich yet can make the poor forget that it is so. Everything he says, everything he does, above all everything he eats and drinks, sneers at us who are poor. Every evening when he came to the Frangipani he stood in the doorway and looked about. It was as if a great bell sounded and a voice called out 'A rich man enters: *canaille*, attention!' When he made his way to my table and I pulled back the chair for him, he looked at me as if to say—and *monsieur* he has a power, for his eyes *did* say: 'See, you are a servant; you pull out my chair that I may sit down.' The fabric of his clothes had sneering eyes that looked at my clothing and said: 'You cost ten dollars; I was made on Fifth Avenue and cost one hundred dollars!' When he raised his eyes from the menu and ordered a *potage*, at the back of his voice was also a sneer: 'Observe, fellow, I am ordering, just as a starter, a *potage* for which I shall be charged seventy-five cents, more than you are paid for ten hours of work.'"

"YOU may be too sensitive, too imaginative, perhaps," interrupted the magistrate.

"Oh, no, *monsieur*, it was not imagination. There are people like that; they mean to suggest what they do suggest to us who are poor. I am a servant, my father and mother were servants, but only this man made me *feel* that I am one. Other rich people came and ordered expensive food and wine, and they only made me feel as if I were a part of the scheme of life. When they looked at me it was as if I were a human being, a part of the work of the world, as they, too, were part of it, and as necessary, as *necessary*, as they were. They had hearts, they had understanding, and their hearts, in beating, said: 'Ah, here is Étienne, an intelligent man, who knows how to help one enjoy the good things of the earth. All of us must eat and drink; Étienne helps us, the omnibus boy helps him. The cooks prepare food for us, for Étienne and the omnibus boy. The market gardener, the butcher, and the baker—they serve the cooks, the omnibus, Étienne and us. We are part of the great human family, all dependent!'"

"I still think that you have imagination," again interrupted the magistrate. "But I'm not so sure that you are to be blamed. Go on!"

The courage and eloquence that often come to the obscure when backed to the wall seemed still to possess the witness, for he continued passionately:

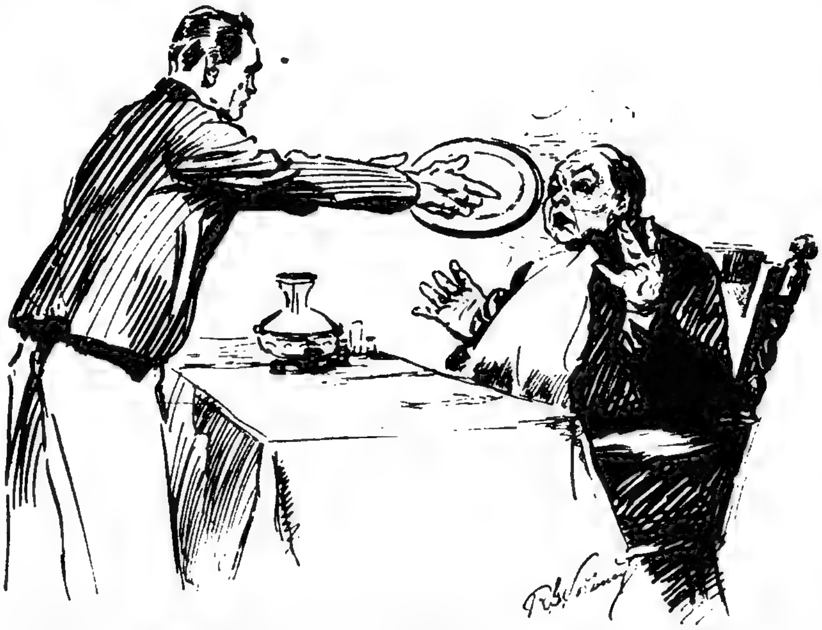
"But no thought like that warms the heart of Monsieur Kennard. He breaks one's spirit, *monsieur le juge*, because he has no character, because he can feel himself important only by making us poorer ones act servilely. He takes the ground that as we are servants we must be servile."

He was silent a moment, and his face flushed slightly, then he went on:

"And perhaps we are, since he can make us feel and act so. But it is that which rankled, it is that which growled within me. To-night he wore a new ring—two diamonds and a sapphire; a beautiful ring, which in a jeweler's window I could admire for its beauty and in the admiring possess as completely as one who could afford to buy it. But when in taking the menu from me he held his finger extended, the diamonds shrieked '*Garçon*, one thousand dollars!' and the sapphire simpered 'Two thousand for *me!*' I straightened my back, *monsieur*, and this man's petty soul grew insolent as it felt the servant become less servile for an instant.

"He looked at me out of his little eyes, and I dared to look back—yes, I, Étienne Duval, *dared* to look back; and in my eyes he read that I knew him for a man who had riches and power, but was not fitted to have them, since he used them to humble the spirit of the lowly ones. *Monsieur*, for that moment he felt inferior to me, Étienne Duval, his servant; and I saw born in his mind a plan to make me do something wrong, something for which he could have me discharged, as he had François and Édouard and Jean discharged. And I made up my mind to watch him and myself and give no cause for just complaint. He ordered caviar, which at the Frangipani costs two dollars. He looked at me as he told me to bring it; and what do you suppose it made me think of, that look? Of my wife, who is sick with phthisis, and for whom this morning I made barley-water—five cents. His look, only his look, made me think of that. I served the caviar, watching him carefully, for he kept his hands on the table until I politely asked him to remove them that I might properly place it. He overwhelmed me by saying that it was excellent.

"After that he commanded pheasant, and with it all the vegetables that are out of season, and come from hot-houses or from the southern countries, and are sent to us wrapped in soft wool, like expensive jewels. And I thought again of the barley at five cents and of Blanche Marie, my wife, who is good, who suffers and smiles, and pretends to like the barley-water.



THEN HE THREW THE OMELETTE STRAIGHT INTO THAT FACE AND THOSE WICKED LITTLE EYES.

"A dozen different directions *Monsieur* gave me as to the pheasant and the rest—enough to turn one's head; but I twisted my brain to remember, for I did not dare to lose a point. While I placed all this, the head waiter stood by and watched me. Monsieur Kennard looked for some fault and his eyes glittered because he could find none, and because he knew that my chief said nothing and was satisfied. I felt weak and nervous, *monsieur*, for it was a strain—the resistance against this man's will to make me blunder.

"MONSIEUR KENNARD studied the menu a long time. Finally he laughed a little and told me to bring him an omelette soufflé with brandy. I thought it strange, as he had several times said that he had no liking for this sweetmeat. At the Frangipani, *monsieur*, the omelettes soufflés are very big and high and beautiful, like a towering peak of snow rising from a clouded lake, which is the brandy. I held it high as I came into the room, held it with ceremony, as we are taught to do. As I approached him I saw the wicked eyes of Monsieur Kennard fixed upon my face, and in a flash came the warning that the omelette was to be my undoing. He had settled back in his chair, this Monsieur, and was shaking queerly, as if he could not keep still from excitement.

"*Monsieur*, it was the evil intent that was keen to express itself. As I was about to lower the dish, he quickly placed his foot against my foot and shoved. Another instant and I should have been struck from my balance and the white mountain would have slipped to the table. I saw him smile. . . . I threw the omelette into his face with all my might. I knew that I was lost, and the man that was beneath the servant made me get what I could out of the ruin."

The rush of words stopped as suddenly as they began, and he looked about him bewilderedly, as if surprised that he, the "little rabbit," could have said so much.

Then again, and in a weary voice, he said: "I was wrong, of course; but it is a sin, *monsieur le juge*, to make the poor *feel* that they are poor."

There was heavy silence, as if everyone was thinking, thinking. The Frangipani brothers bit their nails and looked curiously from David Kennard to Duval.

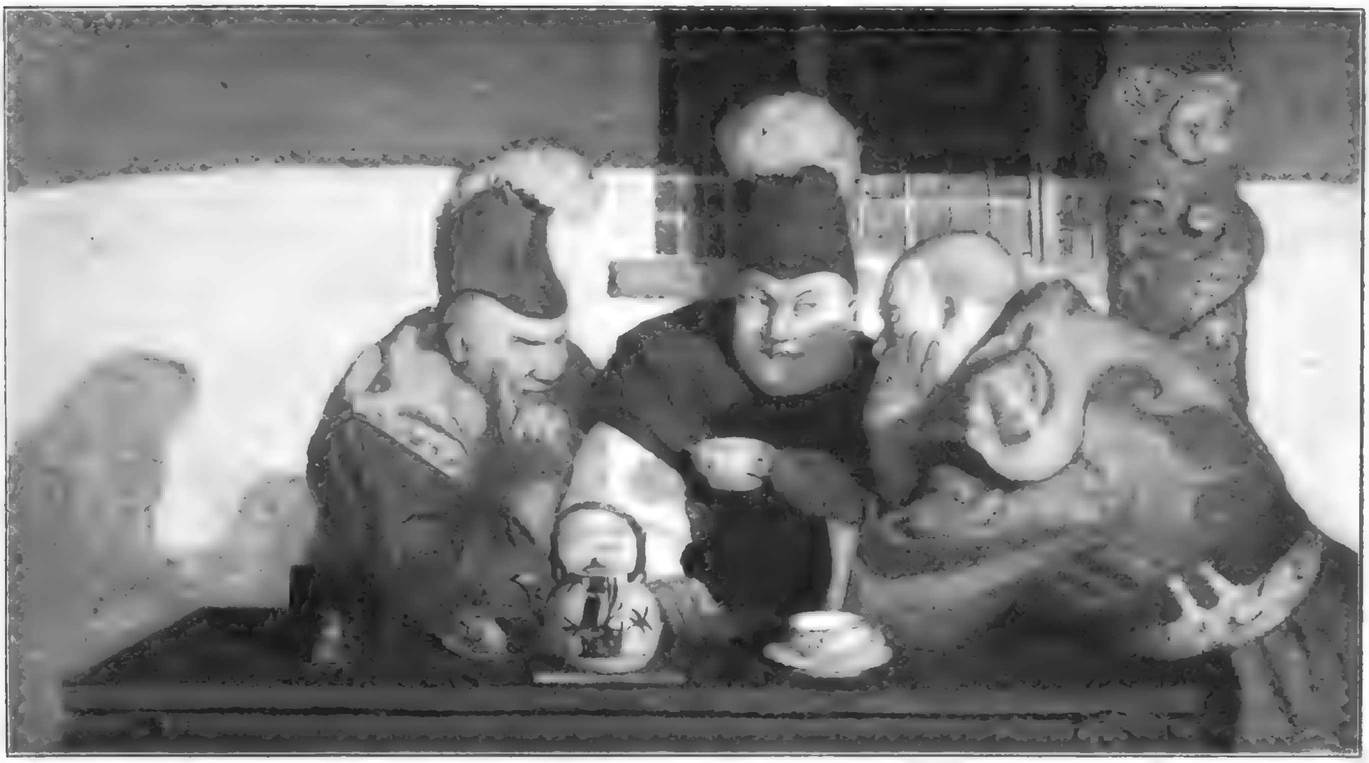
Magistrate McCleary stared fixedly at the rich furrier. That person looked back at him out of his little, mean, sneering eyes, and suddenly the magistrate felt an unspeakable sensation of discomfort, of uneasiness.

He saw on one sleeve of his robe a spot that he had not noticed before. He saw that the cuff protruding from that sleeve had a jagged edge, and remembered that before he dressed that morning he had been compelled to trim away some threads. And as he remembered this there came consciousness of other economies, other deprivations, forced by the smallness of a salary which but poorly provided for his family, consisting of three daughters and two sons.

He looked again at David Kennard, and his face reddened as he realized that it was some curious, and subtile suggestive power in those little eyes that was making him feel his poverty.

He raised his head quickly, proudly, and took in the shabby figure of the little white-faced waiter with the scared blue eyes. Then in a voice that fairly thundered he spoke these words:

"Étienne Duval," he said, "there is much extenuation for you, but a fine of ten dollars is imposed; and that fine I myself will pay for you. As for you, Mr. Kennard, your coat has been damaged and your vanity assailed. But you are still a very rich man; that, I believe, is sufficient for you. Go home and change your coat—and try not to eat so much. Good night, gentlemen; the court is dismissed."



THE UNWRIT DOGMA

By William Ashley Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

THE fat-faced lamas of the *Poota Miao*, nodding their shaved heads over cups of steaming jasmine tea, exchanged sober jokes—laughing down in their stomachs—concerning the foreign missionaries who occupied compounds in the east and west of the city. The jokes were pertinent. Why do foreign lamas, professing the same religion—a religion of universal love—shun each other with scorn smoldering deep in their averted eyes? The answer was a laugh.

Far away in the seaports there were foreigners — not lamas — who also laughed. The topic afforded choice matter for gossip; clubmen found in it meat for many a good joke; and the average business man in the treaty ports swore fluently when turbulence resulted from proselytizing—according to native dispatches. Unfortunately, "missionary" covered a wide field, including everything from Holy Rollers to those same "black robes" who blazed the paths of our own West. This particular tale has to do with a commonplace situation—two groups of missionaries working in opposition in one town; and both absolutely sincere. Incidentally it deals with a much bigger matter.

There were two black robes in the Catholic church by the East Gate, a young priest from Brittany with large wistful eyes and his aged monitor, Père Bergson, whose white locks and scholarly stoop gave him much prestige among his flock. Quiet, gentle folk they were whose presence would never have been suspected by the rare traveler were it not for the steeple which thrust itself above the low roofs of the city, the outstretched arms of the cross surmounting it, seeming to appeal mutely to the listless souls of the barbarians drifting in sluggish human streams below. Clustering around the church were the bare little rectory, the parochial school and orphanage, and a tiny court gymnasium—the young Breton priest's only concession to French modernism.

Old Père Bergson and his wistful-eyed neophyte, Jean Couton, spent all their days administering to their flock, teaching, counseling, praying, and trying to instil in the lethargic souls of the poor converts the principle that there are greater riches to be won than wealth. Seldom did they have an opportunity to go abroad, save to visit on donkey-back—tucking their cassocks up like the Canterbury pilgrims—the little bands of sun-dried rustics, for all the world like peasants of Picardy, who foregathered in their villages to receive the sacraments of Roman sanction. The biting cold of winter and the fierce heat of summer were all the same to the pair; the black robe of humility never gave place to the white garment of comfort. Even their pleasures were perforce of a subdued nature: among their books; digging in their little garden in almost pathetic communion with the material Infinite.

This last was a mitigated joy; for when Jean, dreaming of the little farmhouse in Brittany smothered in heavy clusters of fragrant roses, planted some slips in the garden, hoping by his industry to earn one whiff of reminiscent perfume, he gleaned a single dusty bud. It was a real enough tragedy, and Père Bergson who had watched the boy's careful husbandry with eyes of understanding, felt his heart sink with the dropping of the poor shriveled petals. The soil, the essence of China's materialism, was more generous in the matter of vegetables. And the garden was at least a place of rest.

After the noon-day meal, which was frugal to a degree, the old priest would sink on a bench under the arbor by the well, and drop his beads slowly or read some well-thumbed book until he began to nod and his eyes closed. Then Jean would lay aside his trowel and rake, and desert his herbs and legumes to dream of the little peasant cottage, the home he had sacrificed to God. His eyes would sometimes become misty, and troubled thoughts might stir in his heart, until his glance fell on the gentle old man whose calm expression of resignation and energetic peace gave no indication of the scars with which his body had been mutilated in Shansi, twenty years ago. Then Jean's eyes would clear, his face would light up with an expression of happiness, and with a cheery voice he would arouse himself for the afternoon's work.

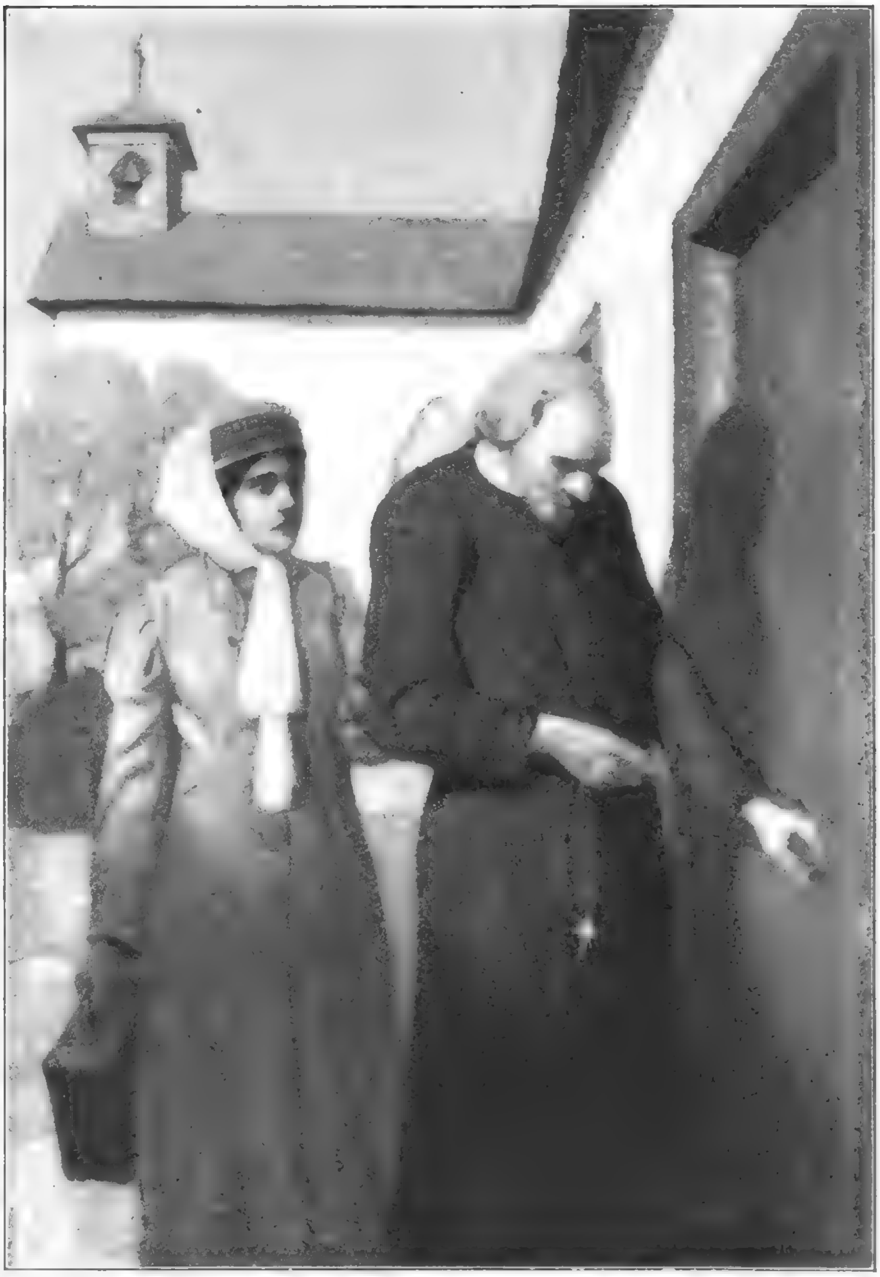
In the evening, after the day's task had been finished—teaching in the school, offering the consolations of their faith, burying the dead, and doing all that lay in their poor power to succor the miserable—they would stand side by side in the door of the rectory, looking westward where the red sun blinked balefully behind the Drum Tower, until the tinkling notes of the angelus sounded musically from the steeple. Then they would bow their heads and recite:

"The Angel of the Lord—" And the lamas would beat upon their brazen cymbals a pandemonic reply. The thick shadows fell; the soupy mists rose from the green, fever-slimed pools that festered by the Wall; the magpies clucked an ominous good night; and the frogs croaked their weird lullabies.

LIFE in the West Gate Mission compound, where the "Big Wash" missionaries wrestled with equal sternness with Satan and the evils of the flesh, was not like this. In the compound were several cottages, a chapel, a school, and a hospital. The last two were the important institutions of the Mission; for the "Big Wash" liked to gage success statistically, and tangible results were more suitable for filing than spiritual promises. The purpose of the school was not so much to teach religion as to enable Young China to catch up on its history and arithmetic. But religion was not neglected.

Mrs. Brunswick, wife of the deacon, was endeavoring to get the children to sing the psalms, which is a difficult task in a land where true harmony must be strictly falsetto. At the same time Père Jean was having a similar difficulty: he was trying to orchestrate one of Bach's masses—and all the instruments he had were cymbals, a drum, a Manchu trumpet, a hu-hu—which is a snake-skin banjo with cord strings—and a one-stringed viol.

Doctor Fearing, head of the mission, was a man of system. His mission was neat, orderly, and efficient. He required weekly reports from the heads of the several departments, and new arrivals found that requests for vacations were not graciously granted. Even Mrs. Fearing, suffering violently from toothache, hesitated to take the time to go to Shanghai for necessary treatment.

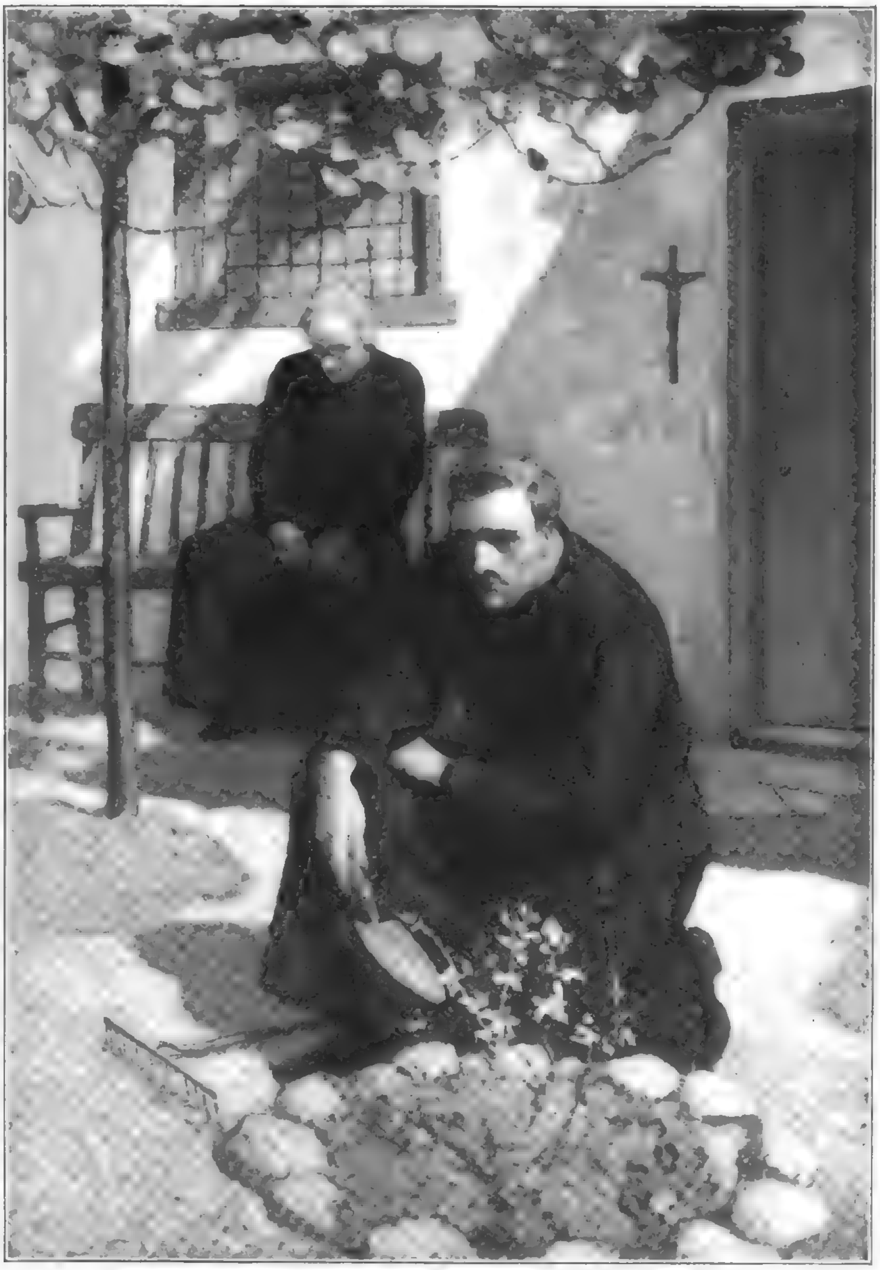


AS HE PAUSED BY THE DOOR WITH HIS HEAD BOWED, A FIRM, GENTLE HAND WAS LAID ON HIS SLEEVE.

Of all the members of that Mission, my heart and confidence went out first to Mrs. Fearing. Doctor Fearing was a Doctor of Divinity, and a theologian of the Cambridge school. His wife was a Doctor of Medicine, practising cheerfully among fetid Chinese, despite two children of her own who required her care in their little home, nestling beside the school building.

I always felt ashamed of myself at the West Gate Mission, for the East was in my blood, and I was out of sympathy with bustle and routine. I had something of the Chinese thought, which is as unruffled and hopeful as the calm, relentless succession of the seasons. Still the machinery of that energetic community seemed to me nearly perfect, only that it clattered a good deal in operation. The week was divided into days; the days into sessions; the sessions into periods. School periods, receptions, visitations, wash-days, mealtimes, recesses, operations, prayer-meetings, all recurred with click-clack regularity. God must have been intensely pleased at the orderliness of it all, although the reconstruction must have even disconcerted Him had any outside impulse destroyed the key.

Mrs. Fearing was a dynamo of her own, operated by and generating a powerful current of sympathy—a marvelous little lady who believed that all the hours of light are made for work. Three major operations in a day, with only the aid of an unskilled attendant were not uncommon; and I have known her almost single-handed to fight an epidemic of cholera, her own children locked in the up-stairs room of her home. She was small, with tired brown eyes and nervous hands; and for a long time I thought that her interest in her labor was purely professional. But when I was leaving for home, and went to the Mission to say farewell, she took me



THEN JEAN WOULD DREAM OF THE LITTLE PEASANT COTTAGE, THE HOME HE HAD SACRIFICED TO GOD.

eagerly by the hands and her eyes were misty:

"Please—please visit my sister in Stamford. . . . Tell her all about me. . . . Tell her about my little ones. . . . You see, I haven't been home for seven years, and she doesn't yet know my children."

There was one thing that used to exasperate me exceedingly, and I could not help sympathizing with the fat-faced lamas who chortled at their little jokes. It is all well enough, I thought, to work in different fields, but what is the sense of throwing bricks when your neighbor's back is turned? Not that there was open hostility between the two missions, but there was an armed truce which each party overcame by silently endeavoring to undermine its opponents' policy.

In all parts of China a white man is supposed to be a white man's friend until he proves himself an enemy.

Père Bergson and Jean were always delighted to see me; and at the West Gate Mission I was also always a welcome visitor. But the missionaries themselves never visited nor communicated with each other in any way. Indeed, passing in the narrow alleyways, they would avert their heads, or bow frigidly. They went further than this, for I have no doubt that in the privacy of their respective circles they freely accused each other of extremely un-Christian acts. The "Big Wash" missionaries firmly believed that the Catholics paid five dollars apiece for converts. Poor old Père Bergson who couldn't afford butter at his meals, and had worn the same cassock for three years! But he on his part was firmly convinced that all the labors of the Protestants were directed toward stealing sheep of his fold.

So they preached love, and tried to keep from scorning each other. And all the while the fat-faced lamas laughed. They did more than laugh. They made up little tales which were whispered in the ears of converts, and repeated to the missionaries, adding much to their secret prejudice.

In the interior, little things, for the want of distraction, grow and are magnified until they become veritable miasma, rendering cool and impartial judgment extremely difficult. So the missionaries became obsessed with each other's treachery, and their forbearance was strained to the breaking-point. Doctor Fearing saw, in the towering steeple with the outstretched arms of the cross, the only check to the perfect operation of his machine; and Père Bergson, when aroused from his meditation and at rest from his labors, prayed God to spare him from this thorn of heresy which pierced his heart.

One day the old priest had a terrible shock. He had fallen asleep in the arbor, telling his beads, but instead of being aroused by Jean at the usual hour, he slept on and on until fully three, when he awoke, from his unnatural slumber, feeling vaguely uneasy. He glanced quickly toward Jean. The young priest had fallen forward into a bed of ragged flowers, and his face was buried in the crook of his arm.

Père Bergson gave a gasping cry of dismay. Jean's head rolled listlessly and his eyes opened, but there was no light of recognition in them. The old priest suddenly commenced to quiver with a very great fear.

"Oh, Jean—Jean, my boy! *Bon Dieu*, speak to me, Jean!"

But Jean only put his hands slowly to his forehead, and moaned. All at once the old man felt very strong. He lifted Jean's slim form, and ran with him to the rector, calling out in a loud anguished voice for the verger.

"Wonga, Wonga! *Venez, venez pressez-vous! Mon Dieu, kewi-li, kewi-li!*" And Wonga, finally recognizing the Chinese, came quickly.

They put the sick boy to bed, wrapping him in heavy, camel's-wool blankets, and giving him scalding tea and brandy.

"It is merely a fever—a touch of malaria," Père Bergson tried to persuade himself. But Wonga went white and trembling from the room, crossing himself anxiously. That evening they did not recite the angelus.

Desolation settled on the old priest's heart. He loved the boy as he would have loved his own son. As he sat by the bedside trying to soothe the young priest with almost maternal gentleness, he suffered the most terrible agony—the agony of impotence which comes when loved ones are dying before their time. He did all he could with the simple remedies at hand; but they were of no avail, and the boy tossed and moaned unceasingly with his head clapsed in his hands, babbling incoherently. It was

How Four Pitiful Failures Discovered the Road to Fortune

NOTE: Men are asking—"How can I earn more money—what shall I do to reach the turning point in my life?" These remarkable instances of how four failures found the answer may point the way to you.

By Stanley D. Hopkins

A YOUNG man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it, barely eking out a living. Three years ago he began to analyze himself. He discovered that his one great fault was his inability to come to a quick, definite decision. Time and again he had tried, in a half-hearted way, to market his goods. This time he steeled himself to fight a winning battle. He began to develop his strength of will so that no imaginary mountain could turn him aside from his purpose.

From $30 to $1,000 a Week

Today this young man is worth $200,000. He is building a $25,000 home—and paying cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, or traveling whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week and he attributes his amazing success to his super-developed power of will.

A School-Teacher's Rise

A teacher in a little town just outside of Chicago was so "down and out" that he couldn't pay a $10 debt which he had contracted months before. Every cent he had scraped together had been lost through an investment in a corporation that failed to make good. Discouraged, sick at heart, he was forced to do something quickly to recoup his losses. He secured a position in a small private school, and in a remarkably short time was the owner of it. As he says, "I am the owner of a business worth many thousands of dollars and owe no man a cent." Talk to him and he will tell you what his newly revived strength of mind has done for him!

A Failure at 60—Then Sudden Success

In a little town in New York lives a man who two years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at 60 was looked upon as a failure. Without work, in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black.

Then, suddenly, things began to happen. He went to the owner of an old vacant factory, secured the place at a ridiculously low rent, with the first three months rent free. He almost *demanded* a loan of $500 with which to begin some experiments. In three weeks he was out for business. In three months his plant was working day and night to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were $20,000. During 1917 the profits, it is estimated, will run close to $40,000. And this genial 62-year-young man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his.

Ask him what made the remarkable change in his life and he will tell you that it was his life-and-death determination to whip *his own mind*—so that he could do the things he wanted to do without being hampered by a weak, milk-and-water will.

Former Newsboy Heads $1,000,000 Business

From "peddling papers," to the management of a concern doing business of over a million dollars a year, is a far cry indeed. Yet that is the remarkable achievement of a 26-year-old youth from the West. Born of Russian parents, raised in a tenement, with no education save that gained in the ordinary grade school, this young business giant forced his way to the front rank of his profession. For a while after he stopped selling papers he drifted around from job to job. Two years ago he made his present connection. Today he drives around in his own motor-car, his income is almost unbelievable when one considers the handicaps he had to overcome, and his prospects for "five-figure" yearly earnings are exceedingly bright. He disclaims all credit for his success—stating that it was only through systematically developing his personality and will-power that he was able to make his way so rapidly.

Their Guide to Wealth

These are but a few of the hundreds of achievements brought about through systematic will-power development. Regardless of what a man may be—what failures he may have gone through—he can have practically anything he wants out of life if he will but use and develop his God-given power of will. For will-power is the secret of every great achievement. It makes weak men strong. It makes leaders out of followers. It makes doers out of dreamers. It makes dominating personalities out of cringing wrecks of humanity. It makes successes out of failures. It makes dollars jingle where only pennies clinked before.

And the most wonderful thing about a strong will is that it may easily be acquired by anyone. Prof. Frank Channing Haddock—a scientist whose name ranks with James, Bergson, and Royce—after 20 years of research, investigation and study, has prepared a remarkable set of actual exercises, lessons and new methods which have already revolutionized the lives of over 200,000 men and women in all parts of the world. This book, called "Power of Will," is issued by the Pelton Publishing Co. of Meriden, Conn. Mr. Pelton has authorized me to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that this book is worth $3, the small sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing.

When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: The law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

No Money in Advance

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will-power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, and some may say that no mere book can teach the development of the will. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for thousands what "Power of Will" has done, is well worth investigating.

It is interesting to note that among the 200,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 24-W Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

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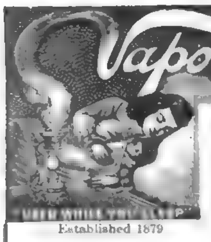

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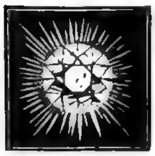

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not medicine that was needed, it was nursing, expert nursing, the gentle, sympathetic, life-sustaining, self-sacrificing attendance which is instinctive, and can never be learned by the materialistic Chinese.

Old Père Bergson paced the floor all night, praying, and thinking. Sometimes he would sit on the edge of the cot and take the boy's hand and pet it, or soothe his dry scorched forehead. What could he do?

As the dawn stretched its pale arms over the edge of the eastern plains, and gazed sleepily at the misty city, an idea came to Père Bergson that made him gasp with dismay. He sat down heavily in a chair, and ran his fingers tremulously through his thin white hair. After a moment of indecision his expression became grimly determined, and he stood up, tightened his girdle, tucked in his beads at the waist, and went out, turning his face westward.

IF ALL the world had been driven to Doctor Fearing's doors, that gentleman would have expected to find Père Bergson the very last reluctant man; so his astonishment was great when he opened the door of his home in response to a determined knock, and found himself face to face with the old man himself. There was a moment's silence.

The priest had not expected the doctor to come to the door, and his sudden appearance recalled in a flash all his old suspicions and antipathies. He saw in the grim-visaged Puritan the incarnation of all those turbulent principles of unbridled thought which had filled Europe with discord for centuries, bringing strife and dismay and hatred and wanton defiance of authority where had always been faith and peace and loyalty.

And Doctor Fearing saw in Père Bergson's black robe the cloak which concealed all those terrible and imaginary evils, which the militants, rather than the sober thinkers of his creed, had listed under the word Jesuitical.

Père Bergson, seeing no flicker of welcome or even of recognition in the cool gray eyes, became himself sternly unrelenting, regretted that he had ever come, and would have turned away, but then he remembered that he had not come of his own accord—that he had come to plead for Jean, his boy Jean, tossing and moaning on his hot bed under the scorched tiled roof of the rectory, torn with agony, perhaps in the throes of death.

"Ah, M'sieu," he cried impulsively, "I am come to you for help. I beg of you to assist."

Doctor Fearing's expression did not alter, but he stepped aside, opening the door, and said curtly. "Come in."

Père Bergson knew intuitively that his opening phrase had not been auspicious; his slight practise in the English language made it difficult for him to explain himself clearly.

"Well?" The "Big Wash" leader had closed the door, and they were standing in a room, which in every particular might have been the reception hall of a Brooklyn home. "What is it you want?"

Père Bergson puzzled to formulate his ideas: "It is that—*Voulez-vous me rendre.* No, no, it is English you wish. Well, then—my boy—he is sick. Ah, *le bon Dieu*, he is suffer the agony! It is my comrade, my boy, M'sieu, and I fear for him."

Doctor Fearing frowned heavily but did not move. "Your boy, eh?" Here was a nice scandal. What did the Chinese think of that? His boy! And he had the effrontery to come and ask aid for him.

The priest, fortunately, instantly divined his thoughts: "No, no, you do not comprehend! *Bon Dieu*, it is impossible! The child of my heart, of my spirit, yes; but the son of my body, no! It is a shame for you even to think so." He was indignant at the implication, and in the stress of his emotion might have strongly resented the doctor's words, but at that moment, Mrs. Fearing, attracted by the murmur of excited voices, appeared.

"What is it?" she asked, glancing anxiously from one to the other. Doctor Fearing would have spoken; but the old priest, with quick native intuition, stepped toward her with such an expression of misery and pleading, dignified by the calm strength of a life of noble effort, that the little lady's heart softened toward him.

He did not wait for introduction or her husband's explanations, but plunged directly into his tale, expressing himself in broken syllables but with heart-stirring accents. It was not a nurse he wanted, not even an attendant; he simply wanted advice, a diagnosis, and instructions; he himself would care for the boy.

"Oh, Madame, Madame," he concluded brokenly, "*le bon Dieu—le bon Dieu*——"

MRS. FEARING reached for her bonnet. A pat, a twist and she was ready.

"Well," she exclaimed in businesslike accents, "I'll go and see, anyway." And Père Bergson cried out his thanks.

But before she had a chance to leave, her husband interposed. "Margaret," he expostulated, "it's impossible. You can not—you can not! He says it is the fever; but he does not know. It might be plague! It is impossible! There are the children!"

Mrs. Fearing paused and looked doubtful. "Fortunately, they are in Shanghai," she reflected.

"It makes no difference. No, no, you can not, you can not run these risks. If anything happened, what could I do for the children? The man is dying—he was only stricken yesterday—it might happen to you. Give him medicine, of course; but you can not go. You must not. What is it to us? It is not fair that he should demand this sacrifice. Send Chung with the medicine; it is all that's necessary."

Doctor Fearing was a good and unselfish man; but he loved his family, with undemonstrative intensity. Mrs. Fearing was a brave but impulsive woman. For herself, she cared nothing; but her husband's outburst had shown her plainly the danger she ran, and the sorrow she might bring into her home. To her, her children and husband were everything. The mention of them, the thought of them, softened and weakened her. She loved them with the passionate ardor of one who is wont to repress sternly all sentimental emotions in the performance of rigid duties. "Think of the children!" Her little ones! She could hear their voices calling to her from far away Shanghai—"Mother! Mother!"

She removed her hat with reluctant determination. "You are right," she said quietly, "it is impossible. We will send the medicine," she added, turning to the priest, who had vainly tried to follow the swift, broken dialogue.

He looked at her uncertainly for a moment, then he understood. He said nothing in reply; but all the joy, all the hope, all the beatific radiance which had shone in his face at her first words now died away, like a rainbow fading behind bleak snow-capped mountains. All the sparkle in his eyes vanished and he ran tremulous fingers through his thin locks. He looked very old. He tried to speak, but ideas would not come, and he dropped his hands helplessly.

THEN he opened the door, and groping unsteadily out into the alley, turned homeward to his dying and abandoned Jean.

In a trance he stumbled along the slippery, stone-paved alleyways, the Chinese coolies and merchants, children and beggars, making way for him, some eyeing him with quizzical amusement, and some with doubtful sympathy as he passed by, his lips moving and his fingers clutching nervously at the cross at his waist. Dogs, hucksters, palanquins, everything moved aside for him, and the hawkers ceased their cries, and stilled their gongs to stare curiously or to whisper the little slanders the fat-faced lamas had breathed into their ears.

But Père Bergson heeded them not. All that he knew was that his only source of help was gone, and Jean was doomed. Perhaps even now he was dead. How desolate the world would seem without his companionship. Well, such was their life—to suffer, to die. What happiness had he ever known save the joy of strife and the ecstasy of faith?

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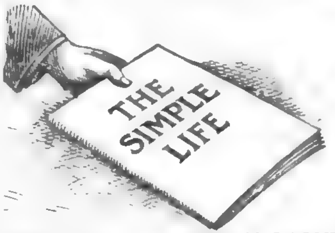

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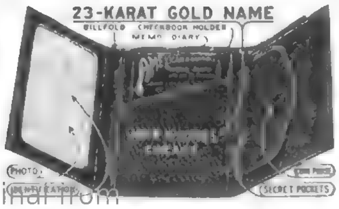

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He had suffered tortures worse than death; he had known such mental anguish that only his faith had made him strong to spurn the relief of suicide. But now in his silver age he felt that peace was due him. He was quite willing himself to die—bah, that was nothing. But to see poor Jean, the pure-hearted young Breton, whose fresh, gentle companionship had been to him like spring dawn in winter—to see him and hear him tossing and moaning and crying piteously in his delirium of suffering; to see him in agony, and know he could not relieve him, ah, truly, that was an ordeal.

Then he thought of Doctor Fearing and his wife, and he flung out his hands and talked wildly in his anger, so that the throngs of coolies laughed aloud and called him crazy.

But as he neared his compound he was again stern and self-possessed; and the members of his flock, whom he encountered, greeted him with respect and affection, and some asked for the health of "Kuh Tong Wei," not knowing he was on his death-bed. But Père Bergson simply said, "Pray for him, my children," leaving them puzzled; for they were of no use in the sick-room.

By this time the old priest was reconciled; if God willed it so, then so be it. But when he came to the gate of the compound, he hesitated; for he felt that perhaps he would never come out again, unless to rest.

As he paused by the door with his head bowed, a firm, gentle hand was laid on his sleeve, and a quick business-like voice, that sounded to him like the voice of an angel, said, "I have come, after all, Father." And Mrs. Fearing pushed open the door and entered the compound.

Père Bergson could have cried out with joy; but instead he blinked at her in amazement; he could hardly understand it. He looked at her and stammered out his thanks. Tears came into his eyes; and he took her hands and thanked her in the name of God.

She said: "It is nothing. I will look at him and prescribe. But only for a moment. Perhaps it is useless, after all."

"God bless you," said Père Bergson.

THE room was dim and stifling, and furnished with ascetic simplicity; the listless punkah moved mysteriously back and forth over the cot. The rope that tugged it disappeared through a little hole in the wall, and the faint rattle of a teapot, and a subdued murmur of voices outside the wall served to locate the punkah-coolie and his guests.

Inside some bottle-flies droned dismally against the skin-taut paper ceiling, giving back the sound like a drum-head. The room was almost suffocatingly hot, and stuffy with the smell of fever. The sun blazed unwinkingly on the slate roof; the hot pestilential breath of the wall-girt city flowed sluggishly through the little window; the sound of hawkers shrilling their wares; idle donkeys braying with cracked throats; boys shouting and quarreling over a game of hop-scotch in a near-by yard, made the atmosphere unbearably Chinese.

But the sick boy, tossing and moaning on his cot, babbled of Brittany.

BRITTANY! The apple-trees in blossom; cows lowing in the lush meadow; and the brook laughing and humming its secret longings as it slipped into the river, where the clouded ships drifted down to the sea; and the road that wound in a ribbon over the velvet-green hills, and far away beyond the forest to markets and cities and adventure.

In his delirium he babbled with joy, like the brook where it whirled and gurgled through the mill-race. He ran down in the meadows and chased the cows, he hunted butterflies and went down the long road again to the school-house. School-days, holy-days, harvest-time, and market-days! He sang little snatches of gay chansons, and was happy again—oh, so happy!

But then the school bully, Léon, whom they called "The Wolf," came up and beat him and knocked him down and kicked him in the head. And he moaned and cried for help; but the other boys came up and also beat him unmercifully, and they all kicked him in the head. Finally he ran away, but he blundered among Mother la Fontaine's bee-hives, and the bees came out in swarms, and stung and stung until he seemed burning up with agony; and he would have cried out again, but they swarmed down his throat, and stung him there, until he seemed to be on fire inside and outside.

He escaped to the cool meadows, only to discover to his horror that the great red bull had got loose; and it chased him. It was gloomy in the valley, and he struggled blindly, through the tall grass which caught at his legs, and dragged him down while the snorting monster bore down through the darkness upon him. He struggled to escape until all his bones ached; he screamed and cried, but no one seemed to hear. —Far up the hillside the setting sun still touched with light the little cottage, where Jean could see his father and the curé and the postman arguing on politics and blowing out huge clouds of stifling smoke like—like a punkah. He cried out to them, to help him, but they frowned at him and went on with their quarrel. Then he broke into the dry-eyed sobs of despair, and the clutching grasses dragged him down, and the great monster loomed above him.

Suddenly new hope came to him.

Up on the hillside a vision appeared, flying rapidly toward him with outstretched arms, all the love of heaven, all the sorrow of earth in her countenance; and the sweetest sound came to him, like a triangle tinkling under water. He laughed. He shouted with joy. All the others would leave him to perish. But she—his mother! She would come to him; she would save him! He cared nothing for the monster now.

Mrs. Fearing paused at the door and explained to the old priest, in low, businesslike tones, that she could only remain for a few seconds and that her examination must, of course, be merely cursory. He bowed his head, thankful for any aid. Then she opened the door and stepped briskly in.

"Fouf!" she exclaimed as the first whiff of fetid air touched her nostrils. "This is terrible." Then her quick professional eye found the patient. One glimpse at the fever-stretched skin, the cracked lips, and the great eyes confirmed Père Bergson's description. She shuddered. Typhus!

Suddenly Mrs. Fearing was startled by the appearance of the boy. He was sitting upright, looking at her with the clear, lucid eyes of a child. His face brightened, radiating joy; and he held out his arms to her and cried out to her in a voice of love:

"Mother!—Mother!"

She looked at him, the vibrant cry thrilling the very marrow of her being; but suddenly a doubt assailed her, and she flashed a quizzical glance at Père Bergson. The old man's face was tragic with sorrow.

"It is the delirium," he murmured, and she understood. She turned back to the boy. The light of hope was dying in his eyes; his arms dropped listlessly by his side; and his head sank forward. He breathed piteously, so low that his voice could hardly be heard in the sudden silence.

"My mother—save me! Save me!"

It was too much. With a mother's instinct, Mrs. Fearing had also glimpsed the vision. For a moment she stood uncertain. God only knows what conflict tore her woman's heart. Then, forgetting everything but the cry of the exiled boy, she ran forward and dropped on her knees by the bedside and put her arms about the frightened child. And the black monster stopped in its tracks, and looked for other prey.

HALF an hour later the punkah was flapping back and forth like the wings of a swan; the floor was sprinkled with water and the room was cool; flowers were in the window and the air poured through like the breath of a Breton orchard; and the only sounds that came from the neighboring yard were the laughter of children, and the soft clucking of magpies.

Mrs. Fearing saved Jean Couton's life; saved it at the price of unremitting vigilance and eternal peril; saved it for the quiet little old lady with all the love of heaven and all the sorrow of earth in her eyes, who lived in the embowered cottage, on the sun-kissed hill, above the lush meadow where the murmuring brook laughs low on its excursion to the sea. Incidentally, she spared old Père Bergson the crowning sorrow of a life of suffering and sacrifice; and won his devotion and prayers and undying respect. And she bridged the tremendous abyss of dogmatic prejudice, so that understanding and respect and good-will could pass over.

"Tssu," said the fat-faced materialistic lamas disgustedly, as they sipped tea at the foot of their clay idols, "Religion had nothing to do with it." And they launched into theological and metaphysical discussions.

But if it wasn't the purest Religion, what was it?

WINTER SECRETS

BY KARLE WILSON BAKER

GOD wrote my heart a letter, I believe,
  And used the branches of the naked trees
Against the winter sky, for characters.
I can not translate into mortal words
The dainty hieroglyphics of the elm,
The oracles in oak, the willow's rhyme,
Nor any of the lovely dialects
That write themselves across the setting sun.
But, like some tonsured pedant of old time
Who wooed his dimming parchment like a bride
And pored upon it, yearning, day and night,
So, year by year, I take my lesson up,
And dream out little meanings, one by one,
Writ in the margin of God's manuscript.

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FITTING THE UNFIT

By Edwin F. Bowers, M. D.

Author of "Bathing for Health," "Alcohol—Its Influence on Mind and Body," etc.

BETWEEN banks of humanity packed roof-high, they marched, on the first stage of that long journey across the seas. Somewhat self-conscious and awkward they were, with little of the spruce alertness of the trained soldier about them, but healthy and well set-up and sturdy. They were the chosen—those pronounced physically, mentally, and morally fit to serve their country in its perilous hour, and the sight of their young vigor and straightness was a profound reassurance to all who watched.

But what of those rejected? What proportion of all those called before the Exemption Boards do they represent? Why were they found unfit? And what could be done to fit them for service—as soldiers, or as healthy, efficient men?

It is claimed that under the system of training proposed in the "Military Reclamation Bill" ninety per cent. of rejects could be restored to physical efficiency.

These are questions for which, as yet, no adequate answers have been provided. Indeed, it may be many months before the draft statistics are finally collated, tabulated, and classified. But even in the results so far as known there are points of great significance to this country, and it is not too soon to begin action. For the figures are not reassuring. The only outstanding fact is that *the total number of rejections for physical unfitness in these country-wide examinations will average about one in every four men examined.*

How Unfit

AS TO the causes for rejection, these vary greatly, according to the district. For instance, in Exemption Board Fifty-nine of Chicago, in which there are no very rich nor very poor—a typical "middle-class" section—Dr. Alfred S. Burdick found that out of eight hundred and sixty-seven men examined two hundred and forty-two, or slightly less than thirty per cent., were "unfits." The principal causes for rejection were *defective vision*, *underweight*, *hernia*, and *heart-disease*—in the order named. It is significant that of the fifty-two men (more than six per cent. of the total examined) found to have heart-disease, hardly one had ever suspected that he had any trouble. Indeed, Doctor Burdick found many of these serious heart lesions in athletic men who were doing vigorous outdoor work or playing violent games.

In the First Ward—the "Bath-House John" and "Hinky Dink" districts—most of the rejections for physical inadequacy were due to occupational causes. Here were conspicuous premature old age, the stiffened joints of laborers, and the maimed arms, burned limbs, and missing fingers of those cruelly wounded in industry, in the battle for existence.

The Third Ward in Chicago ran the First a close second in respect to the blackness of the smudge across its fair features. Upward of ten per cent. of these slum dwellers were found to be suffering from an active venereal infection, while hundreds more were afflicted with a chronic form of the disease. Alcoholism also was very common.

Similar conditions existed in certain districts in Pittsburg, Pa., inhabited largely by Slavs and Croat laborers, and in other industrial sections. During the early stages of the draft there were scores of such districts where seventeen out of every twenty men examined were rejected for physical reasons.

Dr. George R. Stuart, serving on Exemption Board One Hundred and Thirty, New York, tells me that his largest number of rejects was for hernia—almost fifty per cent. of those examined disclosing this condition. He found malnutrition and conditions caused by improper and insufficient feeding next frequent. Then ocular deficiencies, flat feet, and goiter.

Approximately eight per cent. of those examined by him suffered from heart-disease—a very high ratio. In nine out of every ten of these heart patients Doctor Stuart ascribed the cause as either alcohol or tobacco—or both.

However, to understand the actual status of those finally accepted for service, we must institute a comparison involving several factors. First, and most important, we must bear in mind that the standards have been progressively lowered.

The surgeon-general, influenced by the high percentage of rejections among those first examined under the old standards, finally ordered such modifications of these requirements that, as one of the examining physicians told me recently, "any condition that is at all correctable, that is not obviously hopeless, is now passed."

This is sensible and praiseworthy, good for the service, and better still for the men—and is exactly what the present writer had the honor to suggest (in the June issue of EVERYBODY'S) as the proper course to adopt in culling over the man crop.

So now, those overweight, unless actually obese as the result of some organic disease, are generally "passed."

The flat-footed, unless the degree of prolapse of the arch and the obvious flaccidity of the musculature shows them to be hopeless for the immediate future, are now quite frequently accepted. Stomach conditions are hardly considered at all, as in nine cases out of ten, disorders of digestion are caused by dietetic crimes which the owners of the stomach will have little opportunity to repeat in the Army or the Navy.

Letting Down the Bars

IF THE nerves of the recruit are "shot to pieces," unless the shooting has been done with a narcotic, the drafted man is now usually accepted. The Army surgeons are recognizing that open air, regular habits of living, and a normal reaction to mass psychology will remedy these troubles. If alcoholism has been a predisposing factor in shredding the nerves, the doctors figure grimly that, in the Navy anyhow, it will be a pretty difficult matter to continue the cause.

In the matter of teeth the old order changeth also. For now a recruit, acceptable in other respects, who lacks the requisite number of sound weapons of mastication, is given a chance to have these artificially replaced or to have the damaged ones repaired. It is significant that of one thousand men examined by the editor of the Michigan State *Medical Journal* one out of every six had teeth that disqualified him. One out of every four of these presented

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a history of cervical adenitis, tonsillar infection, or heart lesion, with more or less joint involvement and "rheumatism."

With the "underheight" recruits there have also been some very lenient rulings. Hundreds of men have been passed who are just on the border-land of the minimum height of five feet one inch—which one must admit is not a very imposing height. But what these recruits lack in tallness they may make up in toughness. And a short, tough man is infinitely better than a tall, soft one—for military purposes, anyhow.

Two Other Bars to Lower

WITH "underweight" there is also a tendency to be extremely liberal. The most promising of these cases are frequently set aside for a week or two and instructed how to eat, drink, work and sleep, in order to come up to the weight requirements. And where there is co-operation between the man and the Board, and where the social and economic conditions permit, many of these recruits more than "make good" on the minimum weight requirements.

The present regulations also authorize the rejection of the majority of those found suffering from goiter—either the simple or the exophthalmic variety—on the grounds that it is incurable and that the patient's nervous system will remain unstable and his heart untrustworthy. However, modern science has had considerable success in the treatment of goiter, and its methods, if applied, might cut down these rejections to a large degree.

The total number of rejections for physical fitness in the draft examinations will average about one in four.

Also, a more liberal interpretation of what constitutes an ocular defect might be beneficial alike to Government and citizen. For thousands of young men, otherwise sound, are now rejected because, according to regulations, their spectacles and the defect behind them forbid their acceptance. Now, while these men may not be fitted for the firing-line, there should be plenty of places for them in the medical department, or in the commissary or clerical departments, where the steaming, or even the breaking of their spectacles, would be more an inconvenience than a calamity.

In dealing with "heart disease" or heart irregularities, it is understood that but a very small percentage of men from twenty-one to thirty-one have organic lesions, for rapid irregular heart, palpitation, and general lack of tone in the heart muscle, in men of this age, are almost invariably traced to the excessive use of tobacco, usually in the form of cigarets. The toxic poisons generated by the combustion of tobacco and wrappers are the things responsible for much of these heart delinquencies in our recruits.

Many simple surgical conditions and some of the minor chronic ailments have also been passed from the "rejected" to the "tentatively accepted" columns. These cases will serve a probationary period in the training-camps, preparatory to undergoing a final inspection by the Army surgeon. This promises to be much more rigid than the entrance examinations, as it is the purpose in this "round up" to weed out of the service all those whose physical and mental condition will not assure their ability to withstand intensive training.

Indeed, at Camp Upton it has been found that approximately fifty men of each thousand sent to the training-camp are unfits. This is a slightly higher ratio than among the first contingent, who passed the more rigid examination presented by the earlier draft requirements.

In dealing with drafted men afflicted with anemia or debility—conditions which heretofore have been rather rigidly scrutinized—much is now left to the judgment of the examining physicians. It is admitted that each of these cases is a problem unto itself, and has to be handled accordingly. Some may be vastly benefited by the life they will lead for the next year or two, while others, presenting identical symptoms, but with an entirely different cause for their condition, may require totally different treatment. Instead of arduous military duties, gruelling exercise, and Army food, they might require rest in bed, massage or passive motion, forced feeding at frequent intervals, or tonics to stimulate the metabolism of food into blood and tissue.

Where We Actually Stand

BUT the fact that we have entirely and intelligently remodeled our requirements of men enlisted for military and naval service does not alter the actual physical status of the American youth. On the contrary, it merely emphasizes his delinquency, and attempts to make the material fit the needs. For *before the United States entered the war these one-in-four percentages were pratically reversed.* The Surgeon-General of the Navy, for instance, in his Report for 1916, showed that of one hundred and six thousand, three hundred and ninety-two applicants, seventy per cent. were rejected; and no men were considered for this service who were more than thirty years of age.

Of the boys who came to Annapolis three thousand four hundred and sixteen were examined for admission between 1914 and 1916. Out of these, presumably the flower of our young manhood, only thirty per cent. were deemed physically fit to be enrolled as probable future officers in the United States Navy.

During the month of March for the present year, hundreds of young men came before the recruiting officers for examination. Of these but thirty-two per cent. ran the gantlet of the stethoscope, the measuring-tape, and the instruments of precision designed to test their efficiency. The other sixty-eight per cent. were found physically unfit for service.

Universal military service, with its vigorous system of physical education would go far toward preventing unfitness.

General Leonard Wood and other Army officers predicted for the draft now in progress that if strict examination standards were maintained, less than fifty per cent. of men would be found available. This prognostication has come true—and some to spare.

Indeed, one Brooklyn Exemption Board, early in the draft, examined six hundred men without being able to secure its quota of one hundred and ninety-one, and were forced to send out calls for an additional twelve hundred men. Another, during an entire day's grind of the grist, got only one man out of one hundred and four examined.

Of course, these are exceptional instances, but, as the physician chairman of one of the boards examining drafted men on the East Side of New York said: "My six hundred and fifty rejections out of a total of fifteen hundred examined simply reflects the condition of poverty in my district. It is safe to say that *forty per cent. of the young men on the East Side are unfit for military duty because of lack of proper nourishment and the lack of clinics to minister to their physical needs.*"

To which I would add, "And to the horrible overcrowding in reeking, filthy tenements, perpetual oxygen starvation resulting therefrom; the lack of the common necessities for decency and cleanliness; ignorance of food values, together with a capacity for insulting and maltreating food in its preparation that would bring blushes to the cheeks of most European housewives; to the long, grinding hours of toil and the short hectic hours of vice; the inadequate wage, the inescapable urge to temptation; the chronic suggestion of drunkenness, debauchery, soddenness, and hopelessness, that envelops it all like a murky pall."

Then there are the stunting, brain-dwarfing influences of child-labor and of the labor of women who are with child—working long hours in factories or shops, when they should be carefully nurtured at home—of the blight of drunkenness, of degeneracy, of narcotism.

These are the factors—and they are nation-wide and terribly common—that no recruiting officer can combat but must, nevertheless, reckon with. And they lie beyond the power of any physician, of any recruiting officer, to correct.

They are, or should be, the concern of the Government. They should constitute the most important problem with which we must deal—the conservation of the man, woman, and child power of the country.

We must, as a nation, realize that to prevent is easier than to cure—and govern ourselves accordingly. It is right that the youth should, if necessary, cheerfully make the supreme sacrifice to preserve his country, but it is equally right that the country should make some effort to preserve its youth.

A Step Toward Fitness

A FAIR beginning in this direction will be made if the "Military Reclamation Bill" recently introduced in Congress by Senator Pomerene, of Ohio, is passed.

This measure, which is a crystallization of the man-saving idea of Dr. John H. Quayle, of Cleveland, contemplated taking all men rejected for physical deficiency and putting them under the care of volunteer physicians and dentists, who will contribute their services toward the physical reclamation of these rejected men. They would then be placed in camps, and get the benefit of outdoor life, simple diet, and wholesome surroundings. Calisthenics and such military training as their medical advisers would direct would also assist them to advance the time when they would be fit for full drill requirements and military service.

Doctor Quayle is confident that fully ninety per cent. of rejects could, under this system of training, be reclaimed to physical efficiency.

But a still better plan would be to put our youth into a condition which would largely prevent the development of causes for rejection or the need for physical reclamation, as EVERYBODY'S

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has consistently advocated. Universal military service, with its vigorous system of physical education and its rigid methods of health culture, would accomplish this as nothing else in the world would do.

There are bright spots, however, in the recent inquiry of the recruiting sergeant. A friend of mine, an Italian consul (and this observation is confirmed by Judge Frederic A. Bartlett, Chairman of an Exemption Board of Bridgeport, Conn., where there are many Italian laborers), told me that of sixteen hundred and sixty-eight men whom he had examined but seven or eight per cent. were found unfit to fight for *Italia Irredenta*. And all of these men underwent a physical examination much more rigid than ours. These recruits were laborers, storekeepers, workers in various industries—in fact, representative Italian immigrants. But they were clean, sober and industrious, and they had not lived here long enough to get tenementitis.

But most significant and instructive of all, they knew the value of good wholesome food, and most of them even knew how to cook it. Instead of living out of tin cans and paper bags and on snacks of stuff picked up at the delicatessen store they ate spaghetti—a pound of which yields one thousand and sixty-four units of energy as against nine hundred and fifty units in sirloin steak—and costs only one-quarter as much. (Commissary Department, engaged in accumulating an overwhelming supply of stomach-irritating, gas-producing beans, please take notice.)

Also they consume large quantities of olive-oil—a liver stimulant and bile-softener extraordinary — instead of grease and lard and heaven only knows what other fatty gastric affronts. And even the poorest of them have some sort of a salad—once a day.

Our country people, those who live remote from cities, do not eat as well, as rationally and as hygienically as do these Italians. The Recruiting Board, so far as statistics are now available, confirms this in the percentage of rejections in country districts, which average quite up, or down, to the urban mark. Nevertheless, the farmer has the most natural and healthful occupation in the world—if he would only live hygienically when he isn't working at it.

The "Back to the Soil" movement begun last summer, however, among our suburban and even urban populations, in cultivating garden patches for home consumption, is a tremendous step in the direction of diet normalization, tending to make vegetables cheaper and more popular.

Recent draft examinations have demonstrated another thing, which, next to social and economic causes, is the most crucial factor in producing American deficiency. This is that we, as a nation, are under-exercised, or one-sidedly exercised. The preponderating number of our young gladiators prefer to take their exercise perched—round-shouldered and cigaret provided—near the sidelines, or up in the bleachers, and watch some one sweat who is paid for sweating.

Recent draft examinations have demonstrated that as a nation we are under-exercised.

Indeed, the reason the Germans have proved themselves such formidable antagonists suggests itself from this fact. Beaten to a standstill by Napoleon in 1812, the Germans, under the inspiration of Father John, a priest of great insight and foresight, brought their youth together, established gymnastic societies, formed country outing and recreation clubs, and cultivated assiduously, by contests and emulation, the physical development of the German people. The result is that Germany has to-day two million men in arms who are past or present members of the great German gymnastic societies.

So if we are to regenerate America physically, we must cultivate the *Turn-Verein* spirit in our schools, colleges, and gymnasiums, on playgrounds and athletic fields. Our youth must be trained from the nursery and not from the tailor shop or the cotton factory. The forty-six per cent. of our body structure which consists of muscle fibers must be given a job and put to work, and they must be provided with an environment fit to work in. Then and only then shall we have a potential military establishment which will command the respect of the entire world.

A CORRECTION

In the June number of EVERYBODY'S we published an article about Monsieur Panchard, the eighteen-thousand-dollar chef who offered his services to the United States Government. This article erroneously stated that Monsieur Panchard was at one time chef at the Grand Hotel in Monte Carlo and later chef at the St. Regis Hotel in New York. Monsieur Emile Bailly was the chef in charge at both of these hotels at the time mentioned, while Monsieur Panchard was employed under him as departmental chef at the Grand Hotel, and sous-chef at the St. Regis.

A ZEPPELIN RAID

By JEANETTE G. SICKEL

An informal account by an American woman resident of an East Side London Settlement

IN AUGUST I really *saw* a Zeppelin raid.

It was in the evening.

We, a houseful of women, had been made a little uncomfortable by the policeman, who advised Ellen, the housekeeper, out with the two dogs, not to wander far, as the "Zeps" were on the way. A glance at the railroad station wrapped in utter darkness confirmed the warning.

At 9:30 a sound burst which shook the house and made every window rattle violently. With one accord we rose, and turned off the lights. Nearer and nearer came the cannonading—faster.

Then an inspiration struck one of our group as we stood huddled in the hall, listening to the artillery above—"Let's see the Zeppelins before we're smashed!" It was instantly contagious, this idea, and we leaped up-stairs in utter darkness, flew to the west window and then stood still and gasped!

The great monster of the air was plainly visible, and held us awestruck with its awful beauty. Nearer and nearer it sailed, changing its course every second as the airguns sent up showers of glowing shrapnel—sometimes near it, sometimes far away—but never striking. Like a great, long, golden bar, glistening in the full rays of the searchlight, it glided along, apparently right toward us. Then suddenly it slanted upward to avoid the shrapnel, now perilously near. We watched it breathlessly until it stood straight up on end, but still sailing, still brilliant in the rays that held it for many seconds.

And then it seemed to dangle right above our roof, and we thought of our personal safety and fled—the dogs barking and tumbling after us to the ground floor.

The guns grew fainter and fainter, and the deadly silence of the street outside was broken only by a few stragglers timidly venturing out to get the first news of the damage.

At 11:45, when the house was wrapped in slumber, the rising bell was rung violently—the guns again sounded, louder, more sharply explosive than before.

I leaped from my bed to the window in one step, thrust aside the curtain, and was transfixed once more. One Zeppelin in full glare over the lumber-yard to the side of us; another at the corner over the railroad station, and even a third, half hidden by a cloud and half revealed by the flashing searchlights. High up in the air the first one seemed to shine from its own lights, the shrapnel bursting not only at its side but even over it. Once it ducked and we thought it was struck—but, soon recovering, it glided away. And as it went the lighted bombs fell from it, landing on the earth a few seconds later and bursting with a dull, muffled roar—very different from the explosive sounds of the airguns. Soon it disappeared from sight and was lost in the light clouds that flecked the sky, clouds that may have been smoke purposely emitted from the Zeppelin.

Then all was silence, and we began to realize that a strange and horrible disaster had been visited upon London, once more in the night.

I wish I could give you some idea of the havoc and ruin and loss of life which has followed this raid, and the terror which has entered into the hearts of many of these simple folk down here. In many cases the calmness and control have been remarkable, but with the old, the helpless, the ill, and the little children it has been a terrible ordeal. Shattered nerves, cases of pneumonia, premature births, follow in the wake of the raids.

One little girl in the playground, in great excitement, burst out: "Oh, lady, guess what God did last night?" "Who?" said I, not quite taking in that she meant the Almighty. "God, God!" she shrieked. "'E sent us a baby—came down with the Zeppelins, and we're goin' to name her Zeppelina!"

One old lady in Whitechapel way, allowing curiosity to displace caution, stuck her head through a pane of glass in a moment of mad excitement and added a climax in the shape of burning shrapnel on her head. Now, she sits enthroned in state in her little front room, her head swathed in bandages, charging one penny admission to the line of curious neighbors eager to gaze upon "the Victim of the Air Raid."

A defective bomb made its airy flight through the roof of a back building in a little house in Stepney. Tearing a hole as big as a cartwheel through the shingles, it accommodatingly landed in a tub of water which the careful housekeeper had placed there as a preliminary to next morning's wash. Tu'pence a head from each one who wished to gaze upon the unexpected finale of the bomb brought a sudden swell to the family exchequer. Fast and furious waxed the business before the police arrived to remove the deadly missile to a neighboring station.

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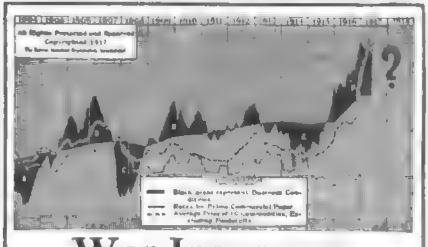

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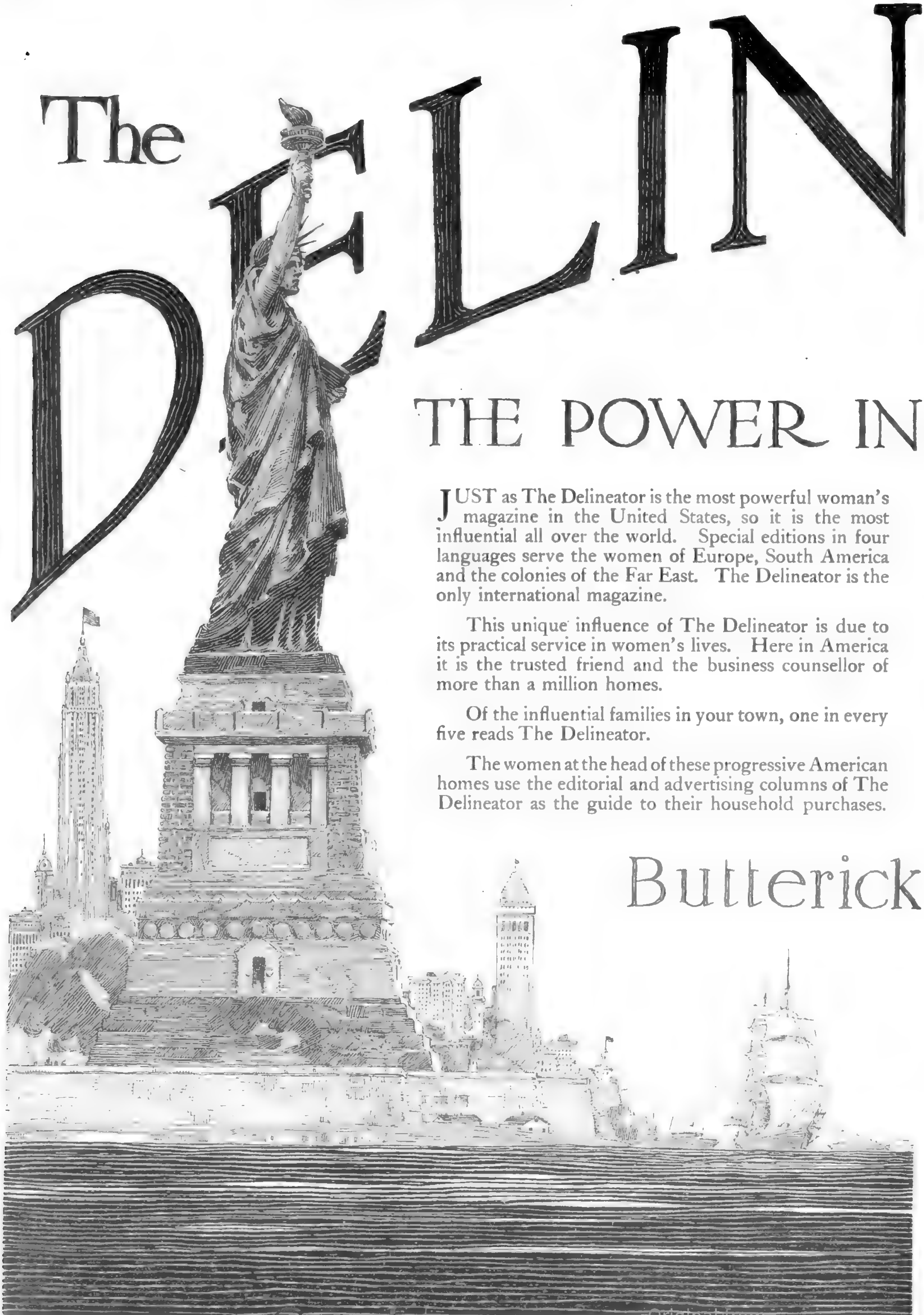

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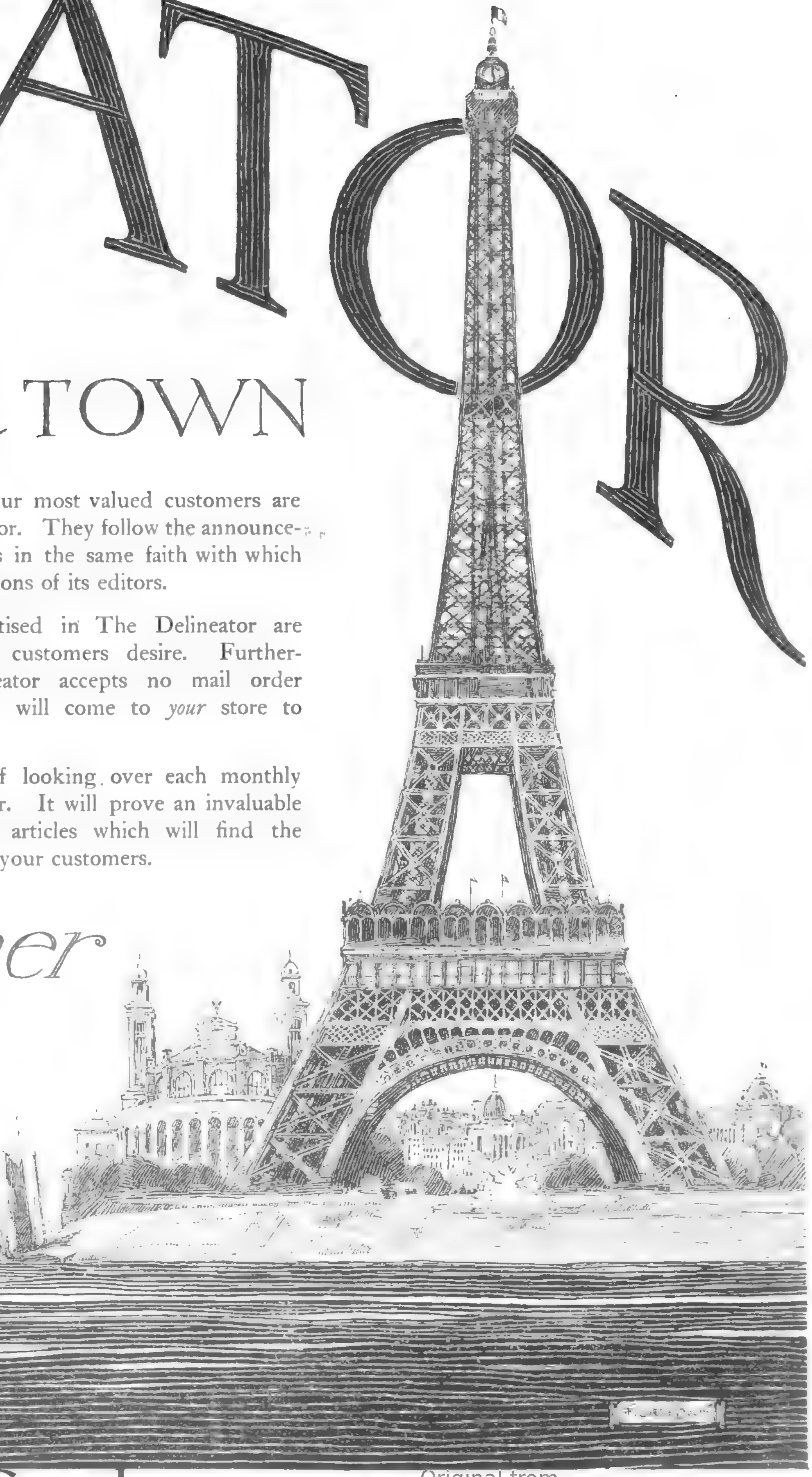

THE WOMAN'S PORTION

(Continued from page 48)

for both of us. The separation allowance is a loss, but you shan't regret it. You and I, lassie"—as he said this he looked at her very tenderly, "you and I, side by side, against all the world. An' we'll be happy as birds, little girl—you and me and the kid. Nothin' won't come between us. No doubt they'll want to recruit me again. P'raps they'll do it. But trust me to do silly Billy." He grinned and shook his head. "Yes, in spite of his previous experience, it'll take them a long time to drill Jimmy Walton. The war'll be finished before *they're* finished. So cheero, sweetheart;" and he kissed her. "Now, peep out and see if any one's about?"

She unlocked and opened the door.

"All quiet?"

"Yes."

"You were asleep when I came in. Go back and sit as you was then."

She obeyed him, going to the chair by the table and sitting there with the newspaper on her lap.

"Understand," he whispered. "You are asleep. If any one opens the door or asks questions, you know nothing. Nothing whatever has occurred. By-by. So long."

And he stole out of the room.

IT SEEMED to her that the walls of the room were fading, and that light began to shine through them. The light came stronger; everything opened and widened till she saw a broad tract of country, with the sun shining on ruined buildings, broken wire, and shattered trenches. It was as real as what had happened just now. The chalky, torn ground, the pathway over loose stones, the pile where walls had fallen—all was solid in the bright sunlight. Soldiers were walking; soldiers were lying down—not moving, lying in all attitudes, quite, still, dead. And suddenly she knew that her man would be among them, somewhere among the motionless figures, not among the soldiers who moved.

Every moment the vision became clearer and stronger. And she understood everything. This was a village just captured by our troops, at great cost—the dead men in khaki seemed so many. The dead men in gray were Germans. They had fought hard, but we had beaten them again. Two English officers with an orderly were looking at the dead. She watched them; she could hear their voices.

"This was where B Company caught it, sir," said one of the officers. "Good old B Company. They weren't to be denied."

"They never are," said the other officer; and she knew that they must be the colonel and the adjutant.

Ah! They had found him. The younger officer stooped and raised the heavy head, looked into the sightless eyes. It was her man.

"Wade. Corporal Wade, sir."

"Bad luck," said the colonel. "There wasn't a truer-hearted man in the Battalion.

The adjutant had picked up something and was looking at it. They both looked at it. "He must have brought this out after he was hit and died with it in his hands."

"What is it?"

"A photograph, I expect, sir."

She knew well what it was—the little leather case with her picture that she had given him such a long time ago. He had promised to carry it always.

They opened the case, looked inside, and read the inscription:

"*Lizzie,* 1915!"

"His wife," said the colonel. "Poor woman! Write to her for me—write to her very nicely, and say he was beloved by all. Tell her he died as he would have wished, leading his section to the attack. Say he did not die in vain."

Instantaneously the vision faded. All was darkness, blankness; then the walls of the room showed again in the dull lamplight.

She had been leaning forward in her chair with outstretched arms. Now she sank upon her knees and raised her arms above her head.

"O God," she cried, "Merciful God, give me the choice. Make the other only a dream. Make it like this. Let him have died—for his wife's sake, for his child's sake, for the honor of the Empire."

She staggered to her feet, rubbing her eyes, and sobbing convulsively.

The baby was awake, too, and she went to the cradle to quiet him. "Oh, dear, oh, dear. Mother's had such dreams—such cruel dreams. Ssh! There—there—there."

Suddenly she started, rushed to the cupboard, and opened it. The shelves were empty, except for the tea-things and groceries that had been there hours before. Then she went to the chair by the table, and looked at Mr. Jardine's flannel jacket and trousers. They lay on the chair just as she had folded them. They had not been touched.

A man's voice sounded from the court down below—a man's voice shouting "Lizzie!" There came a noise of people in the stone entrance hall, and on the stone stairs. The man's voice was singing on the stairs: "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary."

SHE stood in the middle of the room with her hand upon her heart, staring at the door.

"Lizzie! Lizzie!"

The door opened, and he burst into the room—her man. He was in full equipment, excited, happy, gay. He put his rifle against the wall, and took her in his arms.

"Liz, my darling."

"You've come back? You—you're alive?"

"Alive! Can't you see me? Can't you feel me?" And he hugged and kissed her. "Alive? Lor' lumme. Wild with life! *In the pink!*"

"But how have you come? Why have you come?"

"What d'ye mean? I've come for Liz—an' the boy. Where's my son? Show me my son."

But she had got between him and the cradle; she was holding him, struggling with him wildly.

"Yes, yes," she gasped, "but tell me."

"Don't keep me from my son."

Still she detained him. "You've not come back for good an' all?"

"For good an' all! Peace hasn't been declared—not as I've heard."

"And you're going to return to the Battalion—I mean soon?"

"I'm going in ten days—not before."

"They've given you ten days' leave?"

"Yes;" and he took her by the shoulders, held her at arm's length, and looked hard at her. "Liz, this isn't the welcome I expected. What's up? What's wrong?"

"Nothing. It's all right," and she writhed, and clung to him. "Oh, kiss me again. I've had such dreams of you. But this is true. No dreams. Ten days of heaven. You and I."

"Yes, you and I."

"Oh, Jim, my brave dear husband! There," and she stood aside, raised her head high, and spoke very proudly: "Come and see your son."

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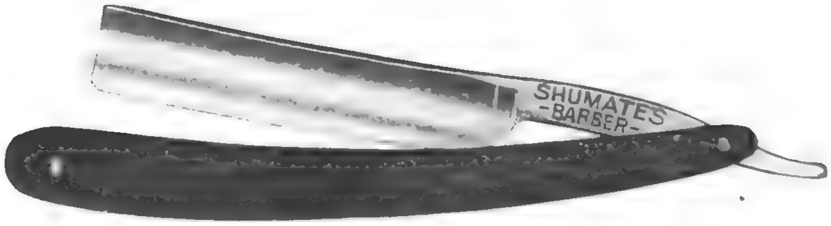

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TAM O' THE SCOOTS

(*Continued from page 62*)

the clouds into the rain and a dim view of a bedraggled earth.

"There's Burley," said Blackie, clad in a long oilskin and a sou'wester as he checked off the home-coming adventurers. "Do you ever notice how his machine always looks lop-sided? There's Galbraith and Mosen—who's that fellow on the Morane? Oh, yes, that's Parker-Smith. H'm!"

"What's wrong?"

"Where's Tam—I hope those beggars didn't catch him— There he is, the devil!"

Tam was doing stunts. He was side-slipping, nose-diving and looping—he was, in fine, setting up all those stresses which a machine under extraordinary circumstances might have to endure.

"He always does that with a new machine, sir," said Captain Blackie's companion. "I've never understood why, because if he found a weak place, he'd be too dead for the information to be of any service to him."

LATER, when Tam condescended to bring himself to earth, Blackie asked him.

"Why do you do fool stunts, Tam? The place to test the machine is on the ground?"

"Ye're wrong, sirr," said Tam quietly; "the groond's a fine place to test a wee perambulator or a motor-car or a pair of buits—but it's no' the place to test an aeroplane. The aeroplane an' the submarine maun be tried oot in their native eelements."

"But suppose you *did* succeed in breaking something—and you went to glory?"

"Aye," said Tam quietly, "an' suppose A'm goin' oop wi' matchless coorage to save ma frien's frae the ravishin' Hoon an' ma machine plays hookey? Would it no' be worse for a' concairned, than if A' smash oop by mesel'?"

"Did you see Müller?"

"In the clouds. A' left him hauldin' a committee-meetin', Captain MacMuller in the cheer.

"'Resolvit,' says the cheerman, 'that this meetin', duly an' truly assembled, passes a hairty vote o' thanks to Tam o' the Scoots, the Mageecian o' the Air-r, for the grand ficht he made against a superior enemy—Carried.

"'Resolvit,' says the cheerman, 'that we'll no' tak' onny more risk, but confine oor attentions to strafin' spotters——'

"Carried wi' acclaimation. The meetin' then adjoorned to enquire after machine noomber sax, eight, sax, two, strafed in the execution of ma duty."

It seemed almost as though Tam's words were prophetic, for the next day Smyth and Curzon were attacked whilst 'spotting" for the "heavies" and fell in flames in No-Man's Land. They got Smyth in during the night and rushed him back to a base hospital; but Curzon was dead before the machine reached the ground.

The same morning Tam read in the German "Official:"

"In the course of the day Captain Müller shot down his thirtieth enemy aeroplane, which fell before the English lines."

"It were no' the English lines, but the Argyll an' Sootherland Hielanders' lines," complained Tam. "Thairty machines yon Muller ha' strafit. Weel, weel!"

He went to his room very thoughtful, and the day following, being an "off" day, he spent between the machine-shop and the hangar where the B. I. 6 reposed. It must never be forgotten that Tam was a born mechanician. To him the machine had a body, a soul, a voice, and a temperament. Noises which engines made had a peculiar significance to Tam. He not only could tell you how they were behaving, but how they would be likely to behave after two hours' running. He knew all the symptoms of their mysterious diseases and he was versed in their dietary. He "fed" his own engines, explored his own tanks, greased and cleaned with his own hands every delicate part of the frail machinery.

There was neither strut nor stay, bolt nor screw, that he did not know or had not studied, tested or replaced. He cleaned his own gun and examined, leather duster in hand, every round of ammunition he took up. He left little to chance and never went out to attack but with a "plan, an altairnitive plan an'—an open mind."

And now since Müller must be settled with, Tam was more than careful.

The difficulty about aeroplanes is that they look very much like one another. Tam fought indecisively three big white Albatross machines before a Fokker hawk darted down from the shelter of a cloud-wraith and revealed itself as the temporary preoccupation of Captain Müller.

The encounter may be told in Tam's own words.

"I' the ruthless pairsuit of his duty, Tam was patrollin' at a height o' twelve thoosand feet, his mind filled wi' beautifu' thochts aboot pay-day, when a cauld shiver passes doon the dauntless spine o' the wee hero. 'Tis a preemonition or warnin' o' peeril. He speers oop an' doon absint-mindedly fingerin' the mechanism of his seelver-plated Lewis gun. There was nawthing in sicht, nawthing to mar the glories of the morn. 'Can A' be mistaken?' asks Tam. 'Noo! A thoosand times noo!' an' wi' these fatefu' wairds, he began his peerilous climb. Maircifu' Heavens! What's yon! 'Tis the mad Muller! Sweeft as the eagle fai'ng upon his prey, fa's MacMuller, a licht o' joy in his een, his bullets twangin' like hairp-strings. But Tam the Tempest is no' bothered. Sal-lm an' a'most majeestic in his sang-frow—a French expression—he leps gaily to the fray—an' here A' am!"

"But Tam," protested Galbraith, "that's a rotten story. What happened after the lep—did you get up to him?"

"A' didna lep oop," said Tam gravely; "A' lep doon—it wis no' the time to ficht—it wis the time to flee—an' A'm a fleein' mon."

That he would deliberately shrink an issue with his enemy was unthinkable. And yet he rather avoided than sought Müller after this encounter.

ONE afternoon he came to Galbraith's quarters. Galbraith was rich and young and a great sportsman.

"Can A' ha'e a waird wi' ye?" asked Tam mysteriously.

"Surely," said the boy. "Come in—you want a cigar, Tam!" he accused.

"Get awa' ahint me, Satan," said Tam piously. "A've gi'en oop cadgin' seegairs an' A' beg ye no' tae tempit a puir weak body. Just puit the box doon whair A' can reach it an' mebbe A'll help mesel' absint-minded. A' came—mon, this is a bonnie smawk! Ye maun pay an awfu' lot for these. Twa sheelin's each! Ech! It's sinfu' wi' so many puir souls in need—A'll tak' a few wi' me when A' go, to distreebute to the sufferin' mechanics. Naw, it is na for seegairs A'm beggin', na this time—but ha'e ye an auld suit o' claes ye'll no be wantin'?"

"A suit? Good Lord, yes, Tam," said Galbraith, jumping down from the table on which he was seated. "Do you want it for yourself?"

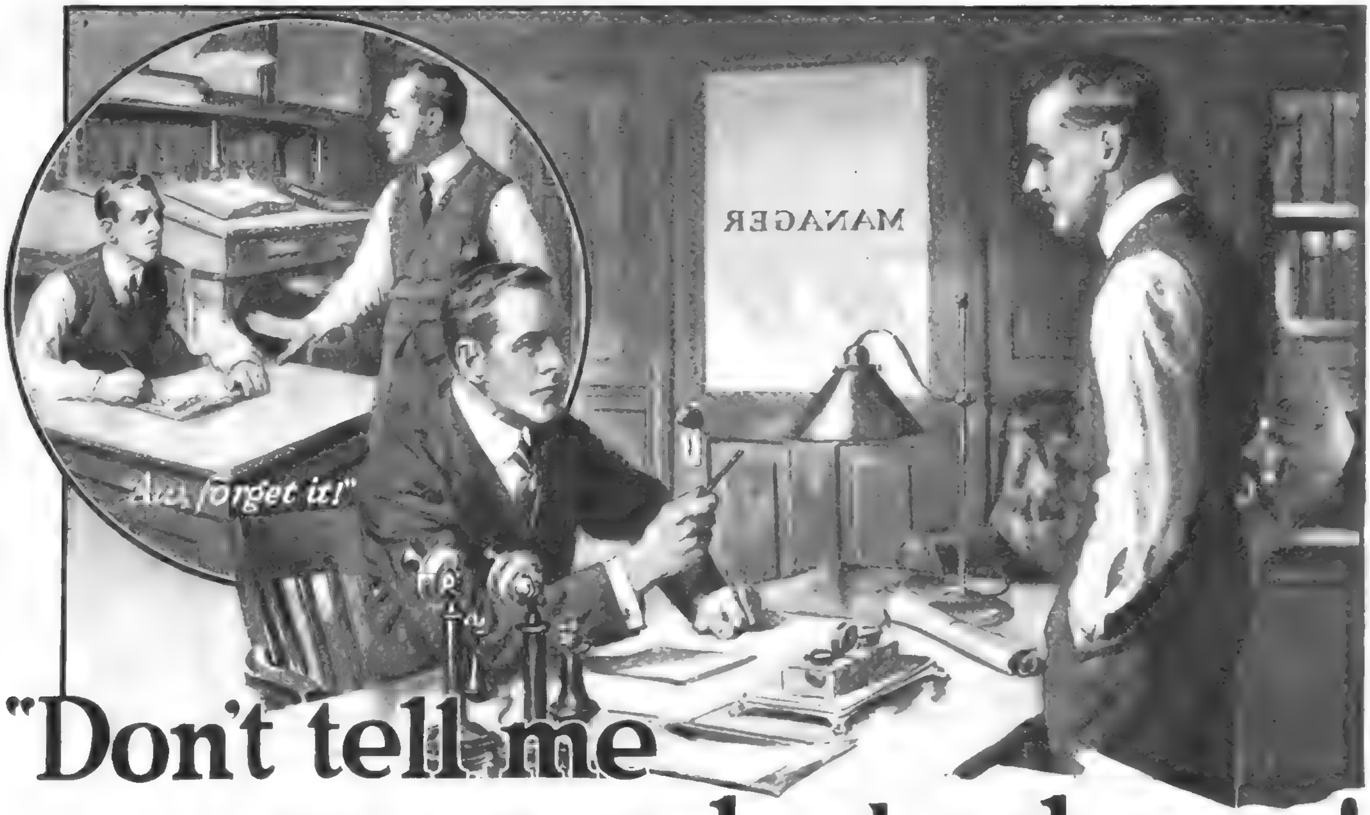
"Well," replied Tam cautiously, "A' do an' A' doon't—it's for ma frien' Fitzroy McGinty, the celebrated MacMuller mairderer."

Galbraith looked at him with laughter in his eyes.

"Fitzroy McGinty?" "And who the devil is Fitzroy McGinty?"

Tam cleared his throat.

"Ma frien' Fitzroy McGinty, is like Tam, an oornament o' the Royal Fleein' Coor. Oor hero was borr-rn in affluent saircumstances, his faither bein' the laird o' Maclacity, his mither a Fitzroy o' Soosex. Fitz McGinty lived i' a graund castle wi' thoosands o' sairvants to wait on him, an' he ate his parritch wi' a deemond spune. All seemed rawsy for the wee boy, but yin day, accused o' the mairder o' the butler an' the bairglary of his brothers'



"Don't tell me you never had a chance!

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TAM O' THE SCOOTS

troosers, he rin frae hame, crossin' to Ameriky, wheer he foon' employment wi' a rancher as coo-boy. Whilst there, his naturally adventurous speerit brocht him into contact wi' Alkili Pete the Road-Agent—ye ken the feller that haulds oop the Deadville stage?"

"Oh, I ken him all right," said the patient Galbraith; "but, honestly, Tam—who is your friend?"

"Ma frien' Angus McCarthy?"

"You said Fitzroy McGinty just now."

"Oh, aye," said Tam hastily, "'twas ain of his assoomed names."

"You're a humbug—but here's the kit. Is that of use?"

"Aye."

Tam gathered the garments under his arm and took a solemn farewell.

"Ye'll be meetin' Rabbie again—A'means Angus, Mr. Galbraith—but A'd be glad if ye'd no mention to him that he's weerin' yeer claes."

He went to a distant store and for the rest of the day, with the assistance of a mechanic, he was busy creating the newest recruit to the Royal Flying Corps. Tam was thorough and inventive. He must not only stuff the old suit with wood shavings and straw, but he must unstuff it again, so that he might thread a coil of pliable wire to give the figure the necessary stiffness.

"Ye maun hae a backbone if ye're to be an obsairver, ma mannie," said Tam, "an' noo for yeer bonnie face—Horace, will ye pass me the plaister o' Paris an' A'll gi' ye an eemitation o' Michael Angy-low, the celebrated face-maker."

His work was interluded with comments on men and affairs—the very nature of his task brought into play that sense of humor and that stimulation of fancy to which he responded with such readiness.

"A' doot whither A'll gi'e ye a moostacho," said Tam, surveying his handiwork, "it's no necessairy to a fleein'-mon, but it's awfu' temptin' to an airtist."

He scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Ye should be more tanned, Angus," he said and took up the varnish brush.

At last the great work was finished. The dummy was lifelike even outside of the setting which Tam had planned. From the cap (fastened to the plaster head by tacks) to the gloved hands, the figure was all that an officer of the R. F. C. might be, supposing he were pigeon-toed and limp of leg.

THE next morning Tam called on Blackie in his office and asked to be allowed to take certain liberties with his machine, a permission which, when it was explained, was readily granted. He went up in the afternoon and headed straight for the enemy's lines. He was flying at a considerable height, and Captain Müller, who had been on a joy ride to another sector of the line and had descended to his aerodrome, was informed that a very high-flying spotter was treating "archie"[1] fire with contempt and had, moreover, dropped random bombs which, by the greatest luck in the world, had blown up a munition reserve.

"I'll go up and scare him off," said Captain Müller. He focussed a telescope upon the tiny spotter.

"It looks more like a fast scout than a spotter," he said, "yet there are obviously two men in her."

He went up in a steep climb, his powerful engines roaring savagely. It took him longer to reach his altitude than he had anticipated. He was still below the alleged spotter with its straw-stuffed observer when Tam dived for him.

All that the nursing of a highly trained mechanic could give to an engine, all of precision that a cold blue eye and a steady hand could lend to a machine gun, all that an unfearing heart could throw into that one wild, superlative fling, Tam gave. The engine pulled to its last ounce, the wings and stays held to the ultimate stress.

"Tam!" said Müller to himself and smiled, for he knew that death had come.

He fired upward and banked over—then he waved his hand in blind salute, though he had a bullet in his heart and was one with the nothingness about him.

Tam swung round and stared fiercely as Müller's machine fell. He saw it strike the earth, crumple and smoke.

"Almichty God," said the lips of Tam, "look after that yin! He wis a bonnie fichter an' had a gay hairt, an' he knaws richt weel A' had no malice agin him—Amen!"

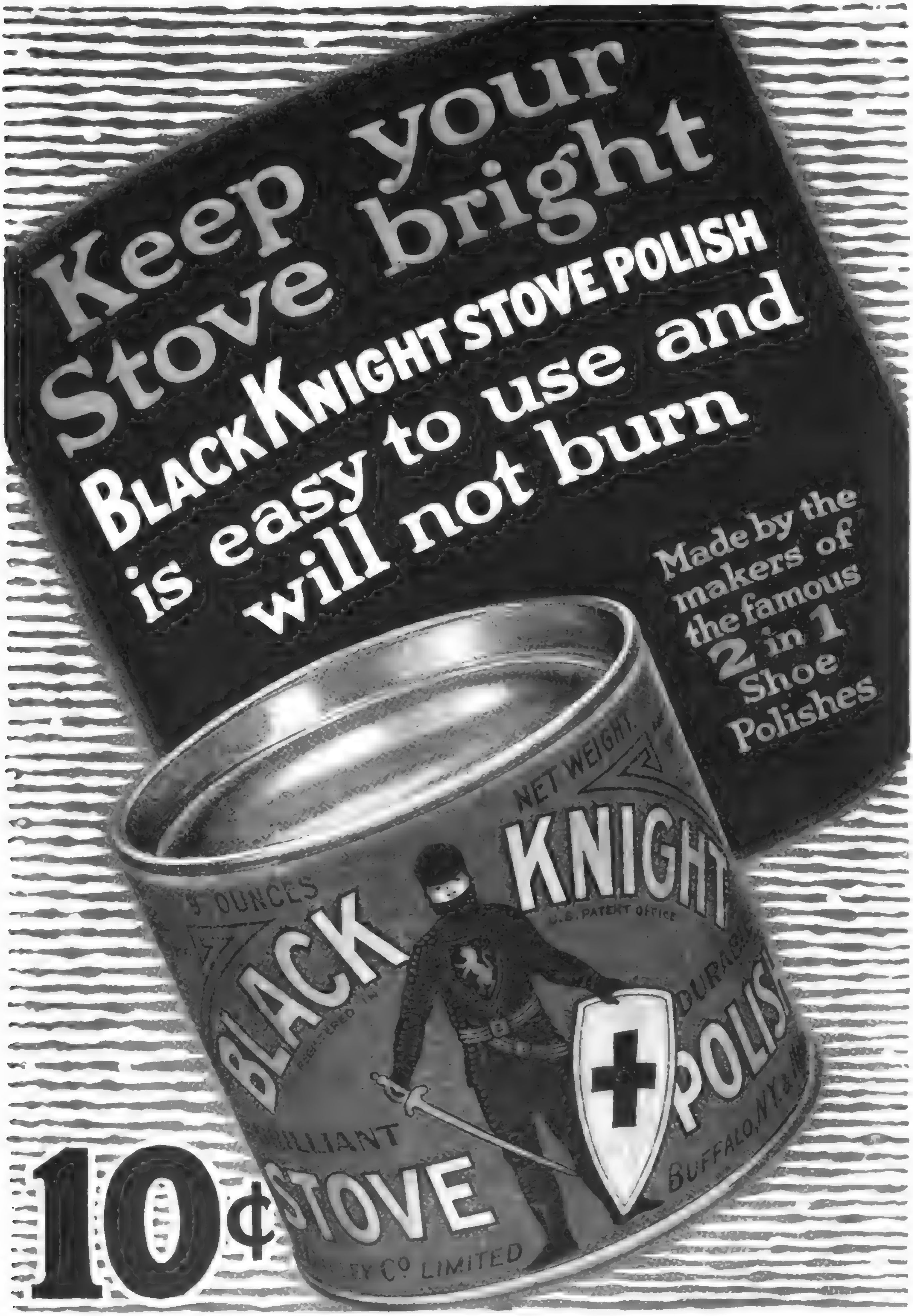
MARGOT OF ALSACE

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

"YOU laid your little white veil away,
Margot—
The veil of your first-communion day,
Seven long years ago—
The veil that covered your smooth, brown head
When first you knelt for the holy bread.
Think you again to wear it so,
That little white veil of yours,
Margot?"

"Oh, twice again shall my veil be worn,
Grand'mère—
When the flags of France shall spring new-born,
Free to the sun and air;
And raised in the arms of a million men
Alsace shall come to her own again.
Surely, that day I would be fair,
Worthy of France and Alsace,
Grand'mère."

"But when again will you wear your veil,
Margot?
And why do you blush who were so pale,
Red as a rose aglow?"
"I shall wear it again when before the priest
I take the bread of another feast,
And a soldier of France shall raise it there
For the kiss that he gives to his bride,
Grand'mère—
Grand'mère."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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

HEADING AND SKETCHES BY RALPH BARTON

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.*

UNCLE LIGE bought a clock, so tall that it was almost impossible to get it into the house. The old man was extremely proud of it, and found it very good company. He would lie awake nights to hear it tick. One night the clock got out of order, and began to strike.

The old man awoke and counted one hundred and two. He promptly sat up in bed, and calling to his wife said, "Cynthy, get up, get up. It's later than I've ever knowed it to be."

THE Bergson-Pollyanna school of philosophy has a member in New England who has never been known to surrender to an awkward situation. He is subject, moreover, to spells of added illumination. While in this condition last summer he took it into his head to call upon a friend, whose home is at the summit of a high hill. The road is very steep, and on that occasion was deep in mud. A little way up the ascent his car stalled. For a long time his friend heard the roaring of a gasoline engine down the road, but did not investigate. At the end of half an hour, or so, he went out and discovered the philosopher sitting in beaming content, while the engine chugged and pounded and smoked. Suggestions of help were declined, and the friend returned to his house. But as the din continued, he at length went back again.

"Say, Walt," he shouted, "I'll get you a couple of boards so you can get out of here."

"Get out o' here? Don' wanna get out o' here! Like it sh' well I'm gonna shen' for muh family."

ONE of the girls in a cooking-class was asked: "Did you wash that fish before you baked it?"

"No; what's the use?" was the reply. "It has lived in the water all its life."

WILLIAM J. BRYAN told this story recently to a Western audience to illustrate his attitude on the presidential question, as concerning himself.

A Western cowboy once decided to attend a dance which was being held in the second-story dance-hall in his town. He was comfortably well fortified with liquid cheer, and had hardly climbed the outside stairway, and appeared on the dance floor before the floor manager arrived and quietly escorted him out.

He went down, imbibed a few more drinks, and came back. This time he was hustled out a little more promptly and with much less ceremony.

After further attempts to drown the sting of these rebuffs he essayed a third visit. This time he had hardly opened the door when a well-placed kick sent him spinning down the stairs to terra firma.

Sitting up and rubbing a variety of bruises, he remarked:

"By gosh, they can't fool me — they don't want me up there."

A FARMER who had never seen golf played before was watching a game and was invited to try a shot. Accepting, he was handed a driver and a ball was teed up for him. He made a terrific drive, the ball landing on the putting-green about two inches from the cup. He walked up, looked at it and exclaimed: "Gosh! Missed it!"

"CUTHBERT," murmured the poet's wife, as she lit her cigaret with a rejection slip, "why doesn't any one want your stuff?"

Her husband shuddered.

"I am an unhappy medium," he quavered, "and a victim of forehead discrepancies. What I write is too low for highbrows, and too high for lowbrows."

A RETIRED naval officer tells a story of a visit made by an American fleet to British waters. Admiral Erben was in command, with the late Captain Alfred T. Mahan, the writer on naval affairs, as his flag captain.

One morning, it appears, Captain Mahan came to his admiral with an invitation he had received, to dine with a duke.

"I can't accept this," said Captain Mahan, "as they forgot to invite you."

"I should say you couldn't," growled the admiral. "I'll answer for you."

Whereupon the admiral wrote: "Admiral Erben, United States Navy, regrets that Captain Mahan, his flag captain, can not accept the invitation of the Duke of Blank. Captain Mahan is on the sick-list."

An hour or so later a messenger from the duke returned with invitations for the admiral and the captain. This time the admiral wrote:

"Admiral Erben accepts with pleasure the invitation for Captain Mahan and himself. He wishes also to advise the Duke of Blank that he has taken Captain Mahan off the sick-list."

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

Letters from French Priests at the Front

Collected by Victor Bucaille and Translated by Marc Logé

To Cheer the Grumblers

(From a Lieutenant-Priest.)

THE idea that the obedience of my troop depended upon its good spirits, haunted me. I believe that I was obliged to discover the word that would restore calm to it. But what word? My religious convictions had led me directly to God. Should I speak to them of God? The moment was serious.

The remembrance of the time of my military service warned me to act with prudence in matters of faith. I was loath to risk provoking a burst of laughter or a coarse jest as answer. However, in the darkness I heard the same sad reflections, the same depressing litany and contagious discouragement. These continued until their very monotony caused them to cease.

At last a voice cried out: "*Zut!* If I'm done for, I know it's fate, so much the worse for me."

I could not refrain from retaliating: "Dying or living does not concern you."

The reply came immediately: "My own skin does not concern me? Then what does, I'd like to know?"

"To do your duty, to obey and to fight as best you can. *That* concerns you! Your life belongs to God. You will not escape from the destiny He has reserved for you here below. But if you die *en brave*, you will have accomplished the divine law, whereas if you die in stupid fear, you will have missed your fate!"

I ceased speaking. Shrapnel lightning dazzled us and invisible bullets grazed our clothing, freezing our limbs, and long, cold drops ran down our backs . . .

The men's silence seemed very long to me. I listened amidst the clattering of the shells striving to find out what was agitating their souls. At last one of them announced in a tone that indicated he was evidently seeking approbation:

"It's true all the same. The good God is really the good God!"

Another added: "Of course!"

A third chimed in: "*From every point of view, it is best to do one's duty.*"

I ventured: "It is late. Our beds are made and we are in them. Before wishing each other good night suppose we were to say our prayers?"

The man who had answered first replied: "I'm willing, if you'll begin."

I recited the Lord's Prayer. I'm almost sure that thirty voices in the trench answered, and that they were more numerous for the Ave Maria. But I am even more certain that at daybreak all my *poilus* were sleeping, that they awoke joking with each other, and that the following night they gave the Boches a terrible thrashing, when these tried to surprise them. . . .

A Charge North of Arras

(From Abbé Joseph G——, Sub-Lieutenant of the X—— Regiment of Infantry, and a Priest attached to the Patronage of Good Counsel of Paris.)

I HAD a regiment whose faith and piety provoked the admiration of all. . . . My poor regiment is now almost entirely in heaven! I am proud of my Bretons, who charged as true Christian knights. Ah, how fine it was! But, alas! my heart bleeds when I think of all those who are sleeping their last sleep in the plain north of Arras. . . . Most of my brave soldiers had confessed themselves, and many of them carried the image of the Sacred Heart on their *képi* or on their breast.

With what heart, with what a simple, faithful courage they left, carrying their bayonets high, and trotting.

I had asked leave to charge in the first line. My colonel refused and kept me near him. At ten o'clock precisely the assault began. I stood on the parapet of the trench. There was not the least hesitation in the whole line. I still see Du C——, captain of the Seventh Regiment, standing on the trench parapet making a large sign of the cross and crying to his men:

"Come, my children, for God and for France! *En avant! Chargez!*"

The waves follow each other, the enemy's fire breaks out, machine-gun fire of an astounding density. Bullets whistle, the earth flies. My colonel orders me to descend, for a real sheet of lead is falling all around us. But I no longer hear anything.

I see the line of our men mown down; one company alone reaches the Boche trench, a few even gain the enemy's parapets, and spring into the trench. I foresee that the attack is going to be hard and success most difficult. My colonel feels this also. I cock my revolver. Forward!

An almoner, Abbé——, is near us. He wishes to be the first to climb on the parapet in his cassock. "*En avant, mes amis, et vive Dieu!*" He has not taken three steps forward before he is hit. I believe him to be dead, but he is only wounded. My colonel orders me to send the almoner to the relief post, which I do as quickly as possible, and return to the colonel to charge.

Those few minutes have modified the whole plan; the attack has been postponed until the evening. I go over to a machine-gun captain who is a friend of mine; tears stand in his eyes. Two chiefs of sections have just been wounded at his side. I say a few words to him; a shell bursts near me. They are hitting hard. Their 105's are falling on us without intermission.

An artillery man cries out to me, "Attention! Come here!" Good advice, for the 105 shell overturns the trench in which I was standing; I am merely covered with earth. Some wounded are crying out. One of them confesses himself, proclaiming his sins loudly, and then dies. I minister to them as well as I can. I dress a few wounds without leaving the colonel.

I am absolutely calm, but heartbroken. Action prevents me from thinking of death, which is ceaselessly mowing down men around me.

All day long the struggle is incessant. I am covered with the blood of the wounded or dead. At night my ministration redoubles in intensity. I am priest, soldier, doctor, at the same time. At two o'clock in the morning I lie down on the ground, exhausted. At four o'clock what joy! Du C—— falls into my arms. Some men have at last returned, thirty-seven out of a battalion!

The others have suffered less, but a good deal all the same. The officers are nearly all killed or wounded. With daylight the struggle recommences, but we no longer leave the trenches; we receive bombs and shells in our faces. Still the 105's, always the 105's! I am almost ashamed of being neither wounded nor killed. Really, God does not want me, and it is most humiliating. At least, pray for me, so that soon, if God wills, I may give my life for France on a fine day, in full victory!

Whilst Waiting Death

(This letter was found on the body of Abbé Guillard, Sergeant in the X—— Regiment of Infantry, on the battle-field of the Marne. He was a pupil at the great seminary of Chavannes, in Paillers.

9th September, 1914.
5. P. M.

ALL MY DEAR ONES:

When you receive this letter your Doudou will be gone to heaven, or else some charitable Germans will have picked him up on the battle-field.

Yesterday morning, the 8th of September, at about half-past six, whilst you were at mass, I was hit, in full battle, by a bullet which pierced my thigh. I fell.

I am still lying in the very same spot, for by a very unworthy resemblance to my sweet Saviour upon His cross, I am really nailed to my cross, being unable to move my leg even the fraction of an inch. When I do not move I hardly suffer from my wound, but I do suffer keenly from thirst.

My spirits are very good, and I experience no anguish. My crucifix is before me and I pray whilst awaiting the will of God. You know that I had made the sacrifice of my life before leaving. I have renewed the sacrifice many times since yesterday morning, and I renew it again once more with all it may please the good God to add or to retrench from it.

I do not fear death. I have seen it and still see it from too close quarters at this very moment. It contains nothing horrible since it brings happiness. I beg you that your own sorrow may be silent, resigned, almost joyful. My great pain is to leave you, but I know that I shall meet you all again.

Between Two Assaults

(From Abbé F. G——, priest of the diocese of Quimper.

JUST about the time when we were telling our beads sadly in the relief post, the soldiers, believing that they were not visible, occasionally ventured to peep at those on the other side. All at once a sinister "*plak*" resounded and a trooper, seeing his neighbor lean suddenly forward on the edge of the trench, said to him slyly:

"Oh! you were afraid! It was a close shave!"

Alas! no, for the man had died without even uttering a sound: the bullet had pierced right through his skull.

The news arrives at the relief post, and I prepare myself to accompany the stretcher-bearers who are going to fetch the body so as to bury it with the prayers and honors due to it, in the little cemetery where the Bretons and the Vendéens of the —— Regiment await, in a slumber respected by all, the hour when there will no longer be either Frenchmen or Germans, in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

The trench is hardly five hundred meters distant from the village, but as the road is quite open and follows a slope facing the enemy, we are obliged to pass through a wood and walk at least two kilometers in an ever-increasing rain, along steep paths covered with a sticky mud, in which one slips at each step, and occasionally falls.

We must have a guide. The commander of the battalion would no doubt give us one, but where can we find him?

At this very moment we pass some cooks provided with a large zinc wash-tub, who are about to prepare a stew of ingredients of a very good quality, but which a two-kilometer walk in a blinding rain will neither improve nor heat! (It's a hard job, the one of cook. By day they fight, by night they come and go to prepare the meals, happy if, on their return journey, they do not mistake the trenches and go to supply the Germans.)

Thanks to the directions of these "knights of the saucepan," we reach a sort of little village. On either side of the road, and rather lower than it, are ranged dug-outs, shut in by an awning which allows the weak light of a candle to filter through. Each dug-out is made for two, three, or four men, according to their luck in meeting each other or to the ties of friendship. These are the lodgings of the reserve company. A little farther off is the hut of the commander.

I address a word of sympathy and of encouragement to all, praying God that He may attach to it some supernatural influence, which may bring about the blossoming of a pious thought, of a religious remembrance, a celestial consolation, of a resolution to patient waiting and to manly accomplishment of their painful duties.

Having started again, guided by a man intrusted with the communication service, we rapidly reach the branch which ends farther along in the first-line trench, having, however, stumbled and slipped several times in the darkness, on that badly defined path, and on the steps sodden by the pitiless rain.

In this narrow branch we knock continually against the partitions. We arrive at last at the spot where the body of our unfortunate friend lies shelterless, rolled in his blanket.

The men of the section surround us, and, bare-headed, they respond respectfully to the *De Profundis*, which I recite for their comrade. *Hodie mihi, cras tibi!* It is quite impossible to lay him on the stretcher, which we could not carry through the narrow, winding corridor. We must, therefore, hoist him above the parapet of the trench, and there, unprotected from the enemy, we placed him on the stretcher. Happily, the Germans do not see us.

The *cortège* was not always silent. But such cries as: "More to the right!" "Attention!" "Here's a shell hole!" "A root!" "Walk in the water because elsewhere it's slippery." "Hold on, I'm getting up again!"—do not interfere with one's respect, when one is preoccupied in preventing the body from sliding off the stretcher. And it did not slip once. Our guide took the wrong road twice, but in spite of that we reached our destination three hours after our departure.

The corpse passed the night in the little church, and on the morrow, long before daybreak, I uttered the last prayers over his grave.

Decorated by the General-in-Chief

(From Abbé G——, Sergeant of the —— Infantry Regiment, Seminarist of the diocese of Albi.

IN SPITE of the bad weather, Thursday was a very fine day for me. I spent it at Châlons, where I had gone to receive the Military Medal from the hands of General Joffre.

The ceremony took place in the presence of about fifteen thousand men, of fifteen generals, and of the foreign military attachés. We were about fifty waiting to be decorated. Before proceeding with the ceremony, General Joffre found a kind word for each of us.

"You are very young to receive the Military Medal, sergeant," he said to me.

"I'm twenty-three, *mon général!*"

"Twenty-three! Do you know that I waited until I was sixty-three before receiving it? Are you glad?"

"I'm awfully proud of it, *mon général.*"

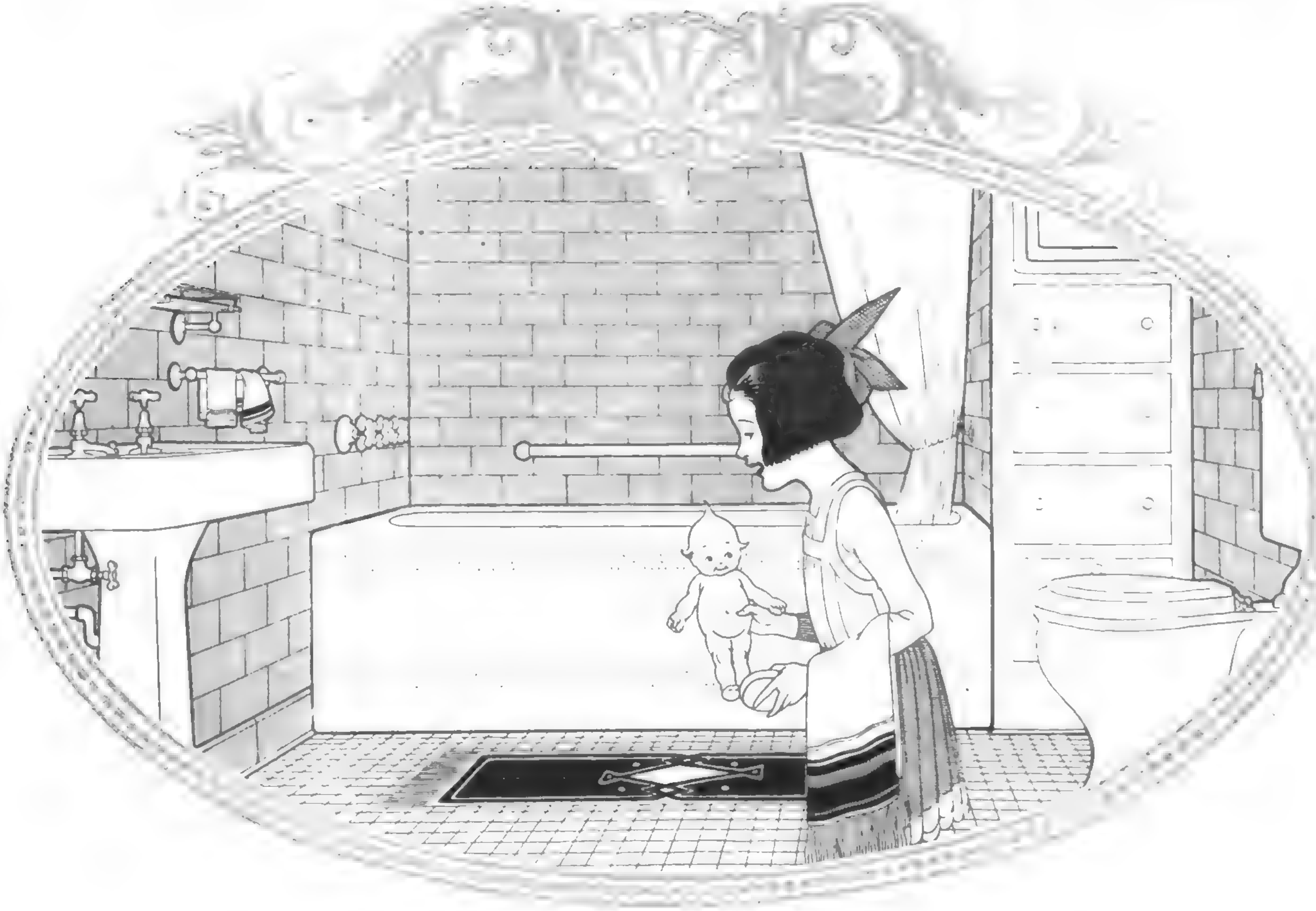
"So am I!"

This short dialogue was followed by two hearty kisses.

I can not tell you what I felt when the heavy mustache of the general brushed my cheeks; in such a moment one does not live!

You must acknowledge there is something very stirring for a young man of twenty-three to be thus embraced by that great old man, for a sergeant to be decorated by a General-in-Chief!

I really believe that joy and pride are about to turn my head. True, I need only look around me to convince myself that I am not worth any more than the others, and that others might and even *should* have received that which was given to me. Besides, the Holy Virgin, who wished that this honor should be conferred upon me on the day of her festival, will surely know how to prevent it from hurting me.



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·H·S·V·U·S·

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

THE HERE-AND-NOW JOB

WE REMINDED ourselves, last month, of our Greater Task — the task which gives the High-School Volunteers of the United States a meaning in our country and in these times, the task in which the whole war-ridden world labors, the task of building a Better Citizenship — American and world-wide.

We set down, clearly, our why and wherefore, against the background of these days; located ourselves on the map of the world-purposes; staked our claim in the land of as yet unworked ideals, toward which all the world now lifts up its eyes—so that we might never lose ourselves seeking after outworn illusions; never spend ourselves for the things which have brought woe to our world; never forget that our task is the task of building better citizens of America—and of the world.

SO MUCH for where we're going.

Where do we start? How do we start? We ten thousand little American towns, with our ten thousand high schools and our million young Americans?

The first steps to all great goals seem insignificant, irrelevant. The shortest way to great achievements is often the longest way round. But to attain at all, this first step on this roundabout way must be taken; for by the street of By-and-By we arrive at the house of Never.

So with our high vision of American, of world citizenship. Binding our land like its great rivers, circling the globe like the seven seas, it takes its rise in a myriad rills, in a thousand acts, in a thousand ways. The High-School Volunteers of the United States is one, only one of these rills, those ways toward the making of better citizenship, but one that may swell the strength and volume of the tide, if the high school of every community in the land will but begin, here and now, on the job, on its own little job, on the smaller tasks, the while holding in its mind the Greater Task.

And this here-and-now job, what is it?

To organize in your town, in your high school, a corps of High-School Volunteers. You, as a boy, as a teacher, as a father or a mother, to do this. How? By talking it, writing it to other boys, girls, teachers, parents, school authorities, to other towns, if your own already has taken the step.

Send to us for suggestions, for information, for any assistance or enlightenment you may need to start here and now the current of your own little stream moving toward the goal of better citizenship. Don't depend too much upon the Government to help you, with equipment, with instructors. They're busy at Washington. They are busy with the here-and-now-or-never job of making a better world citizenship possible at all or anywhere. We and those working with us must be preparing, unaided for a time, to make use of the opportunity they at Washington are winning for us.

To make your community always conscious in these days of its part in the world's Greater Task, you must have something to represent that task, something concrete, something always living it and doing it before their eyes, something organized, volunteering to train for and act good citizenship, act health, strength, cleanness, loyalty, justice, cooperation—in a word, you must have something like a corps of High-School Volunteers.

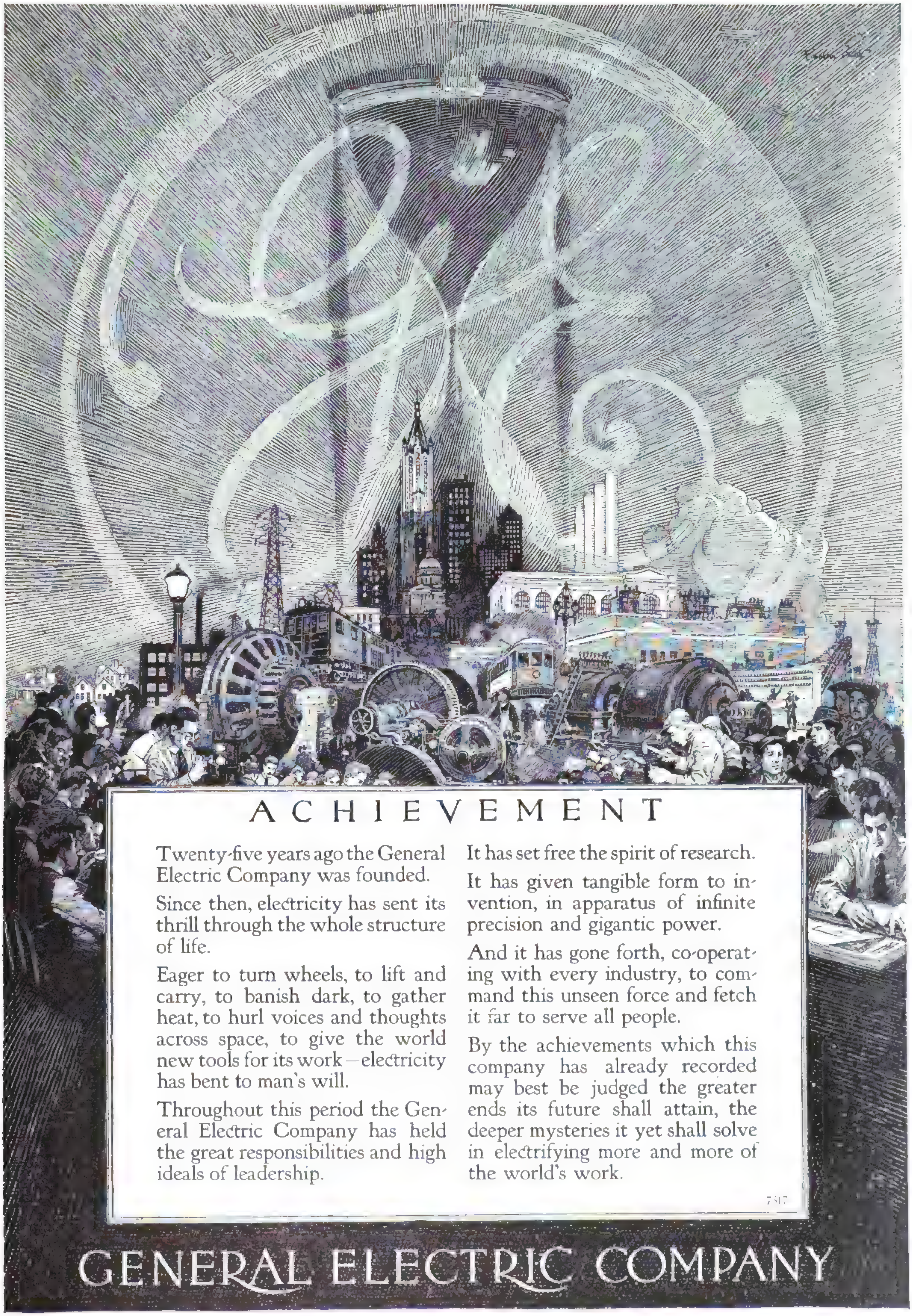
Organize them, and make it an act of the community. Let the equipment for their training, the cooperation in their work, their games, the stimulus and enthusiasm for their efforts rise from the community and come to them with a blessing from the community, whose hopes, they, its young manhood and future citizens, represent.

And remember, when you have done this or if you have already done it, that you have only begun the here-and-now job. The community is the real trainer of these youthful volunteers, your city their real equipment, their greatest laboratory in which to study what good citizenship means. In the cities of Sparta the training of every youth to the duties of citizenship was the obligation and task of the entire community, not only of a special set of instructors. The distinctive idea of the H. S. V. U. S. is that it aims to train for citizenship directly—by *doing*. These boys should be continually provided by the community with opportunities to act their good citizenship. Real opportunities, real jobs, assigned the corps by the Health Department, the Police Department, the Chamber of Commerce: helping to guard the community against disease and crime, protecting the younger children, lending and gaining dignity at public ceremonies and special occasions. Thousand and one the services the Volunteers may be given to perform, if the community realizes its part in their training.

Every such corps of High-School Volunteers must be made to feel by the whole community that it is related to every other similar corps in the country, that it is part of a great national organization striving to stand as a living symbol of America's faith in the idea of good citizenship, which America is spending her blood and her sinew to keep alive in the world. It is for each community to insist that its corps of Volunteers be more than a mere object of local pride, that its corps of Volunteers be represented in the annual national reviews and games of the H. S. V. U. S., where young America comes together to do homage to a great idea, and brings the spirit of all old America with it.

FIVE big cities and fifty smaller ones have begun, just only begun, on this definite, immediate task. Why not more? Why not more, not only *beginning* but *carrying through*, this year, this here-and-now step toward the Greater Task? Six hundred thousand boys in the high schools of the country, about to become citizens in name, are waiting to be made citizens in fact, by a little simple, direct training that every high school can give—that every community can give. To every American, to every American community that has at heart the Greater Task of the world, this is a clear call, a first step, a here-and-now duty.

The H. S. V. U. S. Manual, by Captain E. Z. Steever and Lieutenant J. L. Frink, will be published in November by the J. B. Lippincott Company. It covers all phases of the work of the High-School Volunteers of the United States as developed by Captain Steever in his seven years' work in this field, and is intended for the use of both instructor and student.



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It has set free the spirit of research.

It has given tangible form to invention, in apparatus of infinite precision and gigantic power.

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By the achievements which this company has already recorded may best be judged the greater ends its future shall attain, the deeper mysteries it yet shall solve in electrifying more and more of the world's work.

7317

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

THE WHITE ARC

(*Continued from page 58*)

Gregory didn't much like to. Any act different in intent from what it appeared on its face to be came hard to him. But he could see that Bailey had not made the suggestion idly. So he walked into the manager's office from the corridor just after the committee of core-makers had been admitted by the other door, and stood there with a fairly well-assumed air of merely awaiting the manager's leisure to take up a matter of real importance.

"There's nothing doing in the hold-up line to-day, girls," Bailey was saying. "You run along and strike. This is a good afternoon for it. If you show up to-morrow morning when the gates open, you can all have your jobs back—all but one of you. If you don't, we'll replace you. You want to remember that we're always ready to hear complaints about hours or pay, or working conditions. But we don't like threats and they never get anything from us. That's all."

SO FAR he had been talking to the two girls who had hung back near the door. Now he turned to the third who had walked well into the room and stood near one of the open windows, courting, it appeared, the hot sunlight that was streaming in. It threw her face into the shade, but lighted in her dark hair mysterious, metallic glints of copper. Gregory had not needed the manager's, "I have something more to say to *you*," to single her out as the girl he had spoken of up-stairs as "dynamite."

Bailey must be right about her newness in the place. One couldn't have overlooked her anywhere. She was clearly not of American ancestry. She came, he guessed, from somewhere east of the axis of the Adriatic. But there was about her nothing of that squat heaviness which he associated with the Slav race. She had, on the contrary, a resilient look, as of one lightly poised, tensely strung; there was a touch of insolence about the lift of her young head.

She was dirty, of course; the foundry alone on a hot morning, without the assistance of the locomotive outside the window, would have insured that. But it struck Gregory—an utterly unsolicited and distinctly annoying emotion—that he wished she might be washed, her arms, her face, and that extraordinary hair of hers, especially. Wasn't there something almost—patrician about her features?

As Bailey rounded upon her with that truculent *you*, she turned also upon him (she had been intently watching the other girls' faces until then) and her movement had as much calculated hostility about it as his. Gregory fairly felt the shock of their encountered eyes. It was like—to take something as unlike it as possible—two knights splintering lances in the lists. And it was Bailey who was unhorsed; at any rate he had to catch his breath and the girl spoke first.

"Threats!" she said. "You don't like threats. You've made other people eat them so long it's time you learned the taste."

"Well, I'm not going to threaten you," said the manager. "I'm going to tell you two or three facts and you want to get them straight in your mind, because they're important. First fact: you're discharged. Second fact: we don't allow discharged employees hanging about the place. Third fact: we know all about you and what you're here for, and you'll probably find it more convenient and profitable to leave Riverdale, altogether, and start your game somewhere where they don't."

"And if I stay?" she asked. "If I decide I like it here?"

"The law's got resources for dealing with dangerous vagrants. I advise you not to try conclusions with it."

The girl laughed and made a contemptuous movement with her hands.

And now it struck Gregory that she was acting—playing out a scene; that if she had written Bailey's speeches for him and rehearsed him in them, he couldn't have served her purpose better.

Was he, Gregory, the audience she was playing to, or those two apron-plucking girls by the door? She hadn't looked at him once, save for a glance when he came into the room.

"The same old methods," she said, "the same old brutal stupidities: hired police, a hired judge, and a hired jail—what you call the Law. You'll never learn. There have been kings like you."

Magnificently she strode across to the door, flung it open and shepherded the girls out. Then, from the doorway, she turned back for a last word.

"Do what you can," she adjured Bailey, "then see what we can do."

She left Gregory tingling—a fact he was careful to conceal from Bailey when he congratulated the manager on his manner of dealing with the situation. They agreed, with transparent insincerity, that the girls would probably come back to work in the morning and that they had seen the last of the firebrand. Then each went back to his own work. But the memory of the scene kept nagging at Gregory all day.

He got what satisfaction he could out of his discovery that the girl had been acting. But the reflection that a genuine passion might well enough garb itself histrionically, pretty well did away with that. He wondered where the devil she came from; who she was; where she had picked up that vocabulary. There was an irritating babu touch about it—the accent of the person who has acquired, somehow, an amount of book-knowledge greater than his cultural level entitles him to.

She had negotiated the word "stupidities" quite successfully, save for the hissed s's, but she had brought the polysyllable out in the manner of one for whom it has once been an achievement. Some of her phrases stuck: "There have been kings like you." Rant, of course, but pretty good rant. Was she really prophesying the guillotine for himself and his father—and poor Bailey?

Half-way through the dictation of a letter to Hugh, late that afternoon, (Hugh was away a couple of weeks studying the welfare system in operation in some of the factories of the Lake Erie district) he broke off short and sank into an abstraction, oblivious for a long while of the expectantly poised pencil of his stenographer. If Hugh knew there was a strike on here at the works, he'd come straight back. And wouldn't it, perhaps, be a little better if he didn't come back; at least for three or four days, until they had had time to get rid of that girl? If she could stir Bailey—prosaic Bailey, and himself up—as there was no denying she had done that day—what mightn't she do to Hugh? She was dynamite. Bailey was right about that. And Hugh! . . .

"That's all," he said to the stenographer. "I'll not send that letter."

CHAPTER FIVE

Hugh Learns of the Strike

HUGH got his first news of the strike from a Chicago paper he bought Saturday noon, five days later, in Toledo. The story was on the front page and the black-faced two-column head:

RIOTING AT RIVERDALE

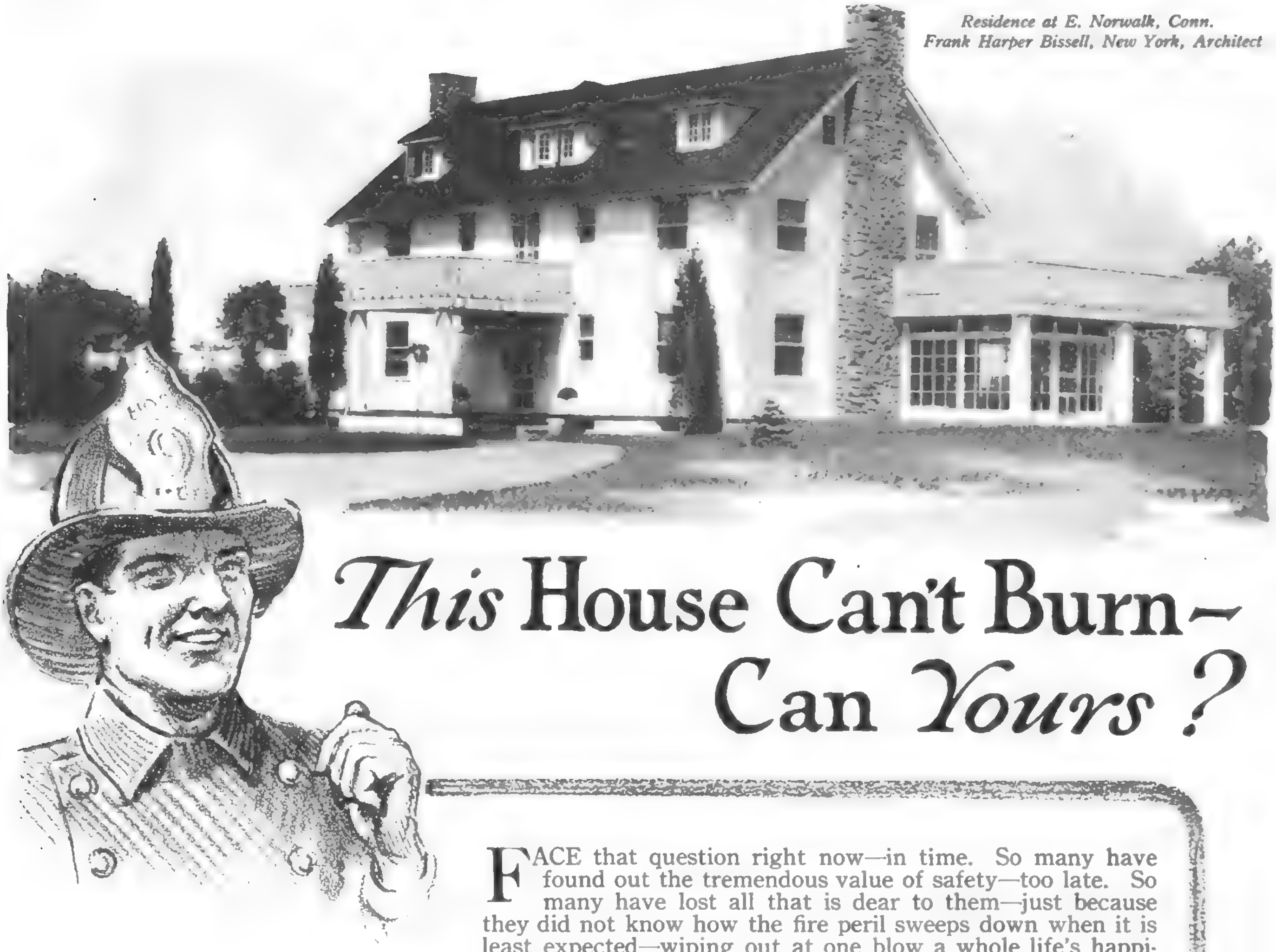
Many Hurt When Deputies Charge Strikers

Corbett Works in State of Siege

held him staring for a matter of seconds in blank incredulity. It was impossible. There was no strike at the Corbett works. Certainly he ought to know.

However, the detailed account amply confirmed the headlines. It was hard to make anything like a sequence out of it, but the trouble had apparently begun with the molders, who had walked out, Hugh gathered, three days before—on Wednesday, that would have been. Hugh could not find a statement anywhere of what their demands were.

Evidently the trouble had spread like a conflagration and had been



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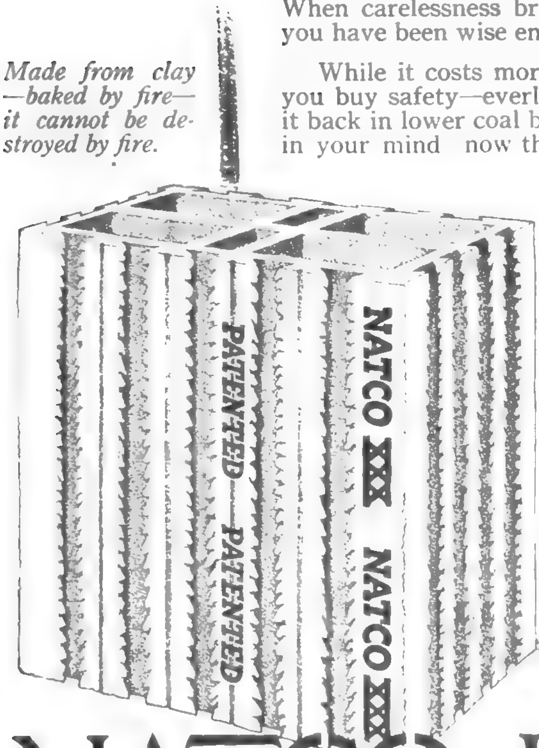

NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE

THE WHITE ARC

accompanied, from the first, by serious disorder, which by Friday morning, had reached the pitch of violence. Of that day's doings, the paper contained a fairly consecutive account. There had been rioting at all the gates in the morning, when the still loyal operatives went in to work. There had been a succession of street fights during the day, arrests and rescues, attempts to tear down or to prevent the nailing up of inflammatory placards, attempts to disperse street-corner meetings; most of which had, it appeared, more or less disastrously failed.

But the incident which furnished the material for the headlines, occurred at six o'clock that night, when the plant shut down and the hastily sworn-in deputies attacked a mob of several hundred men gathered at the Charles Street gate, to await the emergence of the workers. In this affair the deputies were roughly handled. One of them was shot, and several of them badly beaten. The number of casualties among the strikers was, of course, unknown. This was as far as Hugh's paper went in any detail, though a later one stated that at a late hour, preparations were being made to house and feed the loyal operatives in the plant.

HUGH had an engagement to spend Sunday at Dayton, but he canceled this over the telephone, and took the next train for Chicago, as sore in mind as those beaten deputies must be in body. The feeling he tried hard to dismiss until there should have been a chance for explanations, but which, nevertheless, required dismissing pretty often, was anger against his family—particularly against Gregory—that he had not been summoned home days before; that he should have been left to learn of a thing that came as close home as this, along with the general public, from a newspaper.

He had, to be sure, been out of communication with the office for forty-eight hours, owing to a change in his plans, which it had not seemed necessary to inform them about by wire. But surely Gregory must have seen the thing coming, on Tuesday morning when he had talked to him over the phone from Detroit. Did they think his judgment of so little account—and in a matter that concerned his own special department of the work, too—as to be merely negligible? Or had his absence been calculated upon as making it easier to adopt a policy they knew he would not approve of?

It was hard to decide which of these alternatives gave him the more ground for indignation. Of course his *amour propre* deserved no consideration anyway, in the face of a crisis like this. If they believed they could steer the ship better without him in the wheelhouse, they were perhaps right to try it. Only, such a decision requires to be justified by the event and no one could call this event prosperous. It was inconceivable to Hugh that out of the seeming security of a week ago, a conflagration could have spread through the entire works, as apparently this one had done, unless the men engaged in fighting it had been throwing on oil instead of water. Whatever provocation there may have been must have been met with a counter-provocation ten times worse.

He could imagine Greg getting very stiff and Prussian over some unreasonable demand that roused his fighting blood. But what had his father been thinking about to let him go on like that?

In one of the other papers—Hugh had bought all he could, of course, when he took the train—he had come upon a paragraph about a young woman, giving her name as Helena Galicz who had been arrested outside the plant upon a charge of disorderly conduct and fined fifty dollars—the maximum under the law. The fine had been paid and the girl was alleged to have stated that her arrest was the result of an attempt made by officers of the company, and in pursuance of a direct threat by them, to run her out of town. She was further alleged to have prophesied a repetition of this attempt at the first opportunity.

The paragraph fairly bristled with the excisions of a discreet city editor—palpably omitted more than it said, and left Hugh angrier than ever. Who could be stupid enough to hope for any but disastrous results from a piece of silly brutality like that? Gregory of course couldn't have had anything to do with it! And yet Hugh couldn't manage to feel as sure of this as he pretended to be.

THE fact was that between these two brothers a certain antipathy of mind which had existed since boyhood had sharpened and defined itself, since Hugh's return from Youngstown, to the point where it could not always be ignored. These antipathies are the commonest thing in the world in families. They do not prevent their possessors from feeling the highest respect or even the warmest affection for each other; they do not stand in the way of costly sacrifices. They are likely to go unacknowledged for a lifetime. But none the less—all the more indeed, for this reluctance to define and evaluate them—they cause an immense amount of wear and tear.

The Corbetts were, to be sure, a free-spoken lot. None of them had any trouble in calling much uglier and more indelicate objects than spades by their shortest names. It was the imponderables that bothered them. In the case of Hugh and Gregory the fine particles of grit that so often got in between, when their minds bore upon each other, were too minute to be detected except by the exasperation they produced. Why should they make each other bristle like that the moment they set about talking anything over? They did, even when—as far as a working basis went—they agreed completely.

GREGORY was marked, of course, for head of Corbett & Company, Incorporated, as soon as his grandfather died and his father retired. Neither event could be very far—in years—away. He enjoyed the business, the prestige his position in it gave him among the important men of the city. When the time came—and it was not so very far away either—when they would be asking him to speak at public dinners and when reporters would be coming to him for interviews on subjects which the news of the day had brought up for discussion, he would like that, too, and do it well.

On the whole he liked success, and in a close case he was disposed to give it the benefit of the doubt. But for all that, Hugh need not put him down for a pompous, stupid ass.

Hugh did not, to be sure; but there was, now and then, a glint of something about his manner—an edge in the turn of a phrase, which suggested something a little like that. Gregory was scrupulously anxious, too, not to take advantage of his brother; to see that he came in for his share. He didn't mean to be patronizing about it, of course, but his manifest belief that Hugh could not look out for himself, came to about that.

Hugh would have been bored to death by the sort of resonant importance Gregory found enjoyable. He wouldn't have taken the presidency of Corbett & Company except under unavoidable compulsion. The people he liked were the surprising sort and it mattered very little to him, for purposes of ordinary friendly intercourse, what their social status happened to be. He liked to read metallurgical monographs. He liked to spend unregulated hours down at the university laboratory watching some fascinating—though perhaps utterly non-utilitarian experiment through. But for all that, Gregory needn't think him a visionary, idealistic prig. Gregory did not—not more than ten per cent. of that.

The job Hugh's grandfather had given him—of "humanizing" the plant—was probably better calculated than any other could have been, to accentuate

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THE WHITE ARC

this mental antipathy between the two brothers. It was particularly hard on Hugh, who could not help feeling that Greg regarded all his projects and experiments as so much harmless—harmless, that is, if not too expensive—moonshine; that he was waiting tolerantly for their demonstrated failure to bring matters back to a reasonable basis again.

HIS job would have been difficult enough without that handicap, as any welfare worker will testify. It is hard enough even now; and a lot has been learned since nineteen hundred and eleven, when Hugh went to work. There wasn't very much recorded experience for him to go on, and he made, out there at Riverdale, some of the mistakes at least, once for all. Reading an article which appeared a year or two ago in one of the sociological magazines—"The Riverdale Experiment, a Retrospect," is the title of it—one might easily get the idea that the record of Hugh's work during that year was a compendious classic of mistakes, a veritable *vade mecum* for the sociologist on how the thing should not be done. But then the cocksureness of sociologists about the present rightness of their methods necessitates, since these methods change from hour to hour, a drastic repudiation of those of yesterday.

Hugh's starting-point was Jean's burglar. His idea was to begin at any rate by making it, as nearly as might be, impossible that the disasters which had befallen that man should be repeated.

The remedies he improvised that night in the billiard-room turned out to be a pretty fair forecast of the lines he afterward followed. Disease and injury were the first things to be attacked. He established a dressing-station, manned by a doctor and a nurse, where all injuries, down to the most minute, were instantly to be brought, and where all newly employed persons were to be examined before they were allowed to go to work. He supplemented this, almost at once, with two out-nurses whose duty it was to look up, in their homes, all employees who reported sick. And he planned a hospital where not only employees themselves but their families could get medical and surgical attendance free, and pay nothing but their board (this being nominal, and scaled to their wages) if they had to stay there. Men injured in the course of duty would get free board.

Then there were preventive measures: compulsory goggles for grinders and others whose work exposed their eyes to flying particles; safety clamps for handling objects which must be thrust into rapidly revolving cutting machinery (the toll of fingers and hands taken by a machine like a wood-shaper is appalling), guards for low counter-shafts and belts, safety set-screws in collars, automatic gates for elevators, and so on.

So far he was on fairly safe ground, though even here he met opposition and unexpected difficulties. His out-nurses were regarded—and resented—as spies, and with a certain amount of reason, when you come to think of it. To the workman who has reported sick in order to get an unlicensed holiday, or even to work off the alcoholic effects of an authorized one the day before, the intrusion into his home of an agent of his employer's, brisk, skeptical, asking for facts which certainly were no business of hers, was, to put it mildly, annoying. And even when the sickness was genuine, there was likely to be a feeling that it was one's own affair and subject only to such remedial measures as one might himself elect.

But Hugh struck his real snag when he attacked the second of his burglar's difficulties. This was, of course, poverty—or as Hugh, trying to state it a little more accurately, put it—the too narrow factor of financial safety. They lived comfortably enough, most of these people; were adequately fed and decently housed and clad. The trouble was that they lived so near the edge that any sort of accident—such as a baby or a period of half-time during the slack season, or a visit from a temporarily embarrassed relative—brought them at once into the breakers. And a series of happenings like this—as in the case of the burglar—meant shipwreck, ruin, despair.

WHAT they needed, Hugh figured out, was mainly three things, all in the line of moving possible disaster a few steps further away. They needed insurance; they needed some resources of credit; and they needed thrift. It is not necessary to go into details as to his devices for meeting these needs. The sick insurance fund was provided by a percentage drawback from the men's wages, which amount was doubled by the corporation. The credit difficulty, which the loan-sharks battened on, was met by the establishment of a banking department, where any employee (with a good record) could borrow, without collateral and at reasonable interest, the small amounts he sometimes needed to tide him over.

There were numerous devices for the encouragement of thrift, but the center of them was the Company Stores, where one could buy, so the slogan went, honest articles at honest prices. The prices were a little better than honest, as a matter of fact, for they represented wholesale cost plus the smallest possible overhead charge for operation and carrying, and no profit whatever to the company. Fuel, food and clothing were what Hugh began with, but he hoped, eventually, to be able to supply everything anybody could reasonably want up to and including a common-sense funeral.

He was not long in experiencing the truth of the proverb about the relative difficulty of leading a horse to water and getting him to drink, especially when he does not like the look of the water.

Hugh expected criticism, of course—hoped for it—went out of his way to get it. The details of his plans were bound to be full of mistakes, and the people most likely to be able to point them out to him were the employees themselves. It exasperated him to find, among the older men—the men his grandfather called by their first names—an adamantine Toryism that outdid Gregory's own. They were aristocrats with a truly aristocratic inaccessibility to ideas, and an almost more than aristocratic contempt for the *hoi polloi*—for the great unassimilated mass of man-power which the suction of the expanding business had drawn in from all over the world.

GOING for guidance to samples of this latter class, he found what he was slow to recognize as downright suspicion of the integrity of his motives. It is always bewildering to a candid man to discover that his good faith is questioned, and it was hard for Hugh to realize that these people saw in his benevolent projects a subtle stroke against their liberties; talked of spies, and—still more horrible word—"agents."

Of course it was true that the operation of all his plans necessitated a certain amount of investigation of their beneficiaries, and even supervision of their lives out of working hours. You couldn't pay sick benefits to a man who was shamming without doing an injury to honest men who did not sham. And you couldn't be expected to lend a man money until you had looked into and regulated matters which bore upon the question of his eventual solvency.

Why, old Mr. Corbett himself, when he wanted to borrow money—and he had borrowed a lot of it at one time and another—had to submit to the most rigid investigation, and not infrequently to being told what he might or might not do with it.

Hugh was rather pleased when he thought of using his grandfather as an example. But it was not serviceable. The people he tried it on, looked as if

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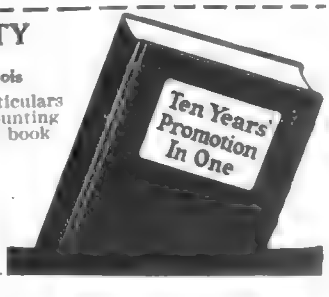
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THE WHITE ARC

they didn't believe that rich men ever had to borrow money.

It was bad enough to be tolerated for a fool idealist, as he was tolerated by Greg, and the old aristocrats in the plant, but to be suspected of being a subtle, scheming liar . . . !

Oh, patience was the main thing the job needed, of course. Confidence was not a plant of the mushroom family, and in as hard, lean a soil as this their lives had been planted in, there was no wonder it grew slowly. They'd have to see the thing work for a while to their advantage, before they believed in it.

THIS hard, joyless monotony of their lives came to seem to Hugh something as much in need of amelioration as anything else. There ought to be some provision for—*fun*. He was in the act of planning, when the strike broke (it was all in the future, of course. His grandfather had, for the present, gone his limit!), the erection of a great recreation building which should contain a combined dance-hall and theatre, a gymnasium, bowling-alleys, pool-tables, reading-rooms and a soft-drink bar. And there ought to be a park with a band-stand in it.

It had been a blow to him to find, in this last Ohio trip of his, that the great manufacturer who had gone furthest along this line, was feeling bitter about it. It hadn't worked well. His people had seemed actually resentful of his thoroughly benevolent attempts to provide for—and, at the same time sensibly regulate—their recreations.

Hugh had never felt so despondent about this new work of his as on that Saturday morning in Toledo before he bought the Chicago paper and read about the strike. He had a secret day-dream, as most men have, to seek momentary haven in, when the strains and distractions of actuality become too grievous. Hugh's was a metallurgical laboratory of his own; a place where truth was an exactly ascertainable thing—where human greeds and suspicions and exigencies could be stopped at the door. He had never longed for it as he longed for it that morning.

But the sharp emergency of the strike, of violence, of the need for decisive action, stiffened him; cleared his despondency away like a great sweep of wind. He was done with imponderables, thank God!

His train got in to Chicago just before dinner-time and he went straight out to the house to find his mother dining there alone.

"I thought you'd be coming up," was her greeting, "now that this hullabaloo is in the papers."

"That's the first I heard of it," said Hugh, and wanted to be told where everybody was.

His father, it seemed was in conference with the Governor—no, not in Springfield—the Governor had come up to town—over the question of calling out the National Guard.

"Your grandfather doesn't want it done. He and Gregory are out at the plant. I haven't seen them for two days. They didn't come home last night, at all."

"I'm going out there myself," Hugh said, "as soon as I can get something to eat, and find out from you what it's all about."

"The Lord knows what it's all about," said his mother. "At least I hope so. Nobody else does."

"What *you* know about it will do to go on," he told her. "Only begin at the beginning, please. When *did* it begin?"

It was an odd paradox about Hugh's relation with his mother that while they disagreed violently on nearly all subjects, and while she loudly proclaimed her inability to understand him, she liked him better and got on with him more easily—with less, that is, of those family frictions we have been talking about—than with her eldest son, whose side in disagreements she usually took.

"Gregory," she had once said, "insists on respecting me, which is an attitude I can't endure. It's because I'm his mother he does it. Otherwise he wouldn't approve of my smoking cheap cigarets. He drives me wild, bringing me things, standing around like an infernal butler—a bit reproachful about it. Hugh's got none of that nonsense about him at any rate."

Hugh felt always perfectly at ease with his mother, even when they were quarreling—or doing what between any other two people would be quarreling—most furiously. It was an unexpected bit of good fortune, this opportunity to sit down and have dinner with her alone, and find out about everything before his encounter with the others.

HER account began with Monday night when she had seen at dinner that both her husband and her son had something that they were not discussing before old Gregory; who, it happened, had been feeling the heat a bit and had not gone out to Riverdale that day. They told her later about the strike of the core-makers and about the girl Bailey had spoken of as dynamite. "She upset Greg, too," his mother observed, "though of course he wouldn't admit it. She must be worth seeing."

"Was that the girl," Hugh wanted to know, "who was arrested and fined and said we'd tried to kidnap her?"

"That was a fat-witted performance," his mother said, answering his question at the same time with a nod. "A job like that wants doing thoroughly if it's to be done at all. These Napoleonic men who come up and give somebody a slap on the wrist! If I'd been seeing to her she wouldn't have needed any more seeing to for a long time, I can tell you!"

Hugh scowled. "Do you mean we did do it?" he asked.

"Oh, don't be an innocent lamb!" said his mother. "Of course we didn't do it. Why should we hire a detective agency like Bullen & O'Hara, if we had to do dirty jobs like that ourselves? Bullen bungled it, I suppose. I always said that man was a muff, back in the days when he was a police captain."

"We hired it done, then," said Hugh; then headed off his mother's apparent intention to speak, with a curt—"Oh, don't stop to poke me up now! Get on and tell me the rest of it."

Mrs. Corbett grinned contentedly, and went at her soup with gusto. It was good to have Hugh home again. It is worth noting that she obeyed him.

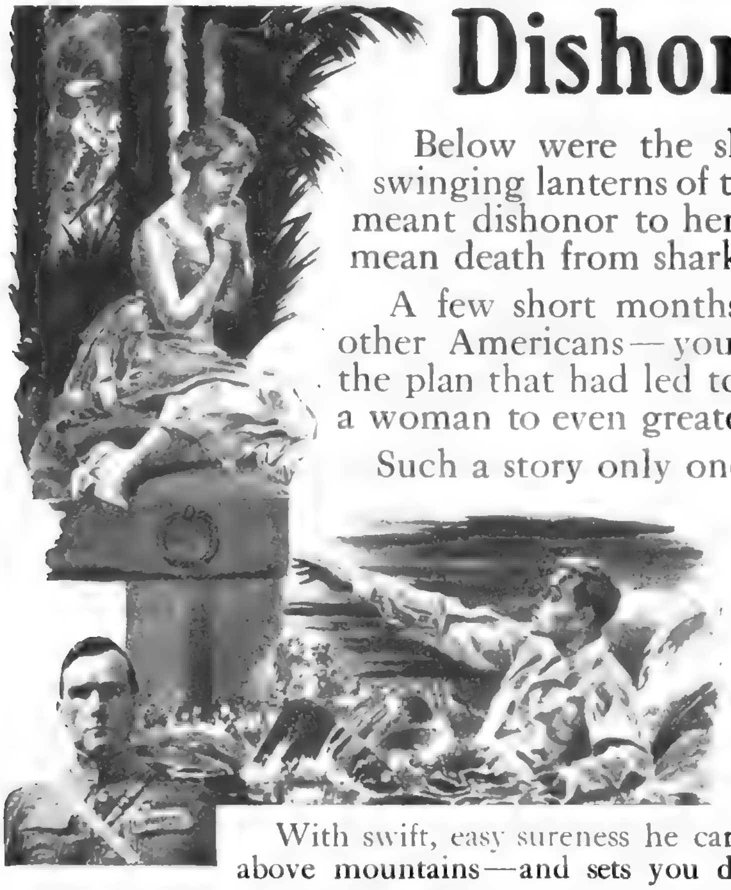
THE core-makers, she said, did not come back to work on Tuesday morning as Gregory had pretended to expect they would. That devil of a girl evidently had hypnotized them. At noon they got the trimmers in the buggy factory to stay out, too. But the real trouble did not begin until Wednesday, when an attempt was made to fill the strikers' places. Then the molders struck—"and being a hairy, horny lot, they started raising hell."

Mrs. Corbett, being Mrs. Corbett, paused appreciatively over this phrase and glanced at her son. Gregory would have risen to it—and so would her husband—with a shrug, or an uncomfortable smile. But Hugh's scowling abstraction was undisturbed.

"The brimstone and lava began, though, that night," she went on, "when Robert had to tell your grandfather what had happened."

This did not penetrate very deep into Hugh either. "Yes, he'd take it pretty hard, of course," was all he said.

His mother considered him thoughtfully. Then, "Why, you miserable little whipper-snapper!" she boomed, "what do *you* know about how he'd take it? What do you know about anything—you or Greg, either? Wait till you've lived over a thing for fifty years, put all your brains and your back and your guts into it! Wait till you've lived through years like seventy-seven and ninety-three, when you didn't know from one day to the next whether you were going to last through or not. Pay-rolls that there wasn't any money



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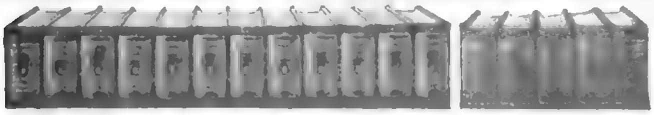

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THE WHITE ARC

to meet and that had to be met, somehow. He always did meet them. Why, there are men out there now, talking this I-Won't-Work hogwash, who never earned a cent in their lives that he didn't pay them. And this is the kind of gratitude he gets! And you and the rest, that it's always made comfortable and important, 'supposing he *would* take it hard'!" And then this amazing conclusion. "You ought to get married, Hugh. That'd teach you a few things you ought to know."

Hugh went on eating steadily through what he had on his plate, and it was not until he'd finished that he answered his mother at all. Then it was only to say: "Oh yes, of course. But that line of thinking won't get us anywhere now."

He mused a while, then amplified: "Something's happened out there. Those people didn't strike and start in raising hell for nothing. Nor because they're bad, wicked ingrates either. They aren't any wickeder than they've been for the last forty years. And moral attitudinizing over them is no more good than it would be over a delirious man wrecking the furniture. What I'm going to try to find out is what set 'em off; what they think they're trying to do. If I can manage to get at their side of it, I bet I can manage to quiet them down. They've got a side, of course. It must look like *something* to them. They aren't just ramping round for fun."

Then, with a flare of passion in his dark face: "God! Why didn't they give me a chance at it before it got like this? Greg! Trying to keep me in the dark! He ought to know he's a fool at this kind of business. *Is* a fool not to."

He thrust back his chair and got up. "I suppose there's a car I can have?" he said.

"Nothing but the limousine," his mother informed him. "Your father's got one and the other's out at Riverdale. Bemis can drive it, though."

"Don't want him," said Hugh. "Drive myself."

"Be easy with your grandfather," was his mother's valedictory. "This picnic's likely to kill him if you boys aren't careful."

CHAPTER SIX

Hugh Takes a Hand

IT WAS around eight o'clock when Hugh drove up to the great iron gate at the foot of Charles Street. Here he was peremptorily refused admittance by a man who had most of his jaw on one side of his face and whose clothes were lumpy with concealed weapons. The limousine was responsible for this refusal, or rather, the fact that Hugh was driving it himself, which gave him in the guard's eyes, the abhorred status of a semi-domestic employee.

"Go down to the door marked 'office,' around the corner. If they want this car brought inside, they can let me know."

Hugh could have got the gate open, of course, if there had been any point in it. But there was not. So he drove down to the door marked "office," and left the car at the curb. At this door also he was accosted by another of those lumpy, serge-suited, derby-hatted representatives of the half-law, recognizable as a private detective so far as one could see him. This one was, however, a more authoritative specimen than the other. He inquired out of a drooping corner of his mouth and skeptically, about the nature of Hugh's business.

BUT one of the old watchmen was on duty here, too, and by addressing him as Mr. Corbett effected an instant revolution in the gunman's attitude.

Hugh hated this infernal *bonhomie* even worse than the fellow's truculence. Was the whole place infested, he wondered, with these thugs? He asked the old watchman if he happened to know anything of Gregory's whereabouts, but hardly waited for the answer, which was indeed negligible, before he went on inside.

He found the administrative offices up-stairs all deserted and so walked out at random into the plant. He found here the same atmosphere he had noted about the streets of the town he had driven through on his way to the works—a superficial quiet, with a heaving ground-swell of restlessness underneath. Nothing that he saw was running, though lights were on everywhere, and he kept encountering groups of men—some of them regular employees, but many more—an astonishingly large number—who obviously were not. There was no fusion between the groups of regular workmen—the loyalists among their own people—and the Hessian gangs of mercenaries who had been brought in to break the strike.

The former were moody, silent; fell silent at any rate, when he approached, and showed a marked indisposition to recognize him, though they were mostly men he knew. The others, the strikebreakers, seemed to be trying to pump up a swagger; made a lot of empty noise. A group of half a hundred of them in one of the courts was trying to learn from one of their number a ribald song with which, on selected phrases of particularly pleasing obscenity, they made the walls ring.

It was after half an hour's wandering that he found his grandfather over in a just-completed building, designed for a machine-shop, but not yet in service. Its vast unoccupied area fitted it for just the use old Gregory meant to put it to—that of dormitory and mess-hall. Hundreds of cots were already lined up along its bays. More of them were constantly being brought in. And in the center men were knocking up benches and laying planks on trestles for tables. Down at one end they were instaling a kitchen. Old Gregory, apparently on a round of the plant, was here, questioning the men in charge and ordering changes made in cases where the existing arrangements failed to satisfy him.

The sight of Hugh seemed to please him. He said, "So you're back, eh?" and reaching out a hand grasped his grandson's shoulder with it. Then he went on telling the man he was talking to what he wanted and why. His appearance and manner, especially in the light of Mrs. Corbett's warning, amazed Hugh. Here was a man the memory of his boyhood hardly reached back to—a man old Gregory had not been for at least a score of years—poised, frictionless, absolutely in command of himself and of every one about him. The violence of senile wilfulness, which had imposed upon the family a definite method of treating him, was gone.

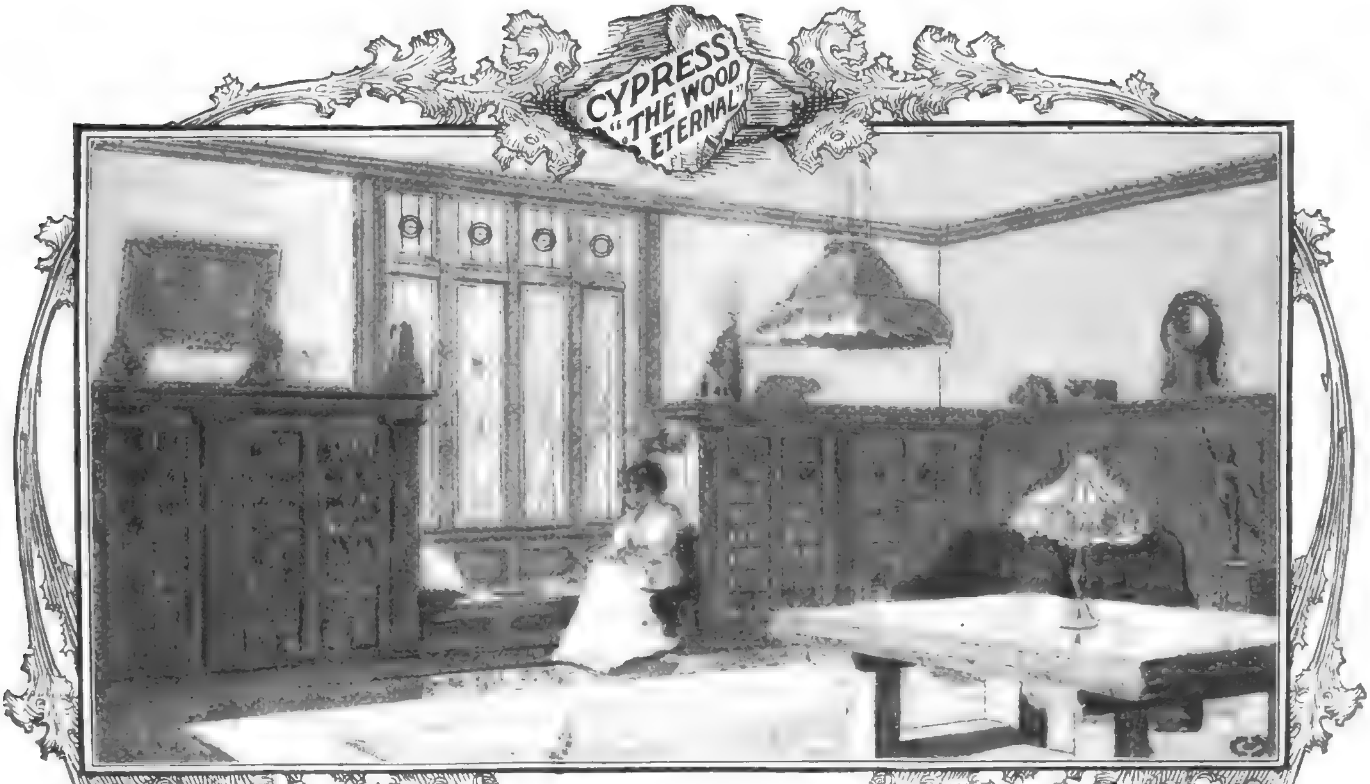
Just the way he stood there, with an unfinished wagon-spoke he had picked up on his rounds solidly grasped in one hand and used to point his orders with, showed the difference.

The impetus of a notion Hugh had brought out to Riverdale with him that the thing to do with his grandfather was to get him to go home to bed and leave him and Gregory to run the show, at least for over Sunday, led him to make the suggestion.

THE old man dismissed it with a smile. "I'm all right," he said. "And I'm worth the lot of you at a job like this."

He kept Hugh beside him until matters under his eye were arranged to his satisfaction, and then the two walked on again. The doorway they left the building by happened to command rather a wide view of the works—an impressive view at night, with its perspectives of lighted windows, its blackness of long blank walls, its vastnesses of mass and distance, its huge irregularities of outline. The old man, his arm in Hugh's, stood still for a moment looking at it.

"I've had many a battle before this," he said, "but never one just like this one. I never thought to have. But we're going to see it through, and we're



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THE WHITE ARC

going to win out. They'll find I've got one more fight in me yet."

They walked on again in silence, for Hugh couldn't think of anything to say in answer. Presently his grandfather said:

"You were on the wrong tack. You're not to blame. I told you to go ahead; didn't realize that this was just what it was coming to. But if you've learned your lesson from it, it's worth all it costs."

He broke off to say "Hello, Charlie!" to a man in working clothes, whom the illumination of an arc-lamp overhead enabled him to recognize.

Hugh recognized him too. He was a man whose job was the cold-shrinking of steel tires on wagon-wheels. He said, "Good evening, Mr. Corbett," hesitated, let them go by, and then came hurrying after them. He spoke with evident perturbation and distress.

"Mr. Corbett," he said, "couldn't you let me off? It's the wife and girl I'm worrying about. I can't find out what's happening to them shut up in here. And the strikers are getting pretty fierce. It's scabs they're calling us. I don't want to make you any more trouble, but . . ."

"But you want the smooth and none of the rough," old Mr. Corbett finished the sentence for him. "You want your wages, but you don't want to fight. I've fed you and kept a roof over your head for twenty-five years and now we're in trouble, you want to go home."

Hugh understood now why men feared his grandfather. There was something really terrible about the cold anger that rang in that voice. He didn't wonder the man cringed.

"There are just two kinds of men from now on," old Gregory continued: "The men who stood by me and the men who went against me. I'll never forget which is which. I'll see that you get out of the gate if you want to go, but if you do go, by God, you'll never come back—Well, which is it?"

The man hesitated and in that hesitation old Gregory read his answer. He turned to Hugh.

"Take this yellow dog to the gate," he commanded, "and see that they let him out."

Hugh obeyed the order without protesting to his grandfather and without a word to the man. But coming back from the gate, he set out to find—not the elder Gregory, but his young namesake. A talk with this brother of his had become a thing that could not be put off any longer.

He tried Greg's office first and was lucky enough to find him there busy with the telephone. Greg greeted him with a good-humored wave of the hand and with the divided attention of one waiting for the voice he wants in the receiver, said:

"So you've come back? I suppose you read about our party in the papers?"

"Yes," Hugh said; "that's how I heard about it."

"Didn't have time," said Gregory, "to send out a tracer after you. Hell began popping all at once." Then, into the telephone, "Hello! Bullen & O'Hara? Corbett speaking. Are you sending us any more to-night? . . . All right. . . . Three truckloads to-morrow, eh? . . . Yes, everything's quiet here in the plant. It's a little early yet for them to be starting anything outside. . . . Yes, that's all understood. Good-by."

He hung up the receiver and turned back to Hugh. "It's been hot out here for three days, but I think we've got it pretty well in hand now. Grandfather's a wonder. Have you seen him? He's really enjoying it in a way; years younger than I can remember him. But too much of it wouldn't be good for him and he's had about enough now. I wish you'd take him home. There's nothing more to do out here to-night, though I've got to stick around in case of anything turning up."

"What do you mean by 'having it well in hand'?" Hugh asked. "Do you know what it's all about—what they're striking for—what it was started them off? Have you any plans for settling the thing?"

"We've all the plans we need," Greg answered grimly. "We're going to fight it out on this line till they get a bellyful—and then some more. They started it. Now they can stew in their own juice. Nobody knows what they want, themselves least of all. And as to what it was that started them off!" He broke off with a shrug; then added, "Oh, there's no good going into that now. You don't get anything by crying over spilled milk—even when you've thought for a good while that some of it was going to be spilled."

"Meaning to say," Hugh interpreted not interrogatively, "that it's my damned 'welfare' nonsense that's at the bottom of the whole thing."

"Why, if you want it straight," said Gregory, "yes."

"You haven't made any attempt, then," Hugh went on, "to find out what it was they wanted? Haven't talked with any of them, I suppose? All you've done is to hook up with a sweet pair of crooks like Bullen & O'Hara; got them to send you a lot of strike-breakers and rifles, and pull off a little kidnaping for you on the side."

"Keep your temper," said Greg, shortly. "They're a perfectly reputable detective agency, in the first place, and in the second, we didn't—as you say—hook up with them when this thing broke. We've had them retained for years, to keep a general eye on things."

"Spies, you mean?" Hugh broke in; "planted all over the place? I never was told we had any system like that. I'd like to know why I was kept in the dark about it?"

"I suppose," his brother said, "because it wouldn't occur to anybody that you'd need to be told an elementary thing like that. It offends your highbrow notions, naturally, but it's a system that's in almost universal practise; —and it's been found to work."

Hugh made no immediate reply. Just sat there, his dark face staring down at the desk-blotter, during the little silence that followed Gregory's words. The elder brother glanced over at him and felt a sharp compunction for that sneering word "highbrow." He attempted an apology—a dangerous thing for a man to do when he's been without sleep for forty-eight hours as Gregory had been.

"I didn't mean to start anything," he said. "I shouldn't have taken that tone. Only"—that fatal "only!"—"only you *haven't* been out here, and you *don't* know anything about it, and it *has* been hotter than hell, and when you sit around talking about finding out what they want—*giving* them what they want is what you mean, I suppose—tucking them up and kissing them all good night—why, it makes me tired. It happens to be a case where rose-water and powder-puff methods won't work. And ours will."

"They won't," said Hugh lounging to his feet. "They haven't from the start. You say I haven't been here and don't know anything about it. Well, that wasn't my fault. You were glad to have me out of the way, I expect. But how much did *you* know about it? How much did your damned spies bring you when this thing was cooking up? It must have been cooking a good while. They didn't bring you anything. You've admitted you were taken by surprise. And you've made a hell of a mess of it, though you don't admit that. Talk about 'having it well in hand' and 'fighting it out on this line' as if you were a tin general! *What* have you got in hand? You've got a few hundred thugs inside the plant here, who can't run it, and you've got a few thousand good workmen outside. What are you going to do with them? You can't mow them all down with machine guns. You can't even move

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them out of town bodily and get others to take their places. You've got to begin running the plant again sometime, and, on some sort of terms, you've got to run it with them. The trouble with you is, you think you're a sort of medieval baron shut up in his castle. It's time you woke up."

Matters had gone beyond the conversational stage for Gregory. The only relief to his feelings would have been blows. He and Hugh were too old to fight it out, as they had fought out the differences of their boyhood. So all he said was:

"There's no use going on with this."

"You're right about that," said Hugh. "Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm not in on your plans and I don't want to be. I'm going outside the fence altogether, to see what I can do. I'll take my rose-water and powder-puff with me. Good night."

Hugh walked out into the street with no definite plan at all, beyond the immediate one of cooling down and getting control of his temper. He realized that he was quite as much to blame for their quarrel as Gregory had been. He reflected that if Gregory had countered upon him with a demand for his own solution of the problem he'd have had him. But as he walked along, paying very little attention to where he was going, the outlines of his plan came to him.

His starting-point was the rather far-fetched comparison which the disquieting, unnatural condition of the streets suggested to him. People were moving about in them, but not as when they were pursuing their everyday affairs. There was no laughing, no loud talking. One saw compact little groups moving along as if they were going somewhere. His exaggerated comparison was that it must have been like that in Paris on the eve of St. Bartholomew.

And then suddenly he understood the astonishing ferocity of this strike. It was not a war between organized parties. There was no distinguishing between friend and enemy. Or at least, friends and enemies were all mingled together, living in the same streets, breathing the same air. It was the chaos that was exciting everybody; the irritating bewilderment of not knowing whom to count on.

There must be hundreds of men outside—why, thousands of them!—feeling much as poor Charlie felt—not revolutionary a bit, but coerced by the mob idea that it was despicable—treacherous—to work for Corbett. What fed the blaze to its present height, was the sight of those guarded gates and the knowledge that behind them, men went on working for Corbett; profiting at the expense of those who had remained loyal to their kind. Suppose, then, that we closed down the plant entirely; drew the fires; turned everybody out.

"Now," suppose we said, "talk it out among yourselves. Hold meetings. Decide what your grievances are. Send us a committee with a proposition. If we like it we'll open up the works again. If we don't we'll tell you why. In the meantime—for the present, anyway" (Hugh smiled over this notion), "the Company Stores will go on giving credit. We don't want to starve you into a decision."

Wouldn't that—or something like it—work? Wouldn't the bitterness boil out, the effervescence foam away, the sober majority—the overwhelming majority, Hugh believed—among the men themselves suppress the wild ones better than Greg with his riot guns and his strike-breakers?

The recollection of his grandfather and the last words he had heard him say, brought Hugh up short. "There are just two kinds of men from now on: The men who stood by me and the men who went against me. I'll never forget which is which." A proposition like this of his grandson's would never get beyond his ears. The plant was his; the men were his, loyal or disloyal to him.

He had been creating, all these years, an enormous sentimental credit account in terms of gratitude against the plant and all concerned in the operation of it; an account that never could be liquidated.

But was it his? Could anything that involved the lives of as many human beings as that really belong—in that personal sense—to anybody? It was the first time Hugh had ever asked himself that question.

He was brought back from this somewhat remote speculation by awakening to the fact that he was drifting along with an irregular stream of people who were going somewhere. It struck him now that now and again the members of some group overtaking him had noted his presence curiously—pointed him out to each other. Well, he'd go along and see what their objective was.

Then the stream thickened suddenly. A crowd debouched out of a cross street and massed back upon the sidewalks, leaving the roadway clear. Down the street were lights and cheering. As the procession itself—if one could call a demonstration so little organized, and with so little of rank and file about it by that name—came in sight, Hugh saw that they were carrying transparencies lettered in red and, save for an occasional simple slogan like *DOWN WITH WAGE SLAVERY*, generally illegible from an attempt to say too much. He saw occasional red flags.

There were sporadic attempts to sing the "Marseillaise." But none of these manifestations impressed Hugh very much. The manifestants were just a trifle shame-faced; self-conscious

ASHES

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

SEE you the snow—the wandering, wandering snow?
Ashes—white ashes from ethereal fires
Of sunset passion faded long ago,
Where kingly days had their rich funeral pyres,
Whence, far and wide, the winds would incense blow,
To quicken tearless longing and desires
For that we may not hope, and do not know. . . .
Ashes—white ashes from ethereal fires.

See you the snow—the wandering, wandering snow?
Ashes—light ashes from old heart-fires strown!
My heart—my winter hearth, where, stooping low,
Leaves of a precious parchment, golden grown,
I cast upon the hungry, lapping glow;
And soon, far and aloft, on mad winds blown,
Flakes from those leaves were fluttering to and fro. . . .
Sweet bitter ashes from old heart-fires strown.

TRUE HOME SPIRIT

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at any rate. The proceeding had a touch of the doctrinaire about it. They intended to be a mob, but, somehow, they weren't—quite.

In the center of a dense knot of men—fifty of them perhaps, and evidently picked for their great size and strength—was a girl, her head and shoulders easily visible above theirs in the light of two flaring gasoline torches. She was riding on something and as she went by, he made out what it was—an old-fashioned, high-wheeled sulky. Whereupon his memory automatically registered a similar vehicle—could it by any fantastic possibility be the same one?—that once had stood about in a corner of their stable, hallowed by the legend that his grandfather used to drive it, down in the old Washington Park track.

POSSIBLY the evocation of that quaint memory of his had something to do with the ironic detachment with which he looked at the girl. Her position there, with that burly bodyguard around her and the cheers with which she was greeted, made it clear enough not only that she was the girl they had unsuccessfully attempted to kidnap two or three days before, but that she really was one of the exciting causes, if not the chief exciting cause, of the strike. Greg's frantic exasperation over her was not surprising.

And yet, how absurd it was to try to train their heavy artillery on a wild young will-o'-the-wisp like that! She was the torch, no doubt; but what really makes the explosion is the powder.

Hugh's thoughtful smile as she went by, mingled appreciation with pity. She was a thriller, all right. He could see why she excited the crowd. There was a sort of splendor about her, of courage, of high adventure. He rejected the word "devoted" as implying submission to a sense of duty—to some imperative obligation. This girl looked as if she had never submitted to anything. She believed, no doubt—riding along like that—that she was experiencing the sensations of another Joan of Arc. But Hugh felt pretty sure she was mistaken. She had the power simply of radiating herself, and she got an ecstasy out of the act.

He didn't believe that she was very important to him, unless, somehow, she could be persuaded to help him understand what the deep, bitter grievance was—*really* was—that her fires had lighted. If he could once get at that and neutralize it, then the firebrands could go as far as they liked. They'd never succeed in setting off another explosion.

While he stood debating whether to follow the crowd along to the meeting or not, a man who had been standing back in one of the dooryards while the procession went by, came up for a look; then, with an air of surprise and satisfaction spoke to him.

"Good evening, Mr. Corbett," he said, and on Hugh's acknowledging the salutation, added: "My name's Paddock. I'm with Bullen & O'Hara. You don't need to worry any more about that skirt. We missed her the last time, but to-night we're going to get her sure."

"She looked pretty well guarded to me," said Hugh.

Paddock grunted contemptuously, glanced around, and lowering his voice to the most intimately confidential pitch, he added, "About half that guard of hers is phony. Our own people; some of the best we've got. There'll be nothing to it. When the meeting's over, we'll run her off as slick as grease."

Hugh asked, "What are you going to do with her when you get her?"

Paddock said this was easy. They would take her in to Chicago and have her locked up in one of the police-stations, but not booked. By shuffling her about from one station to another, they'd be able to evade the service of a writ of habeas corpus and hold her almost indefinitely; at least until either the strike had quieted down, or they could find some charge that would give them a legal right to hold her. It was the only way to deal with these bums, Paddock thought.

Hugh asked him where the meeting was to be held and got a few unsolicited details as to the manner in which the kidnaping was to be conducted. Then with the speculation that he guessed he'd better be getting on, Paddock took his leave, utterly unconscious of the seething volcano whose crater-rim his thick feet had been treading.

HUGH was in a white rage. He had been stoked up to it, one might almost say, scientifically, during the nine hours that had elapsed since he read of the strike down there in Toledo. His mother, his grandfather, the strikebreakers, Gregory, and the girl herself, each had contributed something. This loathsome private detective with his whisky-saturated breath, and his husky whisperings, applied the blow-pipe for the last time.

Hugh let him walk away before he stirred, then set out in the opposite direction, for the office, feeling very light-footed, very confident—completely irresistible. Nothing to question or to hesitate about, nothing to consider, no *pros* and *cons* to weigh—just a magnificent determination to blow this silly conspiracy to bits.

A white rage like that is likely to turn out expensive. There are no brakes in its simple mechanism, and it often smashes through more than its immediate objective before it stops. But it is thoroughly enjoyable while it lasts.

Hugh noted, with satisfaction, when he turned in at the office door, that the limousine still stood at the curb. He went straight up to Gregory's office, but found no one there. He seated himself comfortably at his brother's desk, looked at his watch, and decided to allow him twenty minutes. If Greg came back in that time, he'd get an oral explanation of what was going to happen. Against the possibility of his not coming, Hugh wrote a note three lines long, as follows:

DEAR GREG:
I have just stumbled upon another kidnaping project of your imbecile detectives. I am off to break it up. Sorry you aren't here to come along and help. HUGH.
P.S. Not that I need any.

At the expiration of the twenty minutes, he went down-stairs again and found, at his post just inside the street-door, the authoritative detective, now in his shirt-sleeves, his derby hat over his eyes, his feet on the desk. He took them down, however, and stood up when he saw that Hugh meant to speak to him.

"I want a chauffeur," Hugh said; "one of your men who can drive that car out there for me. I want him put under my orders absolutely. Attend to it as quickly as you can, will you?"

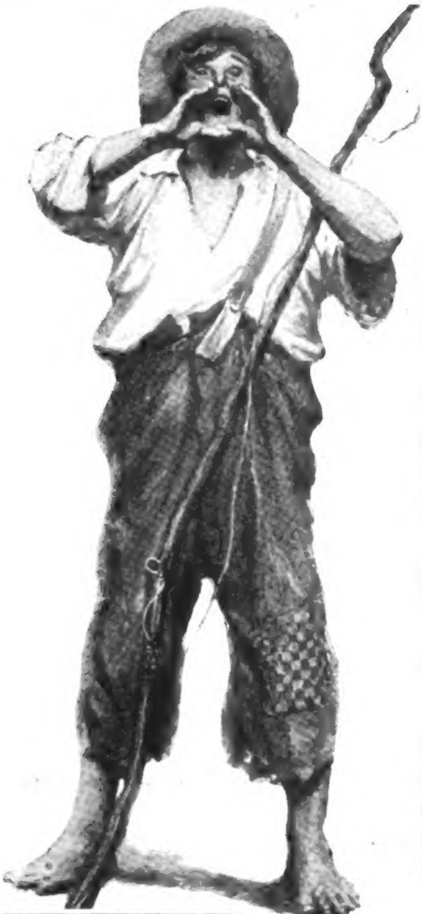
The detective would probably have obeyed Hugh's manner, even if he had not had him identified as a Corbett. With the magic of that name added to his inducements for zeal, he surpassed himself.

It wasn't five minutes before he had just the man Hugh wanted, able to drive that make of car—"through hell," of course. All that was needed was Mr. Corbett's word.

Hugh asked curtly, "Who's in charge of that business after the meeting? Paddock?"

The detective looked surprised. He said, "Yes, sir," promptly enough, but appeared to feel that he was entitled to some explanation of the question. He got none; and Hugh addressed his orders to the chauffeur through the speaking-tube after he had got inside the car and shut the door.

Considering the alternative possibility of a really murderous fight, Paddock may be said to have accomplished his boast that the kidnaping would be run off as slick as grease. Two of the girl's loyal guards had to be slugged with brass knuckles, but matters had been so deftly arranged that



"Hey, Tom—Tom Sawyer!"

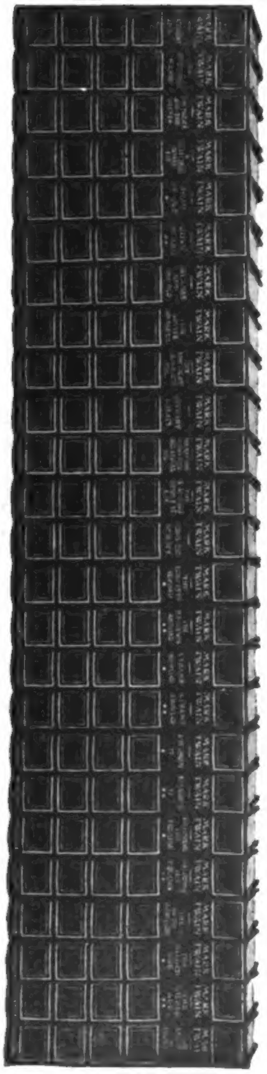
DOWN the centuries will ring that one small boy's cry. To the laughter and tears of men and women—of small boys and girls—it has rung around the world.

You who have laughed so often at Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer—have you ever stopped to think how much of serious thought Mark Twain has put into these books? How much of himself—of his own boyhood—he has put into ragged, mixed-up, lovable Huck Finn—into irresistible Tom Sawyer.

For Mark Twain was just such a boy himself. A poor boy on the Mississippi—full of mischief, hope and fear.

And—Mark Twain walked with the kings of the earth—kings crowned and uncrowned—kings of empires—of letters—of art.

That poor, small, Mississippi River boy "walked such a broad and brilliant highway, with flags flying, and crowds following after." And still the crowds follow—still he is loved no, worshipped in the far ends of the earth, and in our own littlest village and farm sophisticated Fifth Avenue and simple country schoolboy meet on common ground in



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THE WHITE ARC

these were the only two anywhere near her when the job was done. All the others drew their pay from Bullen & O'Hara.

The girl herself was fairly at the door of Hugh's limousine before she suspected the nature of the event. Her realization of something contrary to her calculations was simultaneous, indeed, with Paddock's. For it was in the same instant that a thick, powerful hand was clapped over the girl's mouth to cut off a scream, and that Paddock, with a gasp at the sight of a different car than the one he had expected at the rendezvous, said, "What the hell? . . ."

Hugh stepped out of the car to confront the glare of an electric torch.

"It's all right, Paddock," he said. "Put her in."

Paddock's wits were completely stalled by this emergency, and he gave no order. But the two men who were holding the girl obeyed Hugh. This was the sort of job that, naturally, they wanted done, one way or another, as quickly as possible; since, if they should be caught red-handed in an attempt like this, they could hardly hope to get off with their lives.

Hugh snatched one of them bodily away from the door and sprang in himself in time to pull the girl away from the further door, which she was frantically attempting to open. And he, too, cut off a scream by clapping his hand over her mouth. Then he turned upon Paddock, now sufficiently out of his daze to try to get into the car.

"Don't want you," Hugh said. "You muffed it the other time. I'm running this show myself. Tell the man to drive on."

Paddock dropped sullenly off the running-board, slammed the door, and transmitted the order to the chauffeur. He could not have disobeyed any man generating as much human electricity as Hugh, in that fine white rage of his, was generating—let alone a man bearing the name of Corbett. He entertained a painful misgiving, to be sure, that he would get hell for this from his immediate employers, but it was somewhat quieted by the obvious good faith of the struggle the girl was making against her new captor. He stood staring after the car for a moment as it leaped away, then with a sigh in which relief and perplexity were equally blended, he said, with a feeble attempt to recapture his lost authority:

"All right, boys. Scatter."

In the car the girl was fighting like a wildcat. She had her teeth in the hand that was clapped over her mouth, and her chin was wet with the blood from it, when he said:

"Those guards of yours were private detectives trying to kidnap you. You're free now. I took you away from them. Do you understand? This car will take you wherever you want to go. Or you can stop it and get out any minute." Then he released his hold of her all at once.

It was seconds after that before she let go his hand. Then, with a sick, limp revulsion, she slumped down in her corner of the seat. Hugh dropped back into his, methodically bound up his mangled fingers in a handkerchief, and presently offered a spare one that he had to the girl.

"Sometime," he said, "not to-night, of course, unless you happen to feel like it—I'd like to talk the whole business out with you. I'm Hugh Corbett."

*The next instalment of "**The White Arc**" will appear in the January number.*

HERITAGE

BY NAN APOTHEKER

THE quiet, elegant salon of a hotel;
A girl in moleskin against kindling red draperies,
Delicate head bent in thought (or pose),
Tapering little hand upon her muff,
Demure, exquisite feet that tap the floor.
A gentleman of courtly presence comes
And claims her with a gracious, well-turned phrase.
The rounded softness of her voice floats back.
They pass.
I wait—and think.

Here am I—product of who knows what?
As far as I can see,
My mother was a Russian peasant girl;
My father—why does he slip away when I try to name him?
Poet—laughing seer—over-eager child—
Subtle and simple—human—impersonal—
Maker of happy phrases, catching the light of genius here and there.

He lived only long enough
To leave a bright, elusive memory,
A certain wonderment.
Son of the World? Outside of Time and Race?

And I—a product of these two, a handful of books, and a welter of aching life,
Here in this elegant room,
Feeling somehow thick; conscious of my hands and feet and clothes;
Feeling the lack of background, coherence, breed—
As a person might feel his nakedness—
Yearn toward the grace and finish of that girl,
And follow her with hurt and hungry heart.

Then, suddenly,
The old, breath-taking wonder comes to me:
The sharp, sweet consciousness of vivid life;
The sense of Great Adventure—racing with the stars;
The flash of quickening vision.

What a heritage!

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ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

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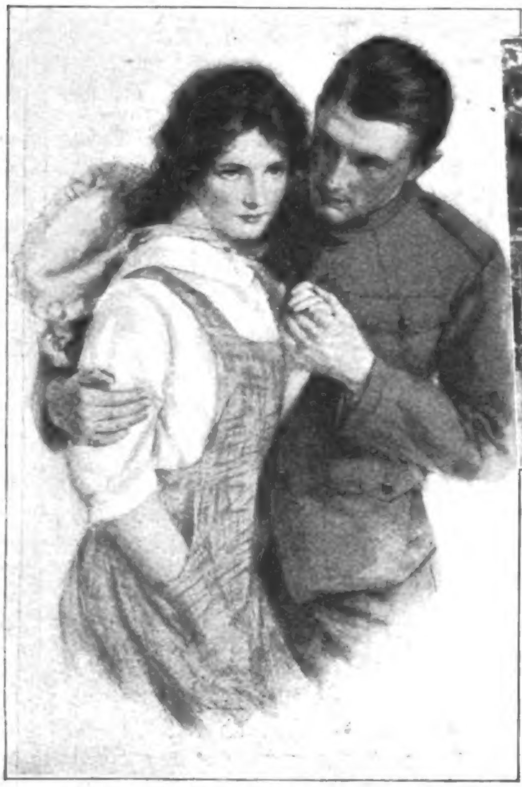
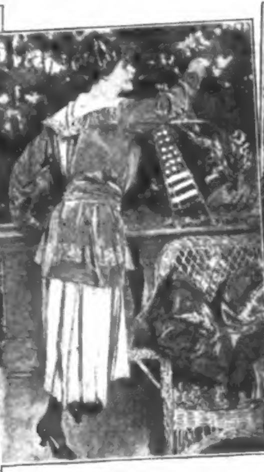


"The Girl I Leave Behind Me"—Coffin



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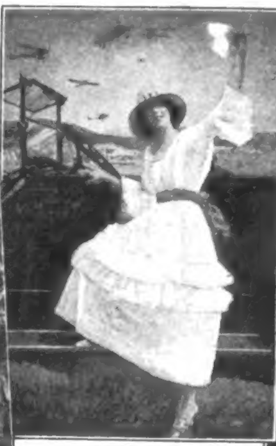
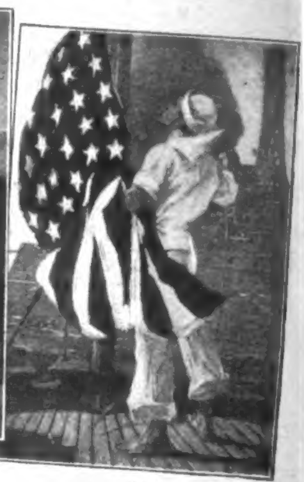


Eckhardt



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